WEEK ENDING MAY 4, 1929

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everyb

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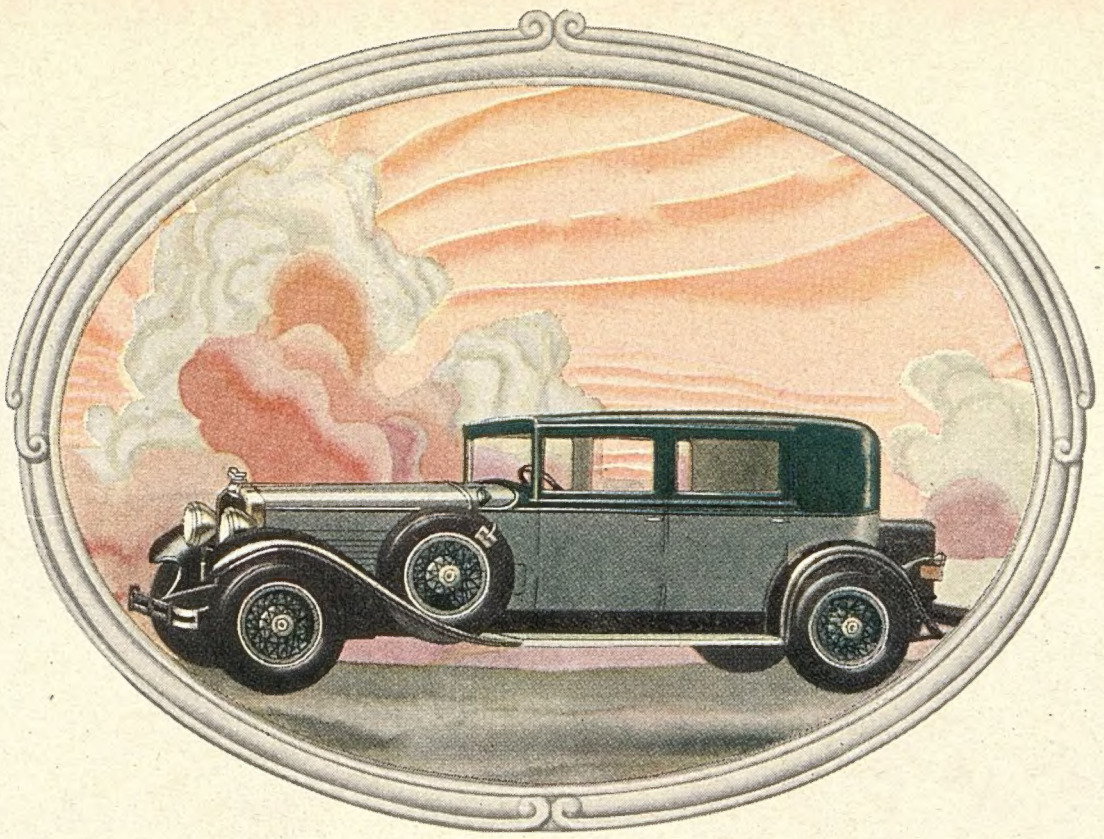
Fine Feathers Make Fine Birds

All in the Family *by* Theodore Roosevelt



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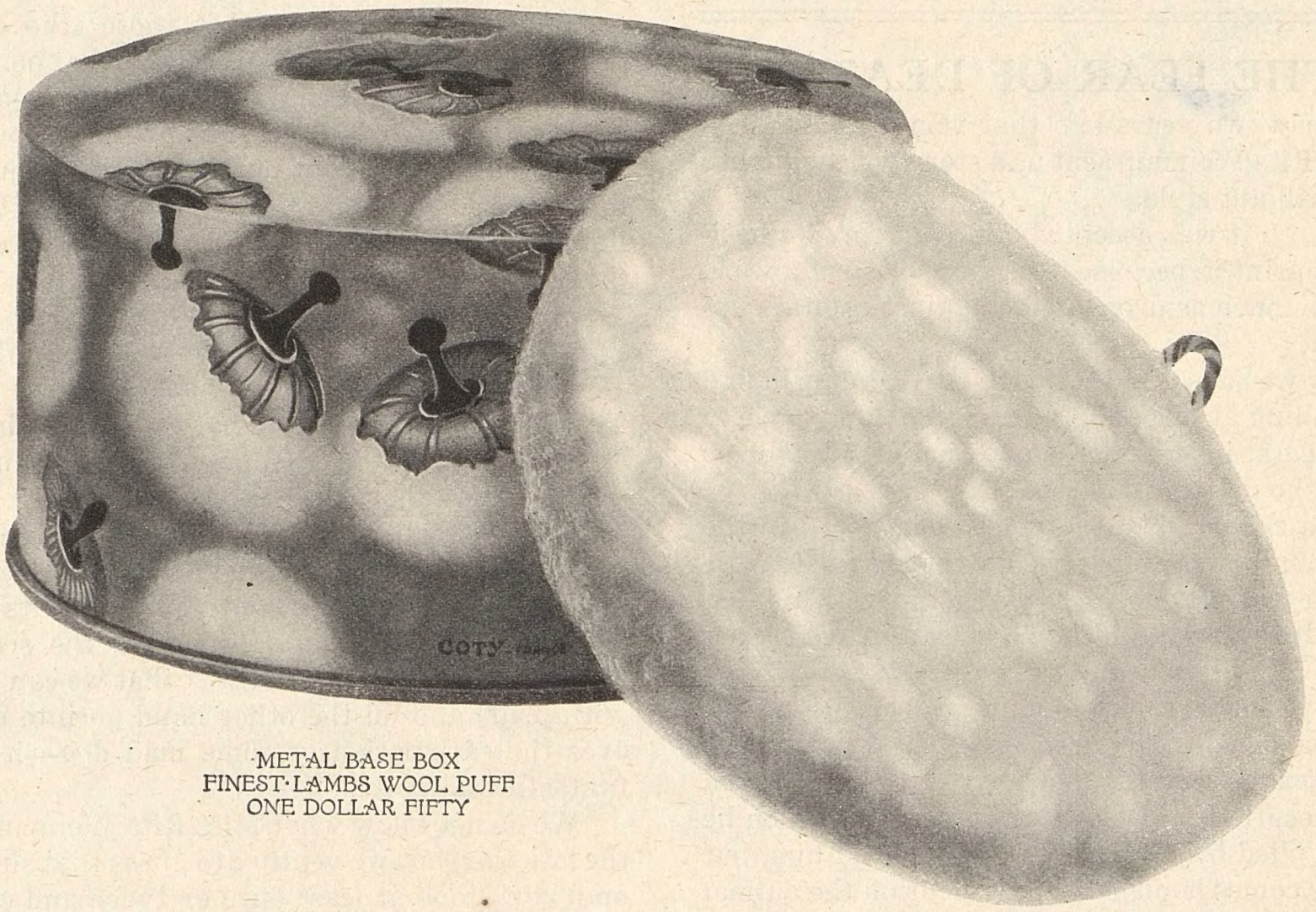

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MAY 4, 1929

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 6 No. 17

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —*Stephen Decatur.*

THE FEAR OF DEATH

Nearly two years ago that very accomplished writer, Rita Weiman, sent us a story written in her usual brilliant style.

Though it was accepted and paid for, we hesitated to print it, because it seemed to us not a work of art so much as propaganda against capital punishment.

Now we have decided to publish it (you will find it beginning at page 60, in this issue) and leave to our readers' judgment the question of whether or not we should have done so.

With the conclusions which seem to be in the background of the story we do not agree. If Miss Weiman will pardon us, the scene in which a dog penetrates what has hitherto been a man's secret, shrinks away because of some eerie psychic sense, and howls in terror is—again we beg Miss Weiman's pardon—the veriest bunk.

The man's secret is that for years he has been a state executioner. During an interval in which he has not plied his trade the dog has loved him, but when he comes home from an execution the animal divines what he has been doing and is seized with a sort of mystic horror.

As a matter of fact, dogs themselves are among the best little executioners known. Most of them can hardly be restrained from pouncing on cats, rabbits, or anything that is smaller than they are. It is hardly likely that one of them would pierce the seven veils and get a psychic shudder from the taint of an electric switch on a man's hand, or whatever it was.

In an execution the judge and jury who sent the prisoner to the death cell, the sheriff who straps his arms and legs, and the manufacturers of the lethal chair—to say nothing of the legislators who passed the law under which he dies—are equally guilty.

To blame the executioner alone for this horror is ridiculous, though perhaps it is human nature to indulge in such a notion.

But wherever the responsibility for carrying out a death penalty lies, we go further and say there is something very maudlin, very soft, and very dangerous to character in this terrifically exaggerated fear of death that the opponents of capital punishment seem to have.

It is what modern psychology calls a transfer. Apparently they are so afraid themselves that, when death is made dramatic through the concentrated publicity of an execution, they get up an agitation against it.

It would seem to us that those who commit deliberate murder—and it seldom happens that any other sort of criminal is executed—are the scum and refuse of society, and are better out of it. And it seems to us that putting them out may and does have a deterrent effect on those at the borderline of decision as to whether they shall commit this great crime.

We believe it is true, though we cannot prove it, that the execution of every six or seven killers in New York saves the lives of at least fifty people. There is a well-known remark among criminals, "I'll get this guy in Michigan"—Michigan being a state where they don't execute.

And after all, when we realize that this country has, not gayly but at least deliberately, seized upon and contributed the lives of 126,000 of its young people to the cause of freedom of the seas and human liberty—when we think that we can do this with pride and on the other hand go into shivers over the extirpation of some mad dog—it seems fantastic and unreal.

We do not know what Miss Rita Weiman did in the late war, but we venture to guess that she stood on a curbstone at least once or twice and cheered the boys who were boarding the transports for Europe.

We have devised so many ways to protect a defendant against the community, in court, that we are in danger of falling down in our efforts to protect the community from the individual. So we have murder, and it seems to be growing.

Probably there is some defect in our jury system. That something is wrong is evident in the way American lawyers "get off" one criminal after another.

Let us look at our crime situation in this country, foul with gang killings, and realize that gangsters are practically never executed.

Let us realize that England's murder rate is one-twentieth of ours, and ask ourselves if we are not losing our sense of proportion somewhat when propaganda is put forth like this in Miss Weiman's story.

Now turn to the story and see what you think.

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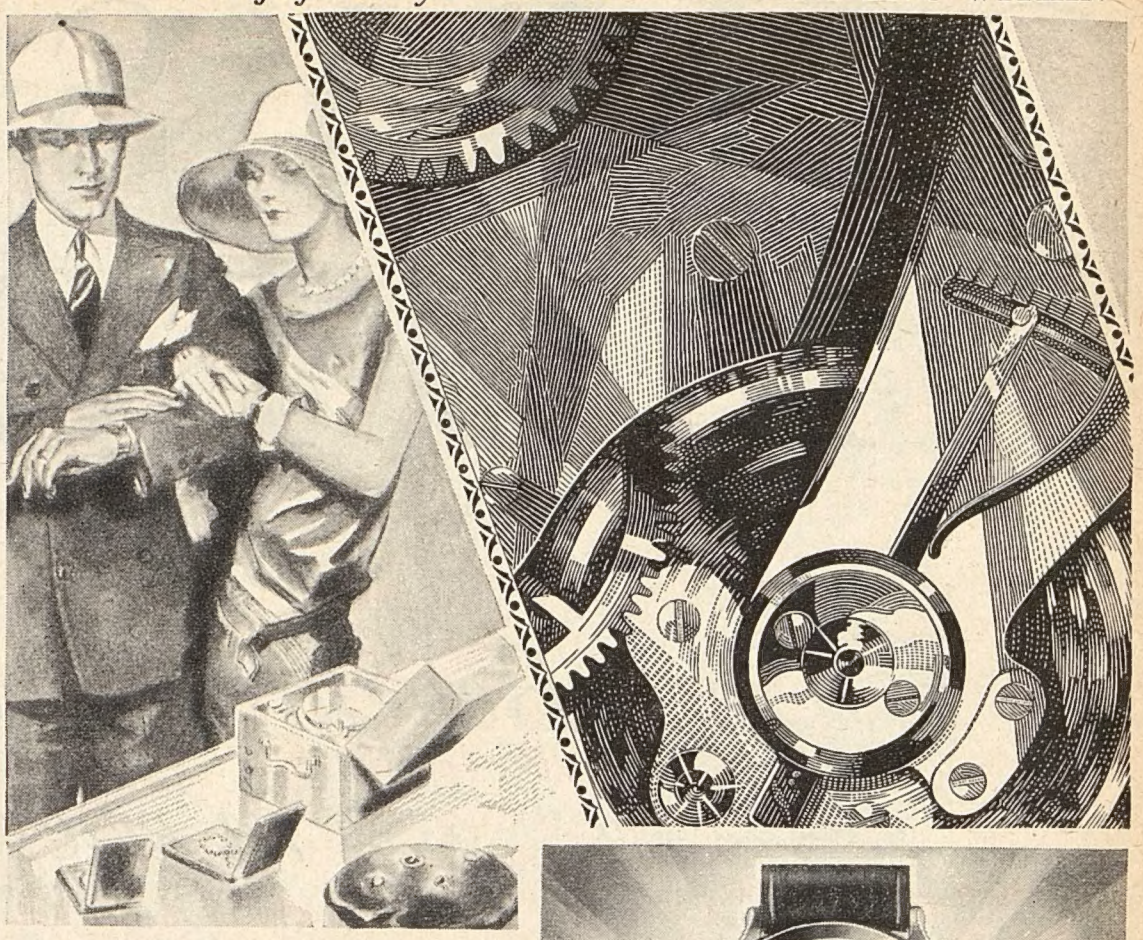
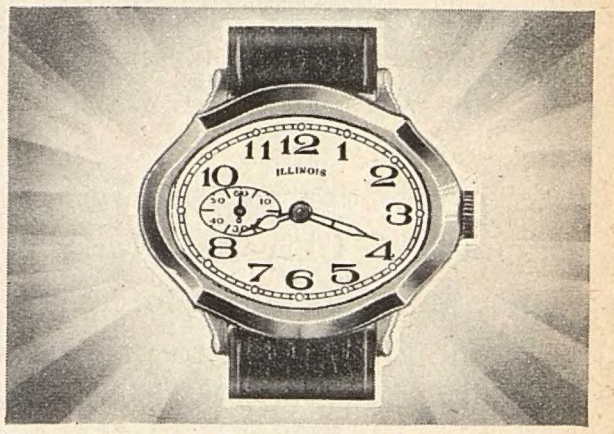
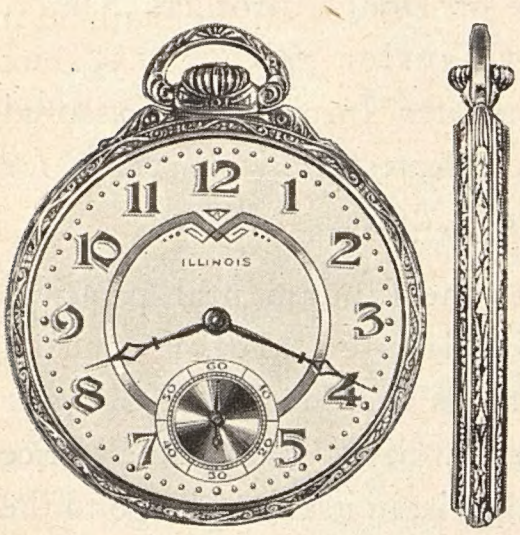


It keeps time *Beautifully*

THIS GREAT AMERICAN WATCH



THE NEW ILLINOIS PICCADILLY, *17 jewels, 14k gold-filled case, raised figure dial with luminous dots, $45. Other men's strap watches from $40 to $75.*



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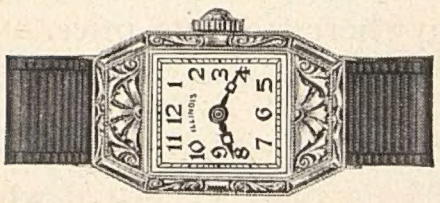

THE ILLINOIS CORONADO, *17 jewels, solid gold, $65. Other ladies' ribbon watches from $50 to $75 and more.*

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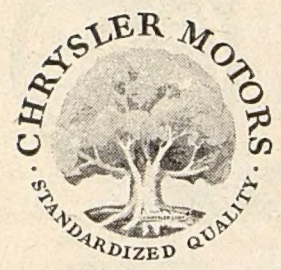

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One great idea permeates all activities of Chrysler Motors: to key its tremendous forces to a common policy and to provide better public service.

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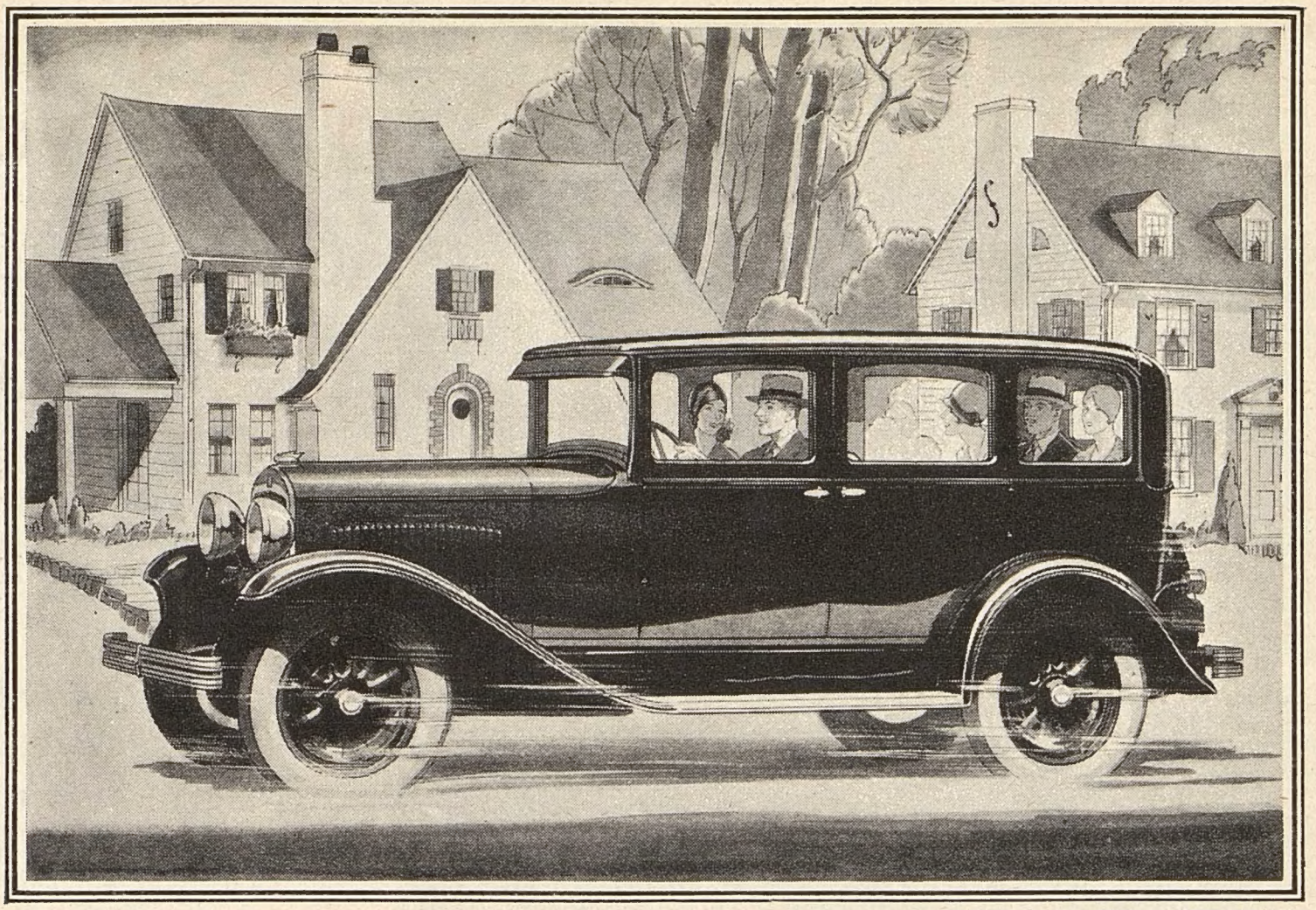

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AND UPWARDS
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But his Gillette Blade meets all these changing conditions with the same even temper

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To meet that expectation Gillette has developed and perfected some $12,000,000 worth of new machines during the past ten years. They condition the Gillette Blade far more delicately and precisely than even the most skilful artisan could sharpen a shaving edge.

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THE NEW FIFTY-BOX. Fifty fresh double-edged Gillette Blades (10 packets of fives) in a colorful, useful gift chest. Five dollars at your dealer's.

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ALL *in the* FAMILY

The author, the present Colonel Roosevelt, his father's namesake, in action.

© U. & U.

"Don't flinch; hit the line hard!" A snapshot of T. R. as all the world remembers him.

At the left is a third generation: Gracie, T. R.'s first grandchild, at the age of two.

Some Memories of an American Home

By

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Like the vine round the trunk of the tree,
The law runneth forward and back.
For the strength of the pack is the wolf,
And the strength of the wolf is the pack.

SO wrote Kipling in The Jungle Book. Like much that he tells us casually in his stories, it is sound philosophy. What he says about the Seeonee wolf pack may well be said of the family.

It has become fashionable among certain silly people to rail at this greatest of civilized institutions, the family. This is merely a method of attracting attention to themselves. Too feeble in powers to stand out in competition along established lines, they try to achieve prominence by deliberately departing from them—as a man of ordinary appearance might draw attention to himself by dressing in bright red trousers with yellow spots. Like the man from Waco, Texas, who criticized Shakespeare and failed to realize that he was reflecting not on Shakespeare but on

[CONTINUED ON PAGE ELEVEN]

The Roosevelt Tradition

COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT begins in these pages a series of articles dealing in a rambling way—as if he were talking to his readers—with memories of Sagamore and the people who have lived there. A great rambling house on the edge of Oyster Bay, thirty miles as the crow flies up Long Island Sound from downtown New York, this is the home where the elder Roosevelt established himself as a country gentleman long before he went to the White House. There great men of many nations came to visit; there Quentin Roosevelt said farewell before the voyage to France from which he never came back; there T. R. died, and there, very quietly, Mrs. Roosevelt still lives.

Austin Parker

Prosper Buranelli

HER son writes here, for LIBERTY, about the old house and his own home near by; about his father and two generations of children; about breakfasts and ball games, illustrious people and small family catastrophes, dogs, cats, horses, and so on. To those of us who had great admiration for President Roosevelt there is a peculiar interest in these articles because they treat of him in the most intimate aspects of his relations to his children and grandchildren, and to his wife.

Lilian Gill

Rita Weiman

IT seems appropriate somehow that a story by AUSTIN PARKER should be the next item in this issue. Parker is the sort of adventurous soul Roosevelt would have loved. Before we got into the war he fought with the French in the Lafayette Escadrille. Later he joined the United States navy, and after the war he flew for France again in the Riff campaign against Abd-el-Krim. Between adventures he ran a spirited and friendly race with his former wife, Phyllis Duganne, to see which should first be famous as an author. . . . PROSPER BURANELLI, ghost-writer for Detective Michael Fiaschetti, is on the staff of the New York World and was one of the pioneers who popularized the cross word puzzle. . . . LILIAN GILL is a youthful New Yorker and a LIBERTY discovery; A Night in Chamonix is her first short story. . . . RITA WEIMAN, novelist and playwright, surely needs no introduction. It's just as well, for we have no room for one, anyway.

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Prize awards for solutions of The Mystery of the Puritan Girl, by Sidney Sutherland, are announced on page 66

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himself, they belittle not the family but themselves.

Fortunately there is little chance of their working harm, for they are too weak and the family is too strong. It is rooted so deeply in most that makes life worth living. The great majority of the joys and sorrows of the average American cluster around the family. After all, it is the family that is epoch-making, for it is within its circle that the greatest events of life take place: birth and death.

It is very difficult to get a picture of the family from literature, because books generally do not deal with averages. The home circles pictured are usually either too good or too bad, too rich or too poor. It is not the writer who is to blame for this, but the reader, for the reader does not wish a story dealing with the humdrum of every day. He wants a contrast, something out of the ordinary. He wants to see himself as he would like to be, not as he is.

Pach Bros. photo

Sagamore, the home of the first Colonel Roosevelt at Oyster Bay, Long Island. During his presidency Oyster Bay acquired world fame as the nation's "summer capital."

There is no such thing as a family without children. It is as unthinkable as a drum major without a band. Much that I have to say, therefore, is about children.

Those with whom these stories deal are the Roosevelts living at Oyster Bay during the last forty years. Naturally Father and Mother play an important part. Then come my brothers and sisters, Kermit, Archie, Quentin, Alice, and Ethel. Later all our wives and husbands and children appear on the scene. We certainly never lack in numbers. Thirty years ago there were seventeen Roosevelt children. Today there are over twenty.

Our family is certainly no different in any material way from hundreds of thousands of others from Walla Walla to New York. We have the requisite number of children of both sexes. What is more, the stories and incidents, the proverbs and allusions in use have been handed down from the generations before us, who were probably not greatly different from us. Unquestionably many who read these sketches will say, "Why, that is just what happened to us."

To understand a family it is necessary to know what their house is like, for the home where a family grows up is always a part of the background of life for every child. The beauty of the house makes surprisingly little difference to the children. It is what happens there that counts.

IT was a distinct shock to me one day not long ago when someone called our old home, Sagamore, ugly. On sober thought I suppose it is. I do not know what you would call the architecture—perhaps a bastard Queen Anne. What if it is? It still is Sagamore.

The house has that air of having been lived in which is the requisite of every home. It never was and never will be entirely in repair. There are always boards missing in the lattice under the piazza and there is many a place where a lick of paint would not come amiss. What is more, we would not wish it to be groomed like a war profiteer's mansion just delivered from the hands of an interior decorator—a "do what you think best and damn the expense" type of house.

Though the exterior of the house may be ugly, no one could call it ugly within. Sagamore is the offspring of the years as surely as is a reef of coral. Wings and rooms, pictures and furniture, have been built or bought "the year your brother Quentin was born," or "when your father came back from Africa." Each tells a story in the same fashion as the rings in the trunk of a great tree. Here is a footstool "from your great-grandfather's house on Fourteenth Street." There is a rosewood desk that "belonged to your great-aunt Kermit."

A fair-sized hall is in the center of the house. In it are hung horns and heads of animals from many lands. In front of the fireplace stands a great elephant-tusk gong whose sonorous notes call the family to meals. Over a threadbare brown cloth sofa hangs a buffalo hide, with a contemporaneous Indian picture of the Custer massacre. The artist was not very good, for the little blue figures of the soldiers and the brown Indians are as wooden as in a child's drawing. What he lacked in technique he made up in ferocity, for practically every soldier is spouting blood like a fountain.

At one side of the hall stands a very handsome bronze rhinoceros. Mother always hangs her hat on its front horns, which gives it a slightly dissipated look.

THE hall is flanked by the library, Mother's drawing-room, the dining room, and the north room. Shelves bulging with books, game heads, and pictures line their walls. Skins and rugs alternate on their floors, ranging from the creamy white of a polar bear, the gift of Peary, to draggled bits of Persian carpet from goodness knows where. In front of the library fire there used to be a rug of beaver skins taken near my father's ranch in North Dakota. When it became dilapidated it was cut into baby-carriage rugs for the grandchildren.

By far the handsomest part of the house is the north room. It is as large as all the other rooms on the ground floor put together. Father had it built when he was President. Every bit of wood or piece of stone which went into its construction came from the United States or her possessions.

P. & A. photo

The hall, showing, among other trophies, the elephant-tusk gong before the fireplace.

The walls are paneled, the ceiling is high. From it hang the flags carried by my father in the Spanish-American War and his standard when he was President. Their flashing colors are set off by the somber brown of the woodwork.

On one side is a great fireplace large enough to contain a good-sized fire and a child or two sitting on each side as well. It is flanked by the heads of two buffalo, shot when the last of those animals were roaming the Bad Lands. Facing them from across the room are the heads of two magnificent elk. From the horns of one hang the hat and sword that my father had when he was a Rough Rider. On the floor is a big rug, a present from the Shah of Persia. A pair of gigantic elephant tusks given Father by King Menelik of Abyssinia stand on either side of the door. Brilliant paintings by Simonds hang on the walls. A portrait of Father in his riding clothes hangs near a window.

Every corner of the room has its treasures. On a cabinet stands a suit of miniature Japanese armor, given Father by Admiral Togo. Two splendid Japanese swords hang in a case on the wall, relics of the old Samurai days when knighthood was in flower in Japan. There is a ponderous leather-covered volume of the Psalms of David

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[ALL IN THE FAMILY
Continued from page eleven]

that belonged to Menelik. Its parchment sheets are brilliantly illumined. A gorgeous yellow case embroidered with a dragon contains a letter from that lady of doubtful character but undoubted ability, the dowager empress of China.

Perhaps the most interesting of all are some photographs that are kept in a polished wood box. They were taken by the official German photographer when Father was reviewing the imperial troops as guest of the Kaiser.

The German emperor wrote annotations on the backs and sent them to Father. One of these runs, "Carnegie is an old peace bore. Send him to D'Estournelles." A number of others are in much the same strain.

Shortly after Father received them, the German emperor sent Von Bethmann-Hollweg with a polite request that they be returned to him, which Father as politely refused.

Pach Bros. photo

The Roosevelt family soon after the Colonel became President. The children in the back row are Theodore, Jr., and Alice—now Mrs. Nicholas Longworth. Those in front are, from left to right, Ethel—now Mrs. Richard Derby; Archie, Kermit, and, with his mother, Quentin.

The north room to me always means evening, a great fire blazing on the hearth, its flickering light dancing on the flags in the gloom of the ceiling, Father, a book under one arm, poking it with a long iron trident, Mother sitting sewing in a corner of the sofa by a lamp.

Upstairs around a dark hall hung with family portraits are the bedrooms. They are comfortable, but any decorator would be horrified by them. From the threadbare Brussels carpets to the steel engravings in the best mid-Victorian manner, their furniture is polyglot.

Then there is the bathroom. When we were children America was still in the family bathroom stage. Father and Mother and the guests took their morning baths in great circular tin tubs brought to their rooms and then filled with water. I can see those circular tin tubs as I write. They were enameled, but invariably part of the enamel was chipped off and showed the tin.

WE children used the bathroom serially. In it there was a deep narrow porcelain tub with faucets that trickled a tantalizing thin stream of water from a height. When we were very little two of us would be put in together "to save time." Generally we took with us a toy fish or duck with which to play while we were soaped. When the stopper was pulled and the water had nearly run out, the waste pipe made the most astonishing series of gurgles. We were told by our Irish nurse that these were the outcries of the "faucet lady," and we watched with care to see if we could catch a glimpse of her head in the pipe.

For some queer childish reason I decided that the nuns I occasionally saw were "faucet ladies"—perhaps because I had no idea what they did, and in their long robes and hoods they seemed to me set apart from ordinary people.

The tub stood on four iron-clawed feet. Once I found a live weasel under it. The animal had made its way up alongside a badly cased pipe.

That tub still stands at Sagamore. It has "defied the tooth of envious time." True, it has changed. Its sides are walled in with varnished planks, but "you may break, you may shatter the vase if you will, but the scent of the roses will hang round it still." There are half a dozen upstart bathrooms in various parts of the house. To us, however, the old tub is still supreme. My sister Alice when she comes up from Washington always uses it, no matter how much more convenient any of its rivals may be.

THE east end of the second floor was set aside for the children. As time passed and the numbers grew they overflowed into other parts of the house, but that wing was always their undisputed stronghold. It consisted of two good-sized rooms with a third small one between. The little room had no legitimate exit except through the two larger. It had its compensations, because its windows opened on a sloping roof, from which a water pipe gave easy access to the ground.

Once a little girl came to call on my sister Ethel. We all hated this child, especially Ethel; but, with the fatuous blindness of grown-ups, the parents continued to bring her to the house at frequent intervals. The noise of the greetings at the front door warned us of what was impending downstairs. Kermit and Ethel hastily scuttled to the little room. Father's voice rose from the hall below: "Ethel, Susie has come to see you."

No sound came from the room but a furious scuffling.

Underwood & Underw

Colonel Roosevelt with the Kaiser at a review of German t in 1910. This was one of the photographs that Wilhelm II to T. R. as souvenirs, after writing informal and indi inscriptions on the backs of them.

Still louder: "Ethel! Come at once!"

A final struggle in the room, followed by the sound of a closing window—then Kermit's voice, sweetly innocent: "Father, Ethel is not here at all."

Kermit and Ethel were an iniquitous pair when young, and beat one another or stood up for one another with equal fervor. Archie, who was a number of years younger, tagged along behind them. To his lot fell all the misery that comes to any small child who follows his elders.

A calla lily has a sharp, bitter taste. If you chew it, it

P. & A. photo

famous north room at Sagamore, known to the public as the trophy room. It was built by Col. Roosevelt hen he was President. The iron trident with which he used to poke the fire can be seen in the picture.

stings the tongue for many minutes. Kermit and Ethel told Archie that the leaf of this lily was the water of life, and for a whole afternoon he went around heroically chewing it, in the belief that he was adding to his longevity.

Another time they dropped a live toad down the back of his shirt. His yells were so appalling that they became frightened and attempted to soothe him. What with encouraging him to be brave and taunting him with cowardice, they were so successful that he completely calmed down and went gardening with the toad still inside his shirt.

On the top floor is the gun room, so called because it was there we kept our arsenal, ranging from a .22, the property of the children, to an old Sharps rifle that had belonged to my father in the days when the West was really wild. A weapon that always spelled romance to us was Father's .30-30 Winchester with the fang marks on its butt where a mountain lion had worried it.

OUTSIDE of the house on three sides runs a broad veranda. At one end it is bowered in honeysuckle vines, which in summer give a drowsy sweet scent, and among whose blossoms bees and humming birds drone. The northwest looks toward the Sound, beyond which rise the blue hills of Connecticut. Big battered armchairs stand in groups. In the evening we gather there in the restful dark and talk to the creak of the rockers. "The tall Fall steamer lights tear blazing up the Sound" before us. When the lights of the boat from New York had passed out of sight behind Lloyd's Neck it was the rule that the younger ones should go to bed.

Sagamore was built by Father in a wheatfield. All the trees were planted by him, but even when I was little they were well grown. Maples, white birches, pines, and poplars jostle one another in an orderly confusion. When autumn is on the land the white trunks and yellow leaves of the birches form a gorgeous contrast with the red of the maples and the somber green of the pines.

A weeping elm stands at one corner of the house. It was named after a friend because it seemed as melancholy as he. For the last twenty years orioles have woven their nests in its drooping branches. Beneath it stands a blue and white basin filled with water in which birds splash and from which the dogs drink.

QUITE a sizable cluster of pine trees stands behind the north room. They were planted as seedlings when my daughter Gracie was born, and are known as Gracie's Grove.

Behind the house is the stable, a disjointed rambling building full of musty corners and promising mysteries. Old harness, saddles, eel spears, and a hundred other oddments are piled in the dark under its eaves. In its rear are the cow sheds where we used to gather with our silver mugs to drink the milk warm from the cows—a most unsanitary performance according to modern standards.

The garden in early days was ruled by an old Negro named Davis. He was bent with age and his face was as wrinkled as a withered apple. About him hung a vaguely hinted tragedy to the effect that all his children had died from injudiciously using mercury as sugar at a make-believe tea party. We must have been "a thorn in the flesh and a rankling fire" to him—tramping on his flower beds, eating his grapes and currants. His form of address to us had such a sameness that we christened him Old Let-It-Be.

Beyond the gardens and fields the woods stretch almost unbroken to the shores in both directions. Every corner of them was known to us. One of our favorites was the woodpile pond, a noisome bit of stagnant water and black mud into which the pigsty drained. We liked it particularly because countless turtles sat on the rotten logs that lay there, or slowly swam over its surface, their heads sticking out of the green scum like small periscopes.

Mother is living in Sagamore now. Though we all gather there constantly, we have houses of our own near by. My house, Woodside Farm, is about a quarter of a mile distant. In point of age it is older than Sagamore, as it was built nearly a century ago. It is a solid square structure, raised when houses were built to last. The rooms are large, and the ceilings higher than at Sagamore. The hall is hung with portraits and flags. On one wall is a splendid tiger skin, trophy of my wife's bow and spear.

The library where we spend most of our time is a delightful room lined with books on three sides with a fireplace on the fourth. On the top of the bookcases are bronzes. Over the fireplace is an old convex mirror in a gilt frame. Covering the spare wall spaces are original sketches by Leech, Rowlandson, and Cruikshank, a painting of a cow pony by Rungius, a water-color of the war

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[ALL IN THE FAMILY
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by John Thomason, and some funny little old-fashioned paintings on glass, of no value, just because we like them.

Upstairs the bedrooms cluster around a hall lightened by colorful war posters. At one end in a white wood cupboard is the children's museum where they keep all manner of objects.

We are a little cramped for space and we can manage but one guest room when all the family are at home. Anyone who occupies it is in a splendid position to hear all that the children are doing in the early morning.

All through the house are treasures — not as valuable intrinsically as those at Sagamore, but just as delightful to us.

The furniture is old. The ornate, carved rosewood chair in my study had its embroidered seat worked by the daughters of one of my great-grandfather's sea captains. The Windsor rocker in the library went out over the Wilderness Trail in a covered wagon with my wife's family to settle Ohio when the Battle of the Fallen Timbers was still a recent memory.

The silver tray on the sideboard was given to my great-grandfather by the Chemical Bank of New York nearly a hundred years ago.

So the tale runs. Not museum pieces, but worn and trustworthy, with a patine of well spent years upon them.

Photo by Walter Scott Shinn

The present Colonel and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt and their family. Left to right: Cornelius, the Colonel, Mrs. Roosevelt, Gracie, and Theodore Roosevelt III. Quentin sits in front; the dog beside him is "Donald," and the little dog that Gracie holds is "Binkie."

THEN there are the books. No house in our family would be complete without them. They overflow every room. They are piled on the tables. They multiply with the fearful rapidity of guinea pigs. Catalogues and bookstores fascinate us as a snake does a bird. These books range from first editions, vellum Horaces, Elzevirs, and Aldines, to autographed copies from the authors, guarded in a special glazed bookcase of my wife's.

Among these last is my shame from a bibliographer's standpoint: a cheap India-paper copy of Kim. It is badly battered, because I carried it with me through Central Asia when Kermit and I were there on our last expedition. When I got back I asked Mr. Kipling if he would inscribe it. He wrote in the front his verse on the *Ovis Poli*.

My wife took the volume to a bookseller to have a slip case made for it. The bibliophile was heartbroken. He explained that if it were a first edition it would be priceless.

He was totally unable to understand my answer, which was that I would not have carried a first to the Pamirs.

Besides these "jewels of price" there are battalions of just books—sturdy Prescott, Scott, and hundreds more of no particular edition. Then there are books of which there never has been but one edition because people were not sensible enough, in our opinion, to appreciate them—The Dodge Club, Chilowee Boys, The Colonel's Opera Cloak, and a dozen others.

Periodically we have a house cleaning and weed out what we do not want. We throw away the modern books of the sniggering nasty type, whose authors, like H. L. Mencken, have too little ability to attract attention to themselves except in the fashion of a skunk cabbage. Then there are books bought by mistake. Sometimes it is the advertisement that has been the snare. Once I purchased a volume called Snow on the Headlights, expecting thrilling stories, only to find a mass of railroad statistics.

Winemiller & Miller photo

Woodside Farm, the Oyster Bay home of the present Colonel Roosevelt. It was built nearly a century ago.

OF course in every part of the house there is the flotsam and jetsam left by the children.

We used to think we could keep the library clear by a definite rule to that effect. It was as hopeless as trying to sweep back the waves of the sea. The children remembered the edict only while it was being published. Now there is always a bit of a toy airplane or a jack-knife on chair or table.

Not more than a hundred yards west of the house is the bay, with its ever-changing waters. Around our lawn stand beautiful trees. Near by there are dense bushes and hedges. They form a paradise for birds. In that enchanting half hour before sunrise there is a veritable chorus of song. Just outside of the windows of the spare room is a venerable pine tree. An unfeeling guest once complained that a mourning dove sat in it and bellowed so loudly that she could not sleep.

On the bay chattering flocks of gulls loiter. In the spring wild ducks in large numbers feed there. Sometimes they come to within a few yards of the shore along which the road runs. A passing motor merely makes them swim away. They do not rise and fly. The friendliest is the little black and white scaup with his unpretentious brown wife.

In the evening, night herons fly down from the rookeries to wade in the shallows—dim shapes half seen against the fading sky.

Back of our house is a little valley. There we have our garden, kept by Balocca, who served with me in the war. It is as neat and trim as an old soldier's uniform. Still further up the valley there stand a group of farm buildings, now out of repair, but excellent for hide-and-go-seek and vicarious explorations.

That, in brief, is what the two houses are like around which the life of the families centers. They are ordinary homes like thousands of others from Oyster Bay to San Francisco—homes which will make or break the nation.

Another "All in the Family" sketch by Colonel Roosevelt will appear in next week's Liberty.

Once a SAP—

The Story of a Man Who Learned About LOVE from BROADWAY

By

AUSTIN PARKER

Pictures by KENNETH CAMP

JOE REMSEN was the sort of sap that King Arthur would have been glad to have at his Round Table, and I think he would have felt quite at home there among those knightly saps who thought of life in terms of high ideals and noble emotions—backed up by a mailed fist.

The first time I ever saw him was at Hank's Place in Puerto Durango. Hank was a big buck Negro, pensioned by the Navy, who had come to Central America and opened a regular hash house: a counter shaped like a horseshoe, with his stove at the open end. I had just come down—after two months in the bush living on canned beef, wild pig, yams, and rice—and my body craved a rare sirloin and hashed-brown potatoes. It was sundown when I squatted the plane on the Puerto Durango field, and nearly 10 by the time I got into town, washed up, and put on clean whites. Then I made a bee line for Hank's.

Joe Remsen came in when I was almost through dinner and sat on the other side of the horseshoe. He was a big fellow, built like a halfback, immaculately dressed in whites, wearing a hard straw hat that didn't seem to go with his face. His face wasn't anything that you'd like to meet on a lonely road. It wore the scars of battle, many of them and varied. I found out later that some came from the war and some from less public shindies.

But he had a radiant smile that flattered and coaxed you into forgetting that the Remsen face was not quite all that nature had intended it to be.

He ordered sinkers and coffee. Hank gabbled, Negro fashion, that it was "sho mighty gran' to see you in town again." Remsen smiled and spun a silver dollar down the counter in payment for twenty cents' worth of food. I followed him from the restaurant and saw his big silhouette ahead of me in Avenida Central.

A yelp of pain and terror made both of us quicken our pace. Then I saw Remsen sprint forward toward two indistinct forms struggling in the darkness. It was, I discovered when I got there, a very drunken stoker off one of the coastwise boats, twisting the arm of a spidery little bootblack. The youngster was considerably more frightened than hurt and he was bawling his loudest.

AND Dora! The little girl who had been weeping a few nights before was wearing a new dress, pearl earrings, and a diamond bracelet.

THE fireman, a massive, dirty brute of a man, was glowering at Remsen, arms swinging ape-like.

"Now, don't start fighting," Remsen was saying, almost pleading, "because if you do I'll hoist you. Now, don't! I'm telling you not to!"

But the fellow charged him, bellowing. Remsen's right fist shot up to his chin and the fireman seemed to go a foot off the ground. For an instant he hung there by his chin on Remsen's fist; then he went down, out cold.

Remsen was nursing his right hand.

"I saw what happened if there's any trouble," I volunteered.

"Oh, there won't be any trouble," he said blandly. "Thanks all the same. He asked me for it and I gave it to him."

A policeman came running up, recognized Remsen, and apologized as if it were his own fault that drunken stokers were allowed upon the streets of Puerto Durango.

Remsen slipped him a bill and told him not to arrest the fellow. He took the fireman under the arms, pulled him into a little alleyway. "He'll sleep it off," he said to me. "When he wakes up in the morning he won't miss his ship. And we catch us a drink."

We said good night to the policeman and headed

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down Avenida Central. We exchanged names.

"I'm Joe Remsen," he said. "I've got me a sugar plantation up Constanza way. I'm sailing for home—New York—tomorrow."

"I'm taking over the aërial survey work down here," I told him. "I'm sailing too. I'm going north to get some new planes."

"You're the fellow that flies?" he asked.

"That's me."

"All my life I want to meet an airplane pilot and I meet him like this! Can you beat it? Here's where we're headed."

We turned into a honky-tonk café, the best in Puerto Durango.

He ordered drinks for everyone he knew in the café, and drank lemonade himself. He explained to me confidentially that he never took anything stronger because fights sometimes started, and if he was too highly exhilarated he always tried to clean out the place. I ordered beer, which seemed to disappoint him. He felt that one of God's supermen, an airplane pilot, shouldn't drink anything but the best champagne while he toyed with a couple of pounds of beluga caviar. But I had been out in the bush long enough so that the thought of cold beer made my mouth sweat.

"And tomorrow," he said when our drinks came, "I go home and see the dames—bless 'em!" He solemnly lifted his lemonade and we drank to them.

II

BY the time we landed in New York Joe and I were old buddies and I had a pretty good line on him. He was born—"spawned," as he put it—in a little town in Iowa. His mother died when he was sixteen and he ran away to Chicago where he got hungry looking for a job and hitched up with the Marines.

It was with the Marines that he saw Central America for the first time and the Central American bug bit deeply. The war came along and he was in the big push; then Central America again—Nicaragua. When he received his discharge he had a roll of more than seven thousand dollars, most of it from shooting craps, and he went into the sugar business with an old-timer. A sugar government was in power; the plantation prospered; his partner finally let a combination of malaria and "Chinese gin from Bottle Alley" get the best of him and sold out.

Joe Remsen found himself a rich man.

Of course, I was pretty busy in New York because I wanted to get all my new equipment—planes, cameras, and such stuff—together and get down south again in time to do a lot of work before the rainy season set in. Every day I was out at the M. P. T. field on Long Island checking up on the two Umpties that were being assembled for me, and Joe rambled around the city taking in the sights. It was the first time he had ever been in New York, except when he had been herded through with the Marines.

One night when I landed back from the field at about midnight, Joe was waiting for me. He had spent most of the day buying clothes and the living room looked like the inside of a wrecked store.

"I found one," he announced.

"One what?"

"A dame—and she's a peach! She's a chorus girl."

"That's bad news," I said. "How much has she cost you so far?"

"Now, Bill, don't act that way. She's a real nice girl. Her name's Dora Morgan," he added as though that clinched it.

I asked him to tell me all about it. From Joe, and later from Dora, I got the whole yarn. He'd picked her up in one of these white-table restaurants along Broadway at about 9 o'clock that evening. Joe was tired of "fancy grub" and he had gone to the restaurant for buckwheat cakes and sausage. Pretty soon he noticed that the girl sitting across the table from him had her head down. A couple of tears splashed into her plate of beans. The other people at the table left after a few minutes, so Joe decided to speak to her.

He leaned across and said, "Look here, girlie, I'm not one of these fresh guys, but I can see you're feeling bad about something. Anything I can do?"

She just shook her head.

"Busted?" he asked.

She shook her head again.

"I'll bet you are," he said. "A nice girl like you wouldn't be eating plain beans for dinner if she wasn't busted. And you're not even eating 'em." She didn't lift her head, but he could see that she was a swell looker.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he went on. "I'll slip you a bill. You don't even have to say, 'Thank you.' Just order yourself a good dinner and you'll feel better."

He took out a fifty-dollar bill, folded it up, and slid it across the table when no one was looking. She just stared at it.

"Go on—take it!" said Joe.

ONE week later Madge broke down. Dora got sore and called her for the things she'd said about Joe.

Then she glanced up at him for the first time. Joe was wearing a good-natured smile, and, as I've said before, his smile was a disarming thing.

And that was how he met Dora. Her real name, by the way, was Agnes Mishel. She was rehearsing in a musical show and the management wouldn't advance her any more money; she was broke and the landlady was getting nasty about rent; she was tired and she had to go back to rehearse at 10:30. Also, her feet were wet and she was catching cold.

Joe made her order a decent dinner for herself; then he took her to a shoe store that was open late and bought her four pair of shoes. Flowers, a bottle of perfume, cold medicine, and a taxi to the rehearsal hall. They were going to have luncheon the next day if she didn't have to work.

"Have a good time," I said, "but don't be a sap."

"Listen, son," he came back at me; "money doesn't cost anything. Down south the sun is shining and the cane is growing—all for little Joe and his playmates."

I didn't see much of him for the next two days because I was out on Long Island, but I promised to get in for Dora's opening. Our seats were in the first row and the speculator soaked him fifty dollars apiece for them. That's love!

Every time she came on the stage he palpitated. She was a mighty pretty little girl. No two ways about it. Fluffy brown hair, trim figure, and an oval face with a smile that didn't seem to be one of those nonbreakable kinds. She danced as though she loved it. Several times she turned her smile squarely on Joe and he wriggled in his fifty-dollar seat with pleasure. We had to have a party after the show, of course, and Dora brought along Madge Delaney—who wasn't so hot. She was a cute enough youngster, but she was hard-boiled.

AND Dora! Ah, Dora! The little girl who had been weeping into her beans a few nights before was wearing a fur wrap, a new dress, pearl earrings, and a diamond bracelet. I didn't have much of a chance to get acquainted with her because she and Joe had their heads together most of the time. We finally wound up the party by taking the girls home to the hotel on the west side of Central Park where Joe had put them up in a suite. Also, he had chartered a limousine which was always at their disposal.

"I put Madge there in the hotel with her," he explained, "because it isn't a good idea for a girl like Dora to be living alone in New York."

"I suppose you know what you're doing," I said, "but don't wade in too deep."

He got my knee in a grip that made me wince. "Listen, Bill," he said, "I can't wade in too deep with that little girl. She's the sweetest thing I've ever seen. I'd marry her tomorrow if she'd have me."

"Take it easy, Joe," I advised. "Let's talk it over before you do anything definite."

"Dora says tonight while you were dancing with Madge," he replied, "that she has a feeling you don't like her. You do, don't you? Really, Bill, she's the top!"

"She's a mighty pretty girl," I said.

"Sure you like her!" Joe exclaimed. "I told her you liked her fine, but she was afraid you didn't."

For the next three days I was so busy that I scarcely saw Joe. Then one morning about 4 o'clock he came into my room and woke me.

"I've got some bad news for you," he said. "Dora says she won't marry me. I was hoping that we could get married before you shoved off, so you could stand up with me. I wish you'd talk with her and tell her I'm not such a bad guy."

"To tell you the honest truth, Joe," I said, "I've felt worse about a whole lot of things. Dora's a nice kid, but forget about the marriage business. Come on down south and watch the cane grow."

"Down there all alone?" he said. "Thinking about Dora and wondering what she's doing? Why, Bill, she's just like a little kid. She needs to be taken care of." He shook his head. "I couldn't, Bill!"

I told him he was plain crazy if he thought that Dora, or any girl like her, would go to Central America and live in the middle of the jungle. I tried to get him to take the boat south with me.

"No," he said; "I'm going to kick around here for a while. I can't leave Dora all alone. But I wish you'd

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[ONCE A SAP—
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talk with her. She's got a lot of respect for you. She likes you, Bill."

"What makes you think so?" I asked.

"Well, why shouldn't she?" he came back at me. "You're a sort of a romantic guy. You're an airplane pilot and you've been to college." He sighed.

My ship sailed on a Wednesday and Dora cut a matinée to come down with Joe to see me off.

Dressed in the new clothes that Joe had bought for her, she was about as pretty a girl as I've ever seen.

"Isn't she a sweetheart?" Joe whispered in my ear.

She didn't give us a chance to be together and talk. All the time they were aboard she had her arm tucked through his, snuggling up to him, holding him in that possessive sort of way that women have, as though they're telling the whole world, "He's mine!"

The next day the steward brought me a radiogram. They had been married the morning after I sailed. It seemed to me that she had waited until I was out of the way for fear that I might influence Joe against her. The message said that they were going on a one-week honeymoon to Atlantic City and that they wanted me to meet them in Puerto Durango when they arrived.

I radioed back my blessings, but I was saying to myself, "Once a sap—always a sap."

III

I WENT out in the lighter to meet Dora and Joe (big ships can't come into the harbor) and I wasn't surprised when I saw a cabin cruiser swung off its cradle on the forward deck and lowered into the water. Its stern came around and I could see the lettering:

DORA

CONSTANZA

And who should come down the plank with them but little Madge Delaney.

Both girls grabbed me and kissed me, and Joe almost wrenched my arm out. The lighter took Joe's cruiser in tow and we headed for town.

"I got thinking about what you said," Joe told me when he got me to one side, "and I decided that I'd better bring Madge along to keep Dora from getting lonesome. So show her a good time, Bill. Stand by me until Dora gets used to the place. The more you see of Madge, the better you'll like her."

I had my doubts about that, but I promised to do my best to keep her entertained. Not that there was anything wrong with Madge. We just didn't click.

Joe gave a big party that night and introduced the girls to Puerto Durango. My mechanic and I helped him get the cruiser in shape and gave him some pointers on running the engine. Two days later they shoved off.

That trip along the coast, wallowing in the trough, is a bad one. When they got to Constanza after twenty hours of seasickness, the girls were so all in that they had to stay in bed for a day.

WHEN they were able to get up, they rode muleback for six hours to Joe's plantation.

That's a tough life for two little chorus girls who have never been south of Forty-second Street. When they got off those mules it was all they could do to walk into the house.

While Joe went to see about cold drinks and lunch for them, they sat on the porch, looking at each other and saying, "My Gawd!"

Open jungle all around them, except where it had been cleared for cane; a big, rambling one-story house on stilts with the windows, doors, and porch covered with copper netting; barefoot natives carrying murderous-looking machetes, who came and stared at them as though they were animals out of a zoo; a mill that was making "plantation white" sugar and giving off a rotten, sick-sweet smell.

Joe's pet monkey jumped out at them and began to chatter. It scared them silly.

A week later I received a cry for help from Joe. He wrote that he had offered the government a level 200-acre field, just cleared of jungle for planting, to be used as a landing field in the aërial survey. He said that he needed me on the entertainment committee badly, and asked me to use all my influence with Alberto de la Cantero, the Minister of Interior, to have him let me begin work there.

There was no reason why I shouldn't do that district first and at least one good reason why I should. The field at Puerto Durango was drained so that I could use it in wet weather and Joe's field undoubtedly wasn't. Also, he was offering it to the government for nothing. I put it up to de la Cantero that it would be a good idea to get that part of the work finished while we could, and he agreed with me.

I shipped my gasoline and other supplies and sent word to Joe when he was to expect me. I told him to build a bonfire at one corner of the field I was to use and light it when I came overhead. Joe was there waiting for me.

"How's everything going?" I asked him.

He sighed. "Not so good, Bill, not so good," he said a little sadly. "Dora's getting along pretty well, but Madge is restless. Kid her along and make her think she likes it. We'll put on a dance tonight."

We went over to the house which was about a mile away. After lunch Madge got me in a corner.

"Bill," she said, "this is awful! Honest, I'm going goofy! I'm beginning to talk to myself and act queer. If I don't get away from the smell of this place and see people I'll go crazy. Believe me, Bill, I know what sugar daddy means now!"

I tried to buck her up a bit, but she wouldn't buck.

Dora didn't have much to say for herself. She was trying to be game about it, but once that day she began to cry a little and had a hard time hiding it. The monotony and the smell and the heat were beginning to get her nerves.

THAT night Joe had some of the native boys come in with their drums and guitars. We drank some champagne and danced. But by 10 o'clock it was time to go to bed. Breakfast was at 6:30.

I flew back to Puerto Durango the next morning and came out with my mech'; then in again the next day for my laboratory man and his stuff. The three of us, with some natives, rigged up a laboratory and living quarters for them; then we started work, shooting verticals at three thousand.

One night after the girls had gone to bed, Joe got me in his office.

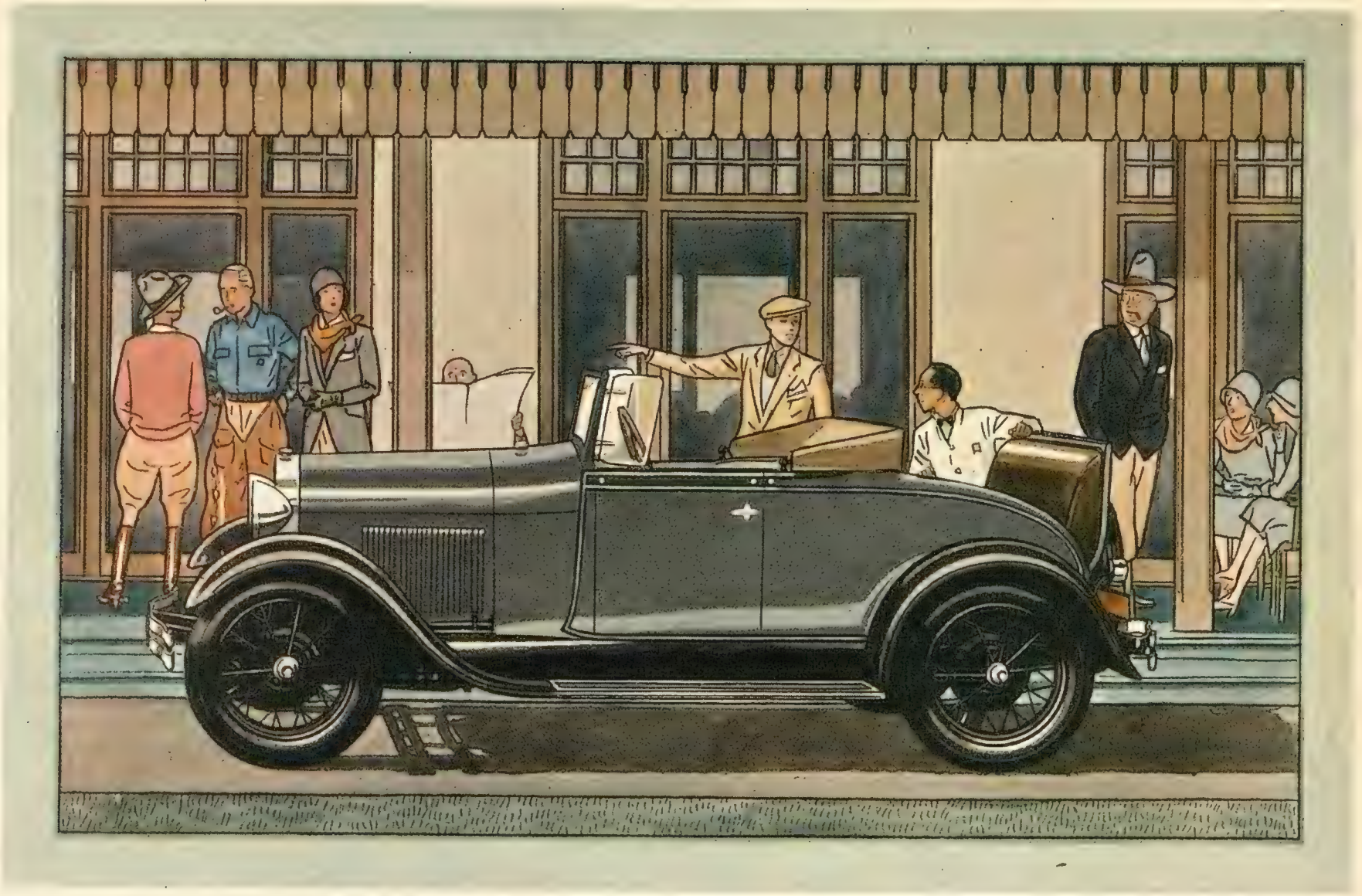
"Bill," he said, "I've got a proposition to make to you. I'm afraid that Madge won't stick it out here, and I'm afraid that Dora can't stick it unless she's got a girl friend to keep her company." He leaned forward and jabbed a forefinger into my chest. "I'll tell you what I'll do with you. I'll give you a good salary, twice what you're making now, and an interest in the business if you'll marry Madge and stay here with us."

No one on earth except Joe Remsen would think of such a cockeyed scheme as that. I just shook my head. I told him that I didn't want to sit on top of the world with Madge Delaney.

One week later Madge broke down and had hysterics all over the place. She raised a terrific howl. She said she couldn't stand it a minute more; that she was going crazy. Then she turned on Joe and told him he was a contemptible this-and-that for taking her away from New York. Dora got sore and called her for the things she'd said about Joe; she told her that she could go home and that she'd be mighty glad to get rid of her.

I settled things by offering to take her to Puerto Durango in the plane, just to get rid of her. The woman was

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]



Fresh and relaxed at the journey's end

One of the fine things about driving the new Ford is the way it takes you over the miles without fuss or fatigue.

Mentally you are at ease because you are sure of the mechanical performance of the car. No matter how long the trip, or rough or devious the roadway, you know it will bring you safely, quickly to the journey's end.

The steering wheel responds readily to a light touch. Gears shift smoothly and silently. Brakes take hold quickly and firmly even on rain-swept pavements.

Unusual acceleration, speed and power are especially appreciated in emergencies. A space little longer than the car is all you need for parking.

These features simplify the mechanics of driving and, together with reliability, add a great deal to the mental comfort of motoring.

Physically, too, you will feel fresh and relaxed in the new Ford because it is such a roomy, easy-riding car.

The restfully tilted seats are made generously wide and are deeply cushioned, with coil springs of both straight and hour-glass type. The backs are carefully designed to conform to the curves of the body.

Perhaps the most outstanding feature of the new Ford is found in its riding comfort. Somehow it seems to just glide along, as if every road were a good road. Even on comparatively rough stretches there are no hard jolts or bumps nor exaggerated bouncing up and down.

One reason, of course, is the use of four Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers—two in the front and two in the rear.

Of even greater importance, however, are the low center of gravity, the carefully planned balance of the car, and the many advantages of the transverse or crosswise springs.

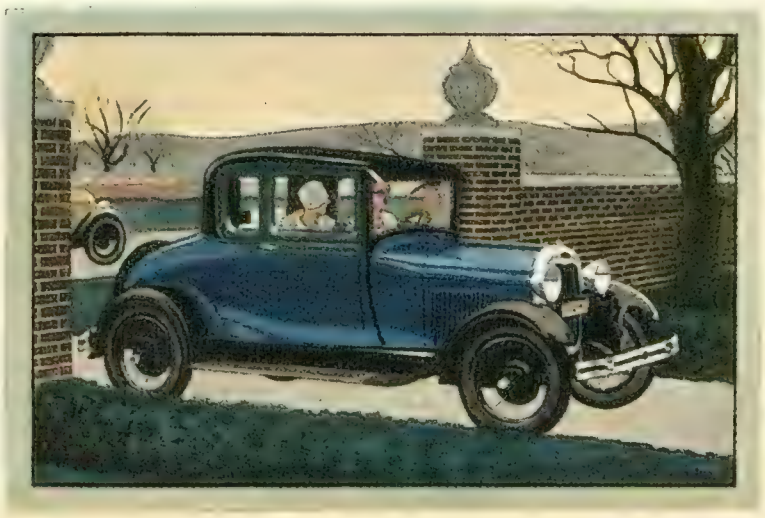
Ford

Ford Motor Company
Detroit, Michigan

These springs rest on their flexible ends with the heavy center part uppermost. Thus the very weight of the springs receives the benefit of spring action instead of hanging below as dead weight and increasing the hammer-like blows of road impacts.

Another element in decreasing unsprung weight (the weight carried below the flexible ends of the springs) is the construction of the front axle and rear axle housing of the new Ford. Through the use of fine steel, special heat treatment, and electric welding, they are made of exceptional strength, yet kept comparatively light in weight.

All of these factors mean more comfort for you personally and also contribute to better performance and longer life for every mechanical part.



Attractive colors give added charm to the trim, graceful lines of the new Ford. Shown above is the new Ford Roadster in Bonnie Gray. On the left, is the new Ford Coupe, finished in Andalusite Blue.

Wasted Evenings

Just a few evening hours each day we can call our own—yet how often we come home too tired to enjoy them!

Carelessly we blame it on hard work—yet other days we work harder and feel better. Why not face the truth squarely?

It is less a matter of over-working on our jobs than it is of *over-burdening* our digestive and eliminative systems. Nature is sounding her warning, that's all.

Doctors know this is true. They know, too, there is a sure, quick way to gain relief. For more than a generation they have advocated Pluto Mineral Water as the perfect combatant of constipation.

Pluto Mineral Water should never be confused with common laxatives. It is wholly different. It is not a drug. It is *water*. It actually *water-washes* the system!

Here is the reason: Its mineral content exceeds in percentage the mineral content of the blood. Hence it is not absorbed—not taken to the kidneys like ordinary water. Instead it passes intact through the intestines, *flushing* away the impurities as it goes.

That's why Pluto acts so promptly—30 minutes to two hours. That, too, is why it is harmless and soothing—never gripes—and has no habit-forming tendency.

For constipation there is nothing else so effective as Pluto Mineral Water. Thousands, too, follow the sensible plan of taking a little Pluto every morning on arising to *keep* regular, and ward off colds, influenza and other ills. Dilute with *hot* water—directions on every bottle. Sold at all drug counters and fountains. Bottled at the springs, French Lick, Indiana.

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Home of Pluto Water

attracts thousands at this season. Health and pleasure seekers from everywhere come here to drink the natural health-giving waters, to take the rejuvenating mineral baths, to throw off winter's ennui. Fire-proof 800-room hotel, unexcelled service and cuisine; two 18-hole golf courses; tennis; horseback riding; hiking. Complete medical staff in attendance. Write or wire for reservations or send for booklet. French Lick Springs Hotel Co., French Lick, Ind. T. D. Taggart, Pres.

When Nature Won't, PLUTO Will

PLUTO WATER

America's Laxative Mineral Water

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

on my nerves. We barged off the next morning, the plane loaded with suitcases and packages of clothing. I engaged her passage, handed her the money that Joe had given to me for her, and said a quick fare-ye-well. That was the end of Madge.

With her out of the way, things seemed to go much better. Dora began to take more of an interest in the place. Instead of sitting around the house, she'd be out on muleback getting acquainted with the natives, or practicing with the little .22 rifle that Joe bought for her. Sometimes she would ride over to the field when she knew I was going to land, and she got to be quite an expert at making up the mosaic from the photographs.

A good deal of her new attitude was just acting. She'd married Joe and she was trying to go through with it like a good scout.

She broke down just once. That was one night when Joe was busy at the mill. Dora and I had been having a game of double solitaire and playing the phonograph. The wind was soft and sticky and it was blowing from the mill, heavy with that sweet, rotten smell. We went out on the porch.

"Bill," she said suddenly, "there are times when I think I can't stand it any longer. Sometimes I think that something's going to snap in my head and that I'll scream — just like Madge did."

Her voice broke and she looked as though she was just about to have hysterics. I took her by the shoulders and shook her a little.

"Stop it!" I said. "Cut it out!"

SHE went limp and put her head against my shoulder. She clung to me and began to whimper.

"I'll be all right," she said finally. "Sometimes it gets on my nerves, that's all. It's different with you men. You have something to do all day long."

After a while she went in the house and to bed. I waited for Joe to come from the mill. After an hour I walked over there and found him loitering about, smoking. His face looked drawn and tired.

"Anything gone wrong?"

"Nope," he said. "Dora turned in?"

"Yes."

"Guess I'll turn in, too. I'll take the other room, so I won't wake her."

We went back to the house and he didn't say anything more. I knew that something was wrong, but I would never have guessed what it was.

Joe had come back from the mill and seen me there on the porch with Dora in my arms. At least, it looked that way to him.

The next morning at breakfast Dora was bright and cheerful. Joe seemed wrapped up in his own thoughts and didn't talk much.

She asked me if she could ride over to the field with me and I said I'd be delighted to have her. Joe told the Chinese boy to go chop-chop gettee mule for missee and went into his bedroom. Dora and I sat at the table.

"Bill," she began, "I meant what I said last night."

HER face was very sober and she stared out of the window. She seemed like a little girl who had suddenly grown up.

"I don't think I can stand it much longer," she went on. "I've really tried."

"I know you have," I said.

"As long as you know that, it makes it easier."

I asked her what she meant.

"Because," she answered, "Joe trusts you and he'll understand if you explain to him."

"He didn't understand when I tried to explain to him in New York before you were married."

"You didn't like me then, did you?" she asked.

I laughed and said: "I thought you were a good kid, but that let you out."

Joe came in presently with what was, I realized later, a good deal of unnecessary noise before entering the room.

"Are you still thinking, Bill," he asked, "of flying to Puerto Durango tomorrow? You said you had some reports you wanted to get in the mail for the States."

I told him that I planned to hop off late in the morning, just in time to catch the ship.

"I think I'll go up in the boat," he said. "There is a bunch of stuff I want to bring back with me. I was wondering if you'd like to take Dora in the plane. I don't want to leave her here alone and she'll be seasick on the boat."

"Would you like to do that, Dora?" I asked her.

She drew in a deep breath, held it for a moment, and nodded.

Joe left the house abruptly and called back, "Your mules are here."

"I don't think I'll go to the field with you," she said. "I'll stay here and read."

I was too much taken up with my own thoughts to pay much attention to what anyone else was thinking. The visibility had been good every day since I'd been at

When they were able to get up, they rode muleback for six hours to Joe's plantation.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[ONCE A SAP—
Continued from page twenty-one]

Constanza, and we'd done an enormous amount of work. Naturally, I was proud of the report and the pictures that I was turning in.

Both Joe and I were late for dinner that night. He said that there'd been a pile-up on the toy railroad that brought the cane to the mill and he'd been helping to get it straightened out. He looked tired and didn't have much to say for himself.

Finally, after dinner, he said, "I'm shoving off at four o'clock tomorrow morning for Puerto Durango, so I'd better turn in. Here's some money for you, Dora. Well, good night."

She went up to him and kissed him, but he broke it off pretty short and laughed. It was a sort of uneasy laugh.

"I'll be looking for you when you come down the coast tomorrow," he said.

Dora played the phonograph for a while and I worked on my report; then she went to bed. I heard Joe get up the next morning at dawn and leave the house. I couldn't go back to sleep, so I got up, too, and had breakfast.

When I came from the field at noon, Dora was all ready to leave.

We had a bite of lunch and went out to the field. Finally we managed to stow all the stuff and we took off, heading down the coast. After an hour I spotted Joe in the cruiser, so I throttled the engine and pointed ahead. I pulled up about fifty feet over the water and we did a couple of vertical turns around him. Joe waved to us.

Then I hit out for Puerto Durango again and turned around to Dora. She was twisted in her seat, looking back at Joe, and she didn't stop looking until the cruiser was nothing but a little speck behind us.

We landed at the Puerto Durango field and telephoned for a jitney to come and get us. While we were waiting, we sat down on a couple of boxes in the shade of a tree.

"Bill," she said suddenly, "I'm leaving today. I'm taking the ship back home."

I was surprised, of course. But way back in my head I wasn't surprised at all. It was something that I had been expecting.

"You've got to tell Joe for me," she said.

"It's a devil of a nice job you're giving me," I told her.

"I think he knows I'm going," she answered. "I think he knew when I kissed him last night that I was kissing him good-by."

"Then why didn't you tell him yourself?" I asked.

"I couldn't, Bill," she answered. "I just couldn't bear to see that hurt look on his face."

HER head was down and two fat tears splashed on her hands, which were clasping and unclasping in her lap. I couldn't help but think of that wet-footed, discouraged little girl that Joe had found crying into her plate of beans.

Finally she said: "I've left all the presents he gave me there at the house. I'm going to give you all the money I don't need. I want just enough to keep me in New York for a week or so, until I can find a job."

"You better keep the money," I told her.

She shook her head. "I don't want him or anyone else to think that I'm just a little girl on the make. I'd feel like a floosey," she said. "No, I started with nothing and I'll end with nothing. And I want you to tell Joe this: I love him more than anybody else on earth."

We didn't say anything after that. Pretty soon the jitney came along.

She got up and said:

"Well, back to the factory, Mary—whoops, my dears! Back to the show shops and Broadway; back to having some director bawl the life out of me. Come on, old-timer! Isn't it a swell life?"

We went into town and she engaged passage on the ship while I was attending to some other things.

I went out on the lighter with her. Just before she went up the plank, she put out her hand and gave mine a good shake. She said, "Thanks, Bill," and turned away.

No drama, no tears, no emotional rough-house. There was something mighty decent and appealing about the kid; something that Joe had found immediately and that I had taken a long time to find.

I tried to decide what to think about it, but I couldn't. I suppose that was because, to me, the effect on Joe was the most important thing, and I had to see what that would be. In the few months that had passed since I'd first seen Joe in Hank's Place he had become one of the closest friends I'd ever had. I began to wonder if he would blame me for not keeping her there, making her stay, until he came. I couldn't help but think that after a while he'd feel differently about it and realize that it wasn't my business to interfere. I said to myself, "Dora is Dora, Joe is Joe, and I'm myself, and none of us has the right to mess around in another's life, trying to arrange it this way or that way."

AN old top kick in the army one time told me his whole philosophy in a single sentence. It was, "Call 'em as you see 'em, and bury your own dead." Dora had called them as she'd seen them. She'd done her best and she'd been square about it, even down to the point of leaving Joe's money and presents behind her, just to prove that she wasn't a little girl on the make. She'd washed up the thing as honorably as she could, which is more than can be said for lots of little girls who have practiced making limousine faces in front of a hall-room mirror.

I managed to get myself fairly well slanted before the evening was over, and the more I thought about it the more I didn't like the idea of Dora leaving me to say the funeral oration. The next morning I pried myself loose from bed and went downstairs to wait for Joe. I knew he would come rolling in about noon, but the way my head felt I didn't want to sit in the sun down on the water front. I took a table in the open-faced bar of the hotel where I could watch for him.

He arrived a little earlier than I expected, and came up to the table while I was reading the paper.

"Where's Dora?" he asked in a sort of lifeless voice.

"Sit down, Joe," I said. But he just stood there, looking at me, eyes burning from under the rim of his helmet. I decided that the only thing to do was to give it to him in a bunch. "Dora shoved off yesterday for home."

"And you didn't go with her," he said.

I didn't get it at first. I suppose I was stunned.

"Just what do you mean by that?" I asked, getting to my feet.

"Wait!" he said. "Don't start anything!" He put his hand on my chest and gently bent me back as if I'd been a corn stalk. "Maybe I was wrong. Sit down." We sat at the table and a waiter came up to take our order. Joe said, "Beat it!" in a voice that made the nigger jump.

He put his elbows on the table, with his head in his hands, and pushed his helmet back. I could see he was pretty well all in.

"Just a couple of nights ago," he began without looking up at me, "I came back from the mill and saw you and Dora on the porch. You had your arms around her."

I started to interrupt, but he said, "Wait a second!" Then he went on, "Even back there in New York I knew that Dora liked you a lot. She was sort of afraid of you, too. Well, why shouldn't she like you? You're an airplane pilot and you've been to college and—well, those things mean a lot to a girl. She wouldn't marry me until you'd gone. When I got thinking it over later—just the last couple of days—I couldn't help but feel that maybe she'd married me just so's she could be near you. At the plantation she was always happier when you were around.

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

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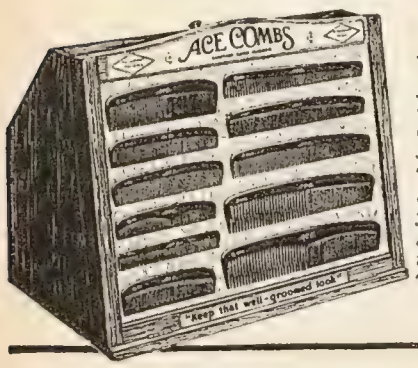

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[ONCE A SAP— Continued from page twenty-two]

And when I saw you two on the porch there didn't seem like there was anything more to say."

I sat there gaping at him. My mind was going back over everything from the first night I met Dora, and the hell of it was that I could see how, if you started thinking that way, you could put lots of little things together.

Finally, when I was able to get words out of me, I said: "That night on the porch Dora was just about to pull a Madge Delaney. She was going to have hysterics. I shook her out of it, and then she put her head on my shoulder and cried a little. She didn't want you to know how bad she felt, but she had to cry on somebody's shoulder and get it out of her system. I was handy. That's all there is to that. The rest is too cock-simple to talk about."

It surprised me how calm I was. I waited, but he didn't move or say anything; then I asked him: "Did you think that I was the sort of guy who'd run off with another man's wife—your wife?"

"I guess," he said in a dull voice, "I didn't think much about it—that way. I just wanted Dora to be happy. And I wanted you to be happy. I got it into my head that you loved each other and I couldn't see why I should keep you apart. I suppose I hoped you'd take the boat with her, because I didn't want to see you again. I didn't have to come to Puerto Durango today, but I worked it out so's to give you and her a break."

HE was still sitting with his head in his hands, looking down at the table.

"Dora asked me to give you a message," I said. "She asked me to tell you that she loves you more than anybody on earth."

"She said that?" he asked. He let one arm come down and rest limply on the table.

"Yes, and she asked me to give you this." I put the envelope of money in his hand.

He opened it. Seventeen of the twenty one-hundred-dollar bills he'd given her slid out on the table. It meant that she was landing back in New York with about one hundred.

"But she'll need it," he said.

"I told her that, but she wouldn't keep it. And she said that she'd left all the presents you've given her at the plantation. She didn't want you to think that she was a little girl on the make."

"What's that mean?" he asked.

"A girl who chisels everything she can get out of a man and then beats it. There're plenty of them where she comes from."

"I GUESS you're right about me being a sap," he said. "Just a sap!"

"You're more than that, Joe," I told him. "You're a sap, all right enough, but you're one of the finest men I've ever known in my life."

"Don't feed me such stuff!" he growled. "I'm a plain damn fool!"

"Only when you think you can bring a girl down from New York and make her happy on a jungle-bound plantation, two hundred miles from the nearest white women, and three feet from hell. But not many men can love a girl enough to let her go to another man if she'll be happier. There's nobility of character tangled up there some place."

He growled at me again. "I've been wrong about everything," he said. "Tell me what to do, Bill."

"If you want Dora you'd better go to New York and get her."

"She said she loved me more than anybody else on earth?"

"Yep—and she meant it, too."

He didn't say anything for a little while. Then, "Bill," he said, "if I give you a third of the profits and a chance to buy in, will you stay down here and manage that plantation of mine? Will you get out of this flying game before you break your neck? Will you? I'll come down to help you out in the heavy season."

It didn't take me long to think that over.

"Sure I will," I answered. He put his hand across the table and we shook, which is the only contract we've ever had.

"That settles everything," he said. He called the waiter and sent him for radio blanks. "Gosh, I'm a lucky stiff!"

When the blanks came he slid one over to me and told me to telegraph for another pilot to be sent down immediately.

Then he began to write a message. Pretty soon, after he had written about 200 words, he stopped and said: "Hey, Bill, how in the name of hell do you spell 'adorable'? I can talk the lingo better'n I can write it. When we have a son he goes to college."

THE END

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

The Story of Cedric

a joyous tale of trouble by

P. G. Wodehouse

Five Hundred Years Ago

a Joan of Arc anniversary article by

Clara E. Laughlin

with reproductions of the famous paintings by

Boutet de Monvel

One of the sensational pistol battles of the year resulted from a stool pigeon's squeal.

Picture by GERARD DELANO

Detective Fiaschetti as a first lieutenant of military police, appointed by President Coolidge.

Squeal and Go Free

How Stool Pigeons Sell Tips on Crime

As told to Prosper Buranelli

By

MICHAEL FIASCHETTI

Former Head of the Italian Squad, New York Police Department

BUSINESS is business, but sometimes it's murder. Angelo Zina, flat-footed and paunchy, had a grocery store, a hole in the wall littered with macaroni, cheese, and olive oil, in a tough tenement-house section of Brooklyn. He had also a competitor who kept a grocery store across the street. The two merchants cut prices and each other's throats like a couple of big industries, until finally, on April 4, 1916, the pot-bellied, solemn-faced Zina stifled competition by walking in on his rival with a sawed-off shotgun A charge of slugs, and the mercantile atmosphere was cleared. Nobody saw it, and it looked like a robbery The wheels of justice revolved, but nothing happened

For five years the fat grocer was not suspected. Then he was caught. Yes, you guessed it—thanks to a stool pigeon.

On a summery day of 1921 a bungling amateur entered an East Side drug store, walked up to the proprietor, Louis Majowsky, and smacked him on the jaw—the idea being to knock the druggist cold and grab the cash. But Louis, who should have been a pug instead of a pill roller, merely lost his temper. He sailed into the would-be robber, whaled the living daylights out of him, then called the police—although it was all a good deal more funny than serious.

Still, it was serious enough to mean about ten years.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

By the time the prisoner got into my hands he was a badly worried lad. He broke down, and begged me to let him go—his first offense, he needed money badly, and so on. All of which was true.

I made a dicker with him. He lived in a Brooklyn neighborhood infested with gangsters. Freedom for information—that was the bargain, and after it some bad boys in Brooklyn got a tough break. My newly made stool pigeon turned in bits of news from time to time, and the judge handed out terms in Sing Sing.

One of the earliest tips was this:

"Remember a guy knocked off in a grocery store five years ago?"

I dimly remembered.

"Well," the informer went on, "there's a fat bozo who kept a grocery store across the street—still has it. Somebody spotted him burying a sawed-off shotgun in the basement under his store the day of the murder."

I dug around in the basement under the store. Sure enough, up came the sawed-off shotgun. Funny, there was a jagged hole in the barrel. The gun had burst when it was last fired, which presumably was the time the grocer across the way had been killed. Also, the moon-faced Angelo Zina, whom I promptly locked up, had on his puffy wrist an old scar, the mark of a burn. You know how they fire a sawed-off shotgun? They hold it with the right hand, and rest the barrel on the left hand. The burst barrel and the scar on the grocer's wrist matched perfectly. It was vivid, startling evidence. It scared Zina so stiff that he was glad to take a plea and twenty years.

Angelo Zina murdered a rival grocer with a sawed-off shotgun. When he fired, the gun barrel burst and burned his wrist. Five years later a stool pigeon told where the gun was buried. The rent in its barrel and Zina's scar—both shown clearly in the enlargement—proved him guilty.

WHAT I mean to say is that the commonest way to detect crime is to trade for information. It beats the cigar ashes and the green whiskers all hollow. Valuable merchandise, freedom. There's an idea around that stool pigeons get cash. That's mostly rot. I've never heard of a case where a squeal got anything like real dough from the police.

Trade always has its bits of business acumen. Sharp practice, you might call it. Sometimes you can work a bit of high pressure salesmanship, or sell a bird a stretch of blue sky.

Whitey Anderson was his name. Ordinarily I don't tell any names where stool pigeons are concerned. That's where the strict, stern ethics of the police comes in. You don't take any chance of getting a stool pigeon knocked off. Whitey, however, is dead. He caught a cold on his lungs and cashed his checks in, held high as "one square little guy" in the esteem of his gang, most of whom were doing time, sent away by him.

I was attached to an uptown precinct, and one of the problems there was a mob that specialized in trimming out-of-town visitors to the Tenderloin. They were natty and sleek, flash rogues, and, try as we would, we could not get evidence, could not build up a court case against them.

The one I wanted to get most of all was Whitey Anderson. Not that he was the leader of the gang, a master mind, or anything like that. He was, in fact, small potatoes—a minor figure, a steerer, a bit of front. And a resplendent bit of front he was, ruddy faced and pudgy, altogether "in the pink," shining with glad rags, spats and cane and fancy waistcoats. I wanted to get him and get him right, with goods as clear and plain as daylight, enough to guarantee him a couple of years up the river. I had no idea of sending him away—there were bigger and gamier fish to angle for than he. What I wanted was to give him a chance to choose between taking a stretch or tipping me off to the big boys of his smart set. He was as foxy as the others, and I couldn't catch him at a thing. I grabbed him a couple of times when I knew he had pulled something, but on every occasion he was able to give me a well bred, well modulated laugh.

"Mike," I said to myself, "you've got to get this little dude. Now, let me see—what would Sherlock Holmes have done?"

I SUPPOSE every detective, when he is up against a dilemma, ought to sit down and figure out what Sherlock would have done in a similar situation. In my case, I will leave it to my reader to judge how near I came to approximating the methods of the great detective. I grabbed Whitey and locked him up in the Tombs.

He was full of indignant virtue, which I gave the customary Police Headquarters ha ha.

"You know what I want you for, you so and so," I snarled. "I've got you right this time. You did that job, and you know it."

And I mentioned a recent holdup that had been considerably in the papers.

"Fiaschetti, so help me God, I don't know a thing about that racket." His voice simply dripped with sincerity.

The next morning I put him in the line-up. He stood there confident and cocky. How could he be identified, when he hadn't been within miles of the holdup? How indeed?

Outside I had a friend of mine who was doing me a favor.

"Pick out the third one as you go in," I instructed him; "the little fat guy with the brown suit and spats."

You should have seen the change in Whitey's face when the supposed victim came in, glanced at the line-up, stepped instantly to Whitey, touched his shoulder, and said:

"This is the man who robbed me."

"I told you I had you right. It'll be twenty years for you," I said to Whitey.

His protests had the weak hopelessness of despair. He knew it was a frame-up, thought he was being railroaded, saw himself enduring long prison years for a crime he had not done.

Finally he turned stool—gave me names and dates. He stood trial with his pals, so that he might not be suspected of squealing. I took care not to have too much evidence against him. They got good substantial terms and he a suspended sentence. For several years he was one of my best sources of information.

I don't deny it, Sherlock Holmes' way would have been prettier and more refined—but also considerably more unreal. The stratagem I used had been worked more than once, which may account for some of the common stories of frame-ups, railroading, and plants.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

Amazing New Electric Range Cooks Bakes..Broils

No. 211
Broiler Range
1100 watts capacity in one burner. Patents pending on special switch control.

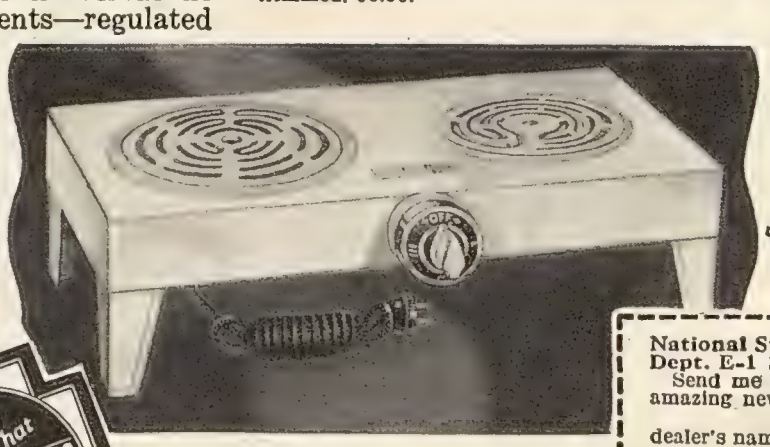
As Fine as Any $150 Stove Yet Costs Only $44

NOW every housewife can enjoy all the advantages of the most expensive range at less than one-third the cost—as the result of a remarkable new electric broiler range developed by White Cross Craftsmen.

Just the unit you've wanted! A high-grade, all-purpose range that *quickly cooks, fries, bakes and broils!* Does everything that any $150 range will do. Yet this astonishing White Cross development costs only $44!

Talk about economy and performance! Connects to any wall outlet—no special wiring. Marvelously compact—saves floor space. Twice the heat from the same current. Has four heating elements—regulated heat up to 500° in less than twenty minutes. Heavy insulation. Heat indicator on door. White Vitreous Porcelain Enamel top, black enameled body, and white enameled door panel and front legs.

You must see it at your nearest dealer to fully appreciate it! Coupon below brings his name and illustrated brochure containing full details. Write today—no obligation.



DEALERS

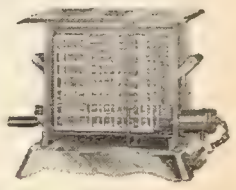
Let us show you how 20,000 electrical appliance merchants are increasing sales with nationally-advertised White Cross appliances. Write for details.

No. 156—Waffle Iron
Makes full-sized, delicious waffles without grease or smoke. Non-leaking interlocking grooves. Price only $8.80. (Three other attractive styles from $6.80 to $10.00.)

No. 291—T. S. Four-Piece Percolator Set
Consists of a 6-cup copper percolator finished in highly polished nickel plate on solid copper, matched highly polished nickel sugar and creamer, gold lined, and a 11¾" x 20½" brass serving tray with polished nickel border and handles and satin-finished center. As illustrated, $14. 6-cup percolator alone, $7.50, and 8-cup, $8.50.

No. 202—New Double Duty Stove
Operates at 1100 watts—double the capacity of the ordinary electric stove or hot-plate on the market today. Quickly gives enough heat for heavy boiling and cooking. Left burner is 7 inches in diameter. Beautifully finished in white vitreous porcelain enamel. Sturdily built for a lifetime of service, yet priced at only $7.50. Same stove finished in triple baked black enamel, nickel trimmed. $6.50.

No. 229
Reversible Toaster
Toasts two extra large slices at the same time. No springs or hinges. Cushioned legs prevent scratching table.
Price, $5.00.
Another style, $4.



WHITE CROSS

NATIONAL STAMPING & ELECTRIC WORKS
Dept. E-1, 3212 West Lake Street
Chicago, Illinois
Manufacturers of complete line of electric appliances and stoves. Prices slightly higher in Far West and Canada.

National Stamping & Electric Works,
Dept. E-1 3212 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.
Send me your interesting brochure that tells about these amazing new White Cross Electric Ranges and Stoves. My dealer's name is.....

This does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

LAST CALL

for letters

in the

O-Cedar

$5,000

prize contest

$1,000 First Prize
$500 Second Prize
$250 Third Prize

and 378 other cash awards starting at $100

THIS is the last announcement of the O-Cedar contest in this magazine. May 31st is final day. Don't put your prize letter off another minute.

Five minutes should be plenty of time in which to do it. Don't worry about "style" or appearance. Use pencil—pen—or typewriter. The main thing is to tell us as freely and simply as you would in talking to another woman just "Why Every Housewife Should Use O-Cedar Mops and Polish."

To get some pointers, visit the nearby O-Cedar dealer. He'll demonstrate the new slip-on feature and show how the patented triangular shape makes corner cleaning easy. He will give you a leaflet about this big O-Cedar prize contest which includes the easy rules and help you in every way possible. Remember, you don't have to buy anything.

Grocery, hardware, department, drug and other stores everywhere are making special displays of O-Cedar. O-Cedar Corp'n, Dept. J-5, Chicago, Ill.

O-Cedar Polish Mops

© 1929

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

Sometimes it's a club held above a head and sometimes kindness. Flattery and cajolery work with crooks as well as with pretty ladies, and you'd be surprised the way the soft soap will make the boys come clean. There was a runt attached to an East Side gang, a murderous lot. He was an errand boy, a lobbygow. Weak of limb and weak of wit, he would have been an understrapper anywhere. The gang treated him with contempt and brutality, and it was curses for him all the time and a slap in the jaw now and then. I noticed this, and made it a point to hail the runt with a "Hello, Dave, how're things?" every time I saw him—a decent salutation, a friendly call from one hale fellow to another. He knew who I was, but that made my hearty greetings the more impressive. Among crooks a dick is not exactly a nobody, and over on the East Side the head of the Italian Squad was decidedly a somebody. It got so that whenever the runt saw me he brightened up and looked more like a man.

He was ripe for a squeal when one day I got into a chat with him.

"You're a smart little feller, Dave," I said, "but you're not getting an even break—they're not doing the right thing by you." And a lot more like that.

RESENTMENT and rage, long pent up and stifled, simply convulsed his features.

"They treat me like a dog, Mike!" he growled.

"They do," I responded, "and if I were you I wouldn't stand for it."

"No, and I won't stand for it." He was ready to burst out crying.

"I'll tell you what, Dave," I said. "I like you. I've always thought you were a great little guy. And I'm going to give you a chance to get even with them."

He was ready for anything. Injury and injustice had turned his brain upside down. The chance I was giving him rather frightened him at first, but then his anger prevailed.

"Mike," he bragged, "you've been a real friend to me, and it'll be a lot I am doing for you. We can get 'em right."

And we got 'em right. He spilled everything he knew, which was plenty, and then for weeks kept me minutely informed of the mob's doing and planning, until finally, with everything set, there was a round-up.

Man's better self has its place in stool-pigeoning, as well as in more elevating works and sciences. Redemption through stool-pigeoning, you might call it. I can refer you to a chap who is now connected with the theatrical business and doing well.

He was brought in, a young Irishman of a rather good sort, accused of robbery. We couldn't pin the job on him just right, and released him without trial. A few months later I happened to walk into a tough Bronx saloon to look around, and there he was.

He was sitting at a table with a couple of flashy-looking molls, and he cringed when he saw me, like a crook who expects to be hounded by the dicks. I didn't pay any attention to him. The hounding act never appealed to me much, either as useful or the thing to do.

I was out of the place and on my way up the street when he came running after me.

"Fiaschetti," he exclaimed, "I expected you to grab me then!" He seemed excited in a curious way.

"Why should I? You aren't wanted now."

"I had a gun on me," he blurted; "slipped it to one of the broads after you passed. You could have given me a stretch if you had frisked me."

"I suppose I should have," I responded.

"That's what I'd expect a bull to do," he went on. "I never thought I'd run across a dick who wouldn't collar me if he could. You could have handed me five to ten years. It's funny that you didn't. I'm not going to forget it. I know when a guy's been right with me.

"I'm not so bad." His words came fast and hot. "It's not that I haven't gone wrong—I know that, and I've been thinking about it for a long time. I didn't know what I was up against when I got mixed up with the gang, and they're a bad outfit. I've tried to break away from them, but they won't let me. Guess I'm married to them, hog tied, sunk."

IT was clear that he was desperately eager to go straight, but was in the toils. His better self was very much in the ascendant just then, and I couldn't see any reason why it shouldn't win a glorious triumph.

"You ought to get out of that crooked racket," I said, "and there's only one way to do it—you can see to it that those sons of guns get what's coming to them."

I gave him a long spiel along that line, and my logic was correct enough for a textbook. With the rest of the boys up the river, a man can go as straight as he pleases.

"I guess it's the only way," he muttered; "the only way."

And the only way turned out to be a large and important date for a meeting on a Bronx street corner the following afternoon.

"And be sure to bring your men along," he urged. "The whole mob's getting together for a job, and they've all got guns."

The next afternoon one of the sensational pistol battles of that year was staged. As we came up the gang opened fire. There was a brisk fusillade. Two of the crooks dropped, wounded, and a boy playing on the street was killed by a stray shot. We got them all, and you should have seen

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY]

AS LONG AS MANKIND USES MOTOR CARS THERE WILL ALWAYS BE A BUICK

The motoring public itself has given to Buick the sinews of leadership in the shape of overwhelming demand. A quarter-century of buyer preference has brought to Buick the men, the plants and the resources that spell permanence.

So deeply has Buick woven itself into the life of America that people everywhere regard its very name as a symbol of reliability.

The builders of Buick wish to preserve this good name always. And public good will makes the task at once a duty and a pleasure.

It is a duty because demand so great that more than twice as many people purchase Buicks as any other car priced above $1200 literally inspires Buick to keep everlasting faith with owners.

It is a pleasure because this is Buick's *fondest desire*, and because public favor throughout a quarter of a century has given Buick unrivaled facilities for continued service and advancement.

The fine craftsmen of the industry — leaders in every phase of motor car manufacture — have brought their talents to Buick. Huge plants of the most modern type have risen to perpetuate Buick quality. Tremendous financial resources have followed as a matter of course.

These advantages spell stability. They attest Buick permanence. They make it possible to say that *Buick leadership is leadership that lasts.*

These are wonderful statements to be able to make about any product. Buick makes them, not boastfully, but as a definite assurance to Buick owners that they can count upon Buick always.

As long as mankind uses motor cars, there will always be a Buick. And as long as Buick builds motor cars, it will always build superlatively well.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

Canadian Factory: McLAUGHLIN-BUICK, Oshawa, Ontario

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

In shorts, too

the value is outstanding

WHETHER you prefer to wear Union Suit or Shorts, you can't beat BIG YANK for value.

Look over these Shorts, and you'll see that clearly. Here are Shorts of Fifth Avenue smartness—dashing, colorful—cut generously full—and with the earmarks of skilled tailoring all the way through. And their *Hold-tite Hips*—a new feature—makes them the most *comfortable* you've ever seen!

From every point of view—style, quality, comfort, wear—you'll like these Shorts, that's certain. And you'll find their pricing very attractive. Ask for BIG YANK Shorts by name.

BIG YANK
SHORTS

In BIG YANK Union Suit, sensational improvements for 1929—a new Inter-Spliced Crotch and a new Saddle Seat—make this more than ever "the greatest union suit made for $1."

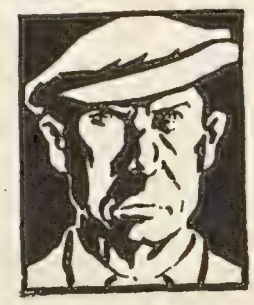
RELIANCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
212 WEST MONROE STREET
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

the punch in the jaw I gave the stool pigeon—to make it look right and leave no suspicion.

With his former pals safely stowed away, he went straight, as straight as most of us are. He got a job in a theatrical box office, and proceeded to make good.

In any big city there are many people who run rackets which, while not desperately criminal, are nevertheless under the ban of the law, or on the borderline: gambling, policy games, disorderly and rowdy resorts, bootlegging in this later day, and so on. I knew of hundreds of such. In a certain sense they were none of my business. In my police career, particularly as head of the Italian Squad, I was assigned to deal with major crimes. Nevertheless, I could easily have had any of these petty offenders raided, closed up, and locked up. Instead, having something on them, I made them give me information.



Here you have the real backbone of the stool pigeon system. The doubtful characters on the fringe of the underworld who engage in business more or less illegal live in constant fear of the police, and the detectives are often able to use them as stool pigeons. They are allowed to take their large profits, and in return they squeal.

Down toward Coney Island, Bimbo Vitar (Bimbo being an Italian form for Babe) had a species of speakeasy, dance hall, and generally questionable resort. He was a great man in the underworld, knew its secrets, was consulted about its affairs. As a stool pigeon he would have been a prize worth a promotion a year. But his reputation among crooks as a stanch, true man was not built on sand. You had only to look at his swarthy face, with its fiery eyes and grim mouth, to be discouraged in any idea of extracting information from him.

NEVERTHELESS, the time came when it was up to me to drag a squeal out of Bimbo. I did my best, cooked up a scheme and carried it through. Then came the break, to my astonishment and chagrin. The word of a Sicilian—you can trust it to the limit. In this case, though, there was a quirk and twist.

One evening, eight years ago, Joseph di Carlo, a dealer in barbers' supplies, went out in his delivery wagon to make the rounds of his customers. He never returned. Next morning his horse and wagon were found in a remote street, but of Di Carlo there was no trace. I was put in charge of the case, and with my men proceeded to uncover a somber, romantic tale.

He was what the girls would call a sweet boy. He had the slenderness and grace of youth, with a clear, flawless brow, and eyes of soft yet smoldering brown. He was well mannered, smiling, affable. A chipper lad, framed by nature to be some woman's darling.

He started in the barbers' supply business working for a boss who had a shop in Brooklyn. He drove a wagon and made the daily rounds, delivering soaps, perfumes, bay rum, and rolls of head-rest paper. He was intelligent and active, a favorite among the customers. The boss said he was a fine boy and would go far.

The boss was nearly sixty, and he had a young wife. He walked in one day on his wife and the sweet boy Joe, as they were kissing each other.

The old man flew into a craze of jealousy and rage. He swore he'd kill them both; then that he'd chase the wife out of house and home. But he was too fond of her to do any more than reproach her. He fired Joe.

The young cherub did what may seem reasonable enough. He opened a barbers' supply of his own in the neighborhood, and proceeded to take business away from his former employer. Popular with the customers, he was able to swing them over to himself.

AMONG his effects I found a letter the wife had written him just before his disappearance. It begged him to go away—abandon his shop and disappear—because her husband was planning to have him killed. But he ignored the warning. I looked over the old man's bank account. It showed he had drawn out $3,000 in cash the day before Di Carlo's disappearance. Undoubtedly the price of murder.

The case was clear, even to the trail that led to the actual killers. We knew who had done the job, and how. The murder gang in the pay of the husband had taken the amorous cavalier from his wagon to some secure place and killed him. We found witnesses who had seen him abducted. The case was perfect, save for one detail—the body of the murdered man. It was the old affair of the corpus delicti. You can have the strongest evidence of murder you want, but unless you can produce a body, there is nothing doing.

Here's where the fierce resort keeper, Bimbo Vitar, came in. The murder gang hung out at his joint, and he would know or could find out what had been done with the body. I had no idea that there was any use in putting the screws to Bimbo, at least in any ordinary way. But I was on friendly terms with him, had cultivated him, hoping that some day it might be useful.

I went to the local police captain in his neighborhood and made a little arrangement, as a result of which a squad of cops dropped in on Bimbo's joint and the patrol wagon backed up in front of it. We picked a time when Bimbo was not there. We didn't want him. The wagon was for fairer passengers than he. As a part of his tough cabaret he had a dozen or so of girls who danced and entertained.

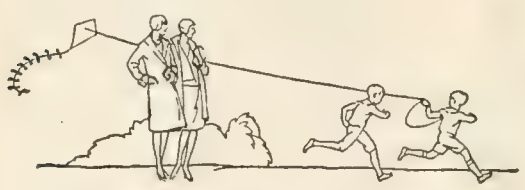
[CONCLUDED ON PAGE THIRTY-TWO]

Teachers KNOW which are the *cleanest* homes

SCHOOL children from nice homes have an advantage . . . are better liked, get more consideration, have better times.

And it's that way all through life. Everywhere we go the people we meet are sizing us up. Very quickly they decide that we are, or are not, from nice homes.

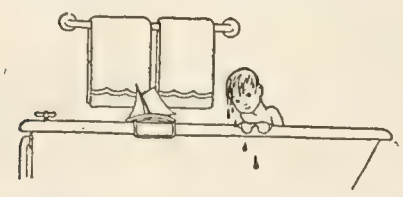
What counts most in winning this ready acceptance? Isn't it *cleanliness?* . . . the deep seated and habitual kind, that must be taught young?



Parents are judged by their children

Teachers cannot help judging one child against the cleanliness of others. Nor can friends or neighbors.

Every child is a little ambassador of his home, and his appearance represents its standard of cleanliness.



Do children take enough baths?

No mother would fail to bathe her small baby every day. For older children, however, daily baths are frequently thought not so necessary. Is that true? Think of the dust and dirt that youngsters get into, and the germs that baths wash away. Also, the daily bath clears the pores of perspiration waste. Many a fine, clear complexion is endangered by clogged pores in early life.

The "inspirational" method

When it comes to clean clothes there are three principal ways in which mothers can help:

1. By correcting that guilty family feeling that, above all else, "We must keep down the size of the wash this week";

2. By keeping drawers well *filled* with clean clothes...for father, sister, brother;

3. By being a good advocate herself of fresh, clean clothes, even in the mornings around the house.

It is also mother, and no one else but mother, who must see to the regular changing of bed linen . . . both sheets at least once a week. (Twice a week is better yet.)

Pillow-cases should be changed twice as often as sheets because they soil so quickly as restless heads grind into them the dirt carried from the dusty activities of the day; and because, too, the pillow-case is exposed to daytime house dust.

Women who cook must wash more often

Careful housewives must also manage:

1. Always to wash before turning to the preparation of food;

2. Always to wash after sweeping, dusting, or other household tasks;

3. To so schedule the sweeping, dusting and cleaning that the whole house, every day, is a splendid lesson in the cheerfulness and importance of cleanliness.

"The brightest corner on earth"

Clean, genial, cordial homes . . . is there anything finer? . . . or anything that can be counted on more surely to teach a deep-down, daily lesson of all-around cleanliness?

And isn't it those seemingly secondary things like fresh curtains, scrubbed woodwork, and clean linens regularly that have most of all to do with making any place, modest or pretentious, a happy haven . . . a real *home?*

Published by the Association of American Soap and Glycerine Producers, Inc., to aid the work of CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, *45 East 17th Street, New York.*

when eyes burn

Does exposure to sun, wind and dust make your eyes bloodshot and cause a burning sensation? Then you should use *Murine!* A few drops of this harmless lotion speedily ends the burning feeling and soon clears up the bloodshot condition.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Bert Lytell

Says Hair Counts!

"Dame Fortune is a girl that must be won like any other girl," says the popular screen star, Bert Lytell. "And you can't go courting any girl if you look like a tramp. One of the indispensables to a gentlemanly appearance is a neat head of hair. For that reason, you'll find Hair Groom a fixture on my dressing table."

A little Hair Groom in the morning will keep your hair combed and glossy all day without making it sticky or greasy. Hair Groom comes in two forms—cream and liquid. If your druggist cannot supply you, send 50c in stamps or money order to Wyeth Chemical Co., Inc., 578 Madison Ave., New York City. A sample of Liquid Hair Groom is free. Clip coupon.

Wyeth Chem. Co., Inc., Dept. L 54
578 Madison Ave., New York City **FREE**

Mail me free sample **Liquid Hair Groom.**

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY]

The cops loaded them in, a silken, bespangled, and perfumed flock, and the wagon drove away with a flourish. At the station house they were thrust ignominiously into cells, and were told they were going to get a year apiece on Blackwell's Island. Their outcries and lamentations were loud and dolorous.

They were in this unhappy situation when Bimbo, having heard the bad news, came hurrying. He was allowed to see the girls and get the full effect of their plight. The captain told him he was going to send them away, and that was all there was to it. Bimbo raged and despaired in a manner really affecting. There was his pride and prestige. If he, the powerful, could not protect his bevy of frolicsome steppers and save them from the Island, what was left? And then he was a true padrone, with a high sense of responsibility for the welfare of his dependents.

The fact that the dependents were women and that he could not take care of them only made the matter the more poignant. You will find chivalry in the most out-of-the-way places. Altogether Bimbo was in quite a state of mind. He moved heaven and earth to get the girls out, pulled political wires and all that, but there was nothing doing.

IT was at this point that I came upon the scene, big and innocent looking. My part in the visitation that had befallen Bimbo was kept covered. I merely took care to drop in at the station house when I knew he was there, and let him see me. He came rushing over, like a drowning man grasping at a straw.

"Mike," he cried, "you are a friend of mine, and you've gotta help me!"

I played innocent, and made him explain.

"For God's sake, Mike, can you get them out?" was the burden of his story.

"I don't know, Bimbo," I replied; "but I am a friend of yours, and I'll see what I can do."

I went through a lot of motions, hurried here and there as if looking things up, told Bimbo the captain was dead set on putting the girls away, put on that I was doing a complicated piece of fixing, and finally assured Bimbo that everything was all right and I would have the girls released right away.

He straightened and swelled up with relief and delight.

"If I can ever do anything for you, Mike!" He was as appreciative of a favor as a Sicilian is likely to be.

"I'll tell you what you can do for me, Bimbo," I sailed into him. "You're in trouble and I'm helping you out. Well, I'm in trouble and you can help me out. You know Di Carlo that was killed? I can't even find the body, and I must do at least that much, for I'm in dutch. I'm not asking you anything else, but tell me what they did with the body."

"I don't know," he answered, quite straightforwardly.

"Bimbo"—I went after him hard—"if you don't know, you can find out. If I get the girls released—you can find out."

"Yes," he replied slowly. "Let me take the girls away, and I will find out and tell you."

"All right, Bimbo," I replied. "I'll take your word."

He raised his hand with a gesture of oath and pledge that reminded me of the Mafia.

"Word of a Sicilian!" he cried.

I went to the captain and told him everything was all right and to release the girls. In a couple of minutes Bimbo was driving away with them in his big car.

WORD of a Sicilian—it was good. Bimbo made an appointment with me on a street corner that night. I was nervous; thought he might kill me or have me killed. I had my gun in my coat pocket and kept it on him, ready to give it to him at the first alarm. But quite faithfully he led me to a tenement house, and stopped in front of it.

"In the basement, under the gas meters," he said in a low voice, "you will find the earth raised. The body is buried there."

The next day, in the uniform of a tenement-house inspector, I looked around in that basement. Yes, there was a row of gas meters, and below it the earth was raised in a long mound. Word of a Sicilian—it was kept.

And now for the anticlimax. Red tape got in its work, and there was a delay before we went to get the body. As we entered the basement I caught it all in a flash. The earth below the gas meters was disturbed. Instead of a mound, there was now a hole. The body had been removed. You could still see the imprint of a human form in the soft clay.

Bimbo had repented. Stool pigeon was not an epithet to rest lightly on him. I could imagine his brooding, the qualms and reproaches on the old villain's conscience. The delay at headquarters gave him his chance. I later learned that he had had the body taken away and burned in a baker's oven.

Still, he had kept his Sicilian word with me, and this dénouement was no violation.

That was the end of the case. We never even attempted to bring anybody to trial.

As for Bimbo, he shut up shop and disappeared from these parts. He had a pretty good idea that after what had happened the cops would lay into him.

Another "stool pigeons" story by Mr. Fiaschetti will appear in an early issue.

Bow Peeps!

And Without a Brooklyn Accent—See Below

A Page of Movie Reviews by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

In the following reviews the photoplays are rated by stars. One star preceding a review means fairly good; two stars, good; three stars, excellent; and four stars, extraordinary.

★ ★

WARNER FABIAN, the mysterious author who established himself with Flaming Youth as an authority on the indiscretions of the younger set, wrote Unforbidden Fruit. Now Famous Players has diverted the yarn into Clara Bow's first talkie, given the more peppy box-office title of The Wild Party.

Maybe modern maidens in smart girls' schools act like this. Without venturing too deeply into the accuracy of Mr. Fabian's observation as it reaches the screen, The Wild Party seems to me to be pretty rough on the younger generation. Academic life at Winston is one long course in necking. Indeed, the film is billed as "The battle cry of squeezedom."

While the producers have toned down some of the pash events in Mr. Fabian's discourse, they have stepped on the gas in presenting Clara and her schoolmates in dormitory negligée and gym abbreviation. Not once have the Hollywood magnates let a single skirt stand in the way of making The Wild Party what they call a natural.

Clara Bow (as Old S. A.) and Adrienne Dore in The Wild Party, Miss Bow's first effort in conversational celluloid.

Maybe you know the story. Clara Bow as Stella Ames (known affectionately to her chums as Old S. A.) falls in love with a handsome professor. But Stella is a madcap, a hoyden, a—words fail me. She leads the prof a tough life and generally sets student activities at dear old Winston in a turmoil.

So runs this "study of young America and its problems," as the producers generously describe their effort. Still, there is Clara Bow jazzing vocally and wise cracking for reels. It's her larynx début and as such has national significance. I can report that her diction carries no trace of a Brooklyn accent.

★ ★ ★

Old fashioned as I am, Buster Keaton's all-silent comedy, Spite Marriage, hit me hard. In this, Buster is just an overambitious pants presser who falls in love with an actress and joins the troupe—with dire results to the company.

In spots, Spite Marriage is hilarious. One of these spots is the concrete-visaged Buster's appearance in the rôle of a stoical Union soldier. Another comes after the

Buster Keaton, Dorothy Sebastian, and Theodore Lorch in Spite Marriage, where Miss Sebastian surprises by her ability as a clown.

actress, in jealous pique over her love for the star, marries Buster. The bride gets a belligerent edge on champagne, wrecks a restaurant, and then becomes a limp and complicated problem for the unhappy Buster.

Keaton is funny in Spite Marriage, but the surprise is pretty Dorothy Sebastian, who turns out to be a superb clown. Buster's comic gymnastics are matched easily by Dorothy, who turns in an amazing series of humorous acrobatics.

Suppose Spite Marriage had dialogue. It would move at half its present speed. Experts say that it takes eight additional feet of film to tell something in spoken dialogue in comparison to the same thing presented in the subtitle.

★

In Hollywood, and particularly at the Metro-Goldwyn studios, Willard Mack, the veteran footlight actor-author-producer, has been looked upon as a talkie find. He can turn out a full-length chatter drama in a couple of weeks, the while writing his own plot and dialogue, directing the film, and acting a rôle or two.

His first protean effort, The Voice of the City, is pretty awful, however. It is an old-fashioned melodrama of a young gangster sent unjustly to prison for murder. The boy escapes—and the film concerns itself with the man hunt in the dark recesses of Manhattan.

The cast practically is an all-stage one. You will recognize few of the faces, and you are unlikely to remember any of them, either. Mack himself is the hard-boiled sleuth who chases his man for eight reels and then lets him go with a kindly pat on the shoulder.

Do you know that—

Dorothy Sebastian is twenty-four and was born in Birmingham, Alabama? . . . Willard Mack (whose real name is Charlie McLaughlin) was born in Canada? . . . His stage career covered twenty-one years?

A NIGHT in

The Story of a Second Guess in Love

" Don't talk so loud. You'll disturb people."

WHAT had possessed her to come back to Chamonix? Something must have taken hold of her and moved her around, for she seemed to have come with no more volition than the motorcar that had brought her that afternoon. She could not even remember how she had rationalized her sudden decision to leave Lausanne and the friendliness of the Harcourts' chalet and flee all alone up and up the dizzying turns of the road, through the long, isolated valley (oh, so well remembered!) to this awful overpowering solitude that was Mont Blanc.

Standing on her balcony in the cold evening of the first of June, she marveled at herself for daring to come here—here where she had spent perhaps the happiest week of all her married life. There had been so many happy weeks it was hard to say, but in Chamonix they had found the place, the air most native to their relationship. . . . As she let these memories rise and engulf her—memories usually forced down below the level of consciousness—she saw something like terror that the whiteness of the White Mountain was turning to a superterrestrial gold, a sort of visible light. The afterglow is usually described as rosy and it often is, but tonight it was like the radiance that falls upon the Alps before the dawn. Varva, watching, shivering with cold and awe, remembered a dawn when Tony had waked her (in this same hotel) and, filled with a hushed excitement, had led her to the window to see for the first time the mountains transfigured with this strange light. Tomorrow that would be just four years ago.

She went into her room, closed the balcony door, and pulled the curtains violently. This bare, clean little hotel, flimsily built, with wooden unplastered walls, had seemed the height of romance when they were together. To Varva, alone and shivering, it appeared rather sordid and depressing. Why was she in Chamonix and why in this very hotel where they had stayed? Tony used to tell her they were both urged on in life by " that mysterious thirst for pain " which haunts all artists. Here must lie the reason for her having come.

Now that she had the clue she could recall her mental processes at Lausanne. She and Tony had been there together, too, and her restlessness this time arose from the very lack of poignancy in the associations. She did not want to forget. That seemed to her the uttermost aridity of separation. Of the three years since Tony fell in love with little Marianne Marcey and Varva went away and left them together, the first year had been just one black confusion. She could hardly remember anything about it now except as one remembers an illness.

The practical effort of the divorce had brought back to her some sense of reality. The year after that had been a clearer sort of suffering—something that could define itself as missing him, as loneliness. The third winter, ending in Lausanne with the Harcourts, brought her to that most hated state of all, where she didn't seem to feel much of anything. Hence this idiotic flight to Chamonix, hurling herself against Mont Blanc and the full vastness and bleakness of her bereavement.

LIKE many lonely people she sometimes unconsciously talked out loud to herself. " Well," she said now, " it certainly was a success coming here. I found even more pain than I wanted and I think I'm getting the grippe besides."

" Oh, I hope not," came a voice from the other side of the thin partition. " Ring for a hot grog."

The silence that followed was to Varva charged with mortification. The man had spoken in French. He was no doubt making fun of loud-mouthed American women who discussed their regrets and their symptoms in hotel bedrooms. She wondered sickeningly if she had said anything else out loud in her long train of grievous rem-

CHAMONIX

By
LILIAN GILL

Pictures by JOSEPH SIMONT

"I've got a great deal to say. What are you laughing at?"

iniscence. "It's a vile habit," she thought. "I must stop it."

The suggestion of a hot grog was acceptable, but she would not like him to hear her ordering it. She had had no dinner because she could not bring herself tonight to go into the dining room where Tony and she used to have such jolly meals and good bottles of wine together. She would order supper sent up now. Hot soup and a glass of sherry might take away her chill. But no—she didn't want the ironical Frenchman next door to hear all about it. He might begin making fun of her again. She would wait till she heard him go out.

Half an hour passed and her neighbor gave no signs of going out, so Varva rang for the waiter and ordered her supper. She suddenly felt more cheerful when she saw him spreading a little table for her, lifting the cover off the broiled kidneys to show her "how they are good," and pouring her glass of sherry.

"Madame is traveling all alone?" he asked with that mixture of civility, respect, and a recognition of common humanity that makes French servants so companionable. "Yes, I am all alone, Dominique." She had already learned his name.

He seemed about to make some comment on this, but refrained from a sense of what was proper. "Should one say madame or mademoiselle?" "Madame"; and for the first time her voice was a shade forbidding. She did not want any questions as to whether monsieur her husband was expected to join her later on.

The food and wine stopped the persistent shivering that had first seized her on the balcony. She read very comfortably for an hour or two in the big dilapidated armchair. She would have felt quite secure and content if it had not been for the dominating, terrifying presence of Mont Blanc out there in the dark. She would leave Chamonix next morning and go back to Lausanne. Warming her heart with the thought of the Harcourts' welcoming fireside, Varva went to bed.

THE bed shrieked just as loudly as she remembered from four years ago. One side of it was too close to the wall and bumped against the boards as she got into it.

"A hot grog would have done you more good than sherry," came a voice startlingly near her ear. The bed on the other side of the wall squeaked and bumped.

Mercy! How unpleasant! This was the sort of thing one read about Frenchmen in books by Anglo-Saxons, but which she had never before in all her travels encountered.

Varva kept perfectly still, not daring to stir in her bed for fear it would bump against the wall and start the man talking again. Her left arm that she was lying on went to sleep; she was wretchedly uncomfortable, but still she dared not move.

"Would you like me to wake you up to see the sunrise on the mountains?" inquired her too-near neighbor.

"No, thank you. Please don't talk to me at all. I want to go to sleep." Saying this, she ventured to turn over and there was silence for a while. Then he spoke again—always in French:

"I know just how lovely you look lying there. I think you wear a nightgown—not pyjamas."

"If you don't stop talking to me I'll ring for the maid and ask her to call the manager." With that she jumped up to make sure she had bolted her door.

This time he spoke in English and in what seemed another voice:

"Don't be frightened, darling Varva. It's I."

"Tony!" she cried; and every moment of every day of every year since she lost him called to him in the name.

"I'm coming in there," he said.

"You are not. Tony, how can you talk that way? You're married to somebody else. Besides, you have

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

made me suffer too much. Oh, I couldn't bear it!" But already he was rattling the door.

"Won't you unlock it, Varva?"

"No, I will not."

When she spoke that way, he knew she meant it. He went back to his room and got into bed.

"Well," he said, "do you mind talking to me through the wall?"

"No—only don't talk so loud. You'll disturb people."

"All right. If I talk very softly—like this—they can't hear. I've got a great deal to say. What are you laughing at?"

"You always did have a great deal to say."

"I suppose that's meant to be a dirty crack, but I'm so glad you're here, I don't mind. It's awfully jolly lying side by side like this—isn't it, Varva—even though there does seem to be a slight obstruction between us?"

"Speaking of slight obstructions; where is Marianne? I gather from your conversation that she's not in there with you."

"To maintain the traditions of gallantry, I tell all my friends that Marianne has left me. She *is* planning to get a divorce. As a matter of fact, we both got unbearably fed up with each other. We never got on at all except at first."

"Oh! . . . That's too bad."

A pause, and then Varva remarked, "You always were a dreadful person to live with, Tony."

"So Marianne said. But you never used to tell me that."

"No. It didn't seem to me a good way of endearing myself."

"My unique Varva! You're the only wife I ever had who didn't tell me my faults."

"Have you had other wives since Marianne?"

"Heavens, no! I'm still legally married to her, as a matter of fact. I haven't had anybody, wife or otherwise."

Varva made no reply to this interesting piece of information and there was silence for a little while.

"Is your hair long again—as long as it was before?" he presently inquired. "Last time I saw you, you were letting it grow."

"I should say I was. That was why I lost you. I don't see how any woman can keep a man's affection while she's growing her hair."

"I should never have let you bob it. Is it long now?"

"Yes."

"I fell in love with your long lustrous black hair."

"You sound like an advertisement for hair tonic."

This silenced him.

"TONY," she resumed, "you certainly disguised your voice successfully when you accosted me through the wall. I always told you you should have been an actor."

"Perhaps I should. My painting gets worse and worse."

"It doesn't. When I was in New York I saw your Desert Studies and I thought they were the best things you had done."

"If I had known you would see them and judge them, I might have had the heart to go on. I've done nothing worth keeping now for over a year."

"Oh, my poor darling boy!"

"Madame, may I suggest," came the voice of a wrathful Englishman from the room on the other side of Varva's—"may I suggest that if you were to go into the room of your poor darling boy, you could carry on your amours more comfortably to yourself and at the same time allow the other people in this hotel to get a little sleep before morning?"

Varva fairly cowered in her bed, while Tony went placidly on talking.

"Sh! Tony, sh! We're disturbing everybody."

"What makes you think so? We're talking low."

She repeated to him, between a whisper and a murmur, part of what the Englishman had bawled out, omitting both the suggestion that she go into the next room and the reference to "amours."

"Well," Tony raged, "if you think I'm going to stop talking to my own wife, whom I haven't seen for three years, just to please some damn fool of an Englishman . . ."

"From what I gather from your conversation," came an acidulous female voice from the room on the other side of Tony—"from what I gather (though I couldn't hear quite everything you said), it's entirely your own fault that you haven't seen your wife. How could you expect to see anything of her while you were disgracing yourself with some person called Mary Anne?"

"And may I inquire, madam, in what way my affairs concern you?" Tony was not noted for his politeness.

"In two ways," came back the uncompromising Yankee voice. "One—you are keeping me awake. Two—I am president of the League for Civic Virtue of Aberdeen, Mass."

"That gives you no jurisdiction whatsoever in France."

"Tony," expostulated Varva, "what *are* you saying? Who *are* you talking to? Are we disturbing somebody else?"

"Yes, we are, but I don't *give* a damn."

"Well, I do and you must not say one word more. It's outrageous keeping people awake in a hotel and I will not do it."

"Come in here, then. Two heads are better than one—on a pillow."

"Oh!" snorted the lady from Massachusetts. "He even misquotes Scripture for his purpose."

"Are you coming in here, Varva?"

NO reply. Whatever he said, whatever he urged, she kept silence, so he presently gave up talking and the Englishman and the president of the League for Civic Virtue were able to sleep.

Not so Varva. She was not merely awake; it seemed to her that her consciousness was doubled or trebled. Lying there in the dark, it was as if she could see Tony through the wall and see Mont Blanc outside reaching terribly to the cold stars. Hours and hours of the still Alpine night passed over her. She was almost dozing off when she heard a clock strike three. Then the bed on the other side of the wall creaked and a subdued, cautious voice said, "Varva—are you asleep?"

"No."

"Isn't your Englishman snoring by this time?"

"I should say he is."

"Civic Virtue also sleeps. We can talk, if we speak as quietly as this."

"We can, but what good does it do, Tony?"

"I have something amusing to tell you. Did you know the bishop is in this hotel?"

"*The* bishop! Not Cousin Athanasius?"

"Cousin Athanasius himself—and Cousin Anathema with him. I saw them in the dining room, but they didn't see me."

Varva laughed in spite of herself. "It was always so mean of you, Tony, to call my poor dear Cousin Anna such a name. She's much nicer than the bishop."

"She could easily be that without being a world-beater for charm. I remember the first time she ever saw me, she said, 'A painter, are you? Well, all you seem to have accomplished so far is to teach Varva to paint her face.'"

Varva laughed again. The Englishman moaned and stirred and his bed creaked. The snoring suddenly stopped.

Repetition of her worried "Sh! sh! sh!" and muttered pleas for Tony to be still.

Silence for five or ten minutes until the snoring was

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

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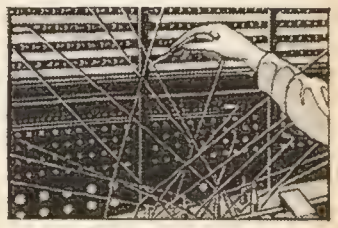

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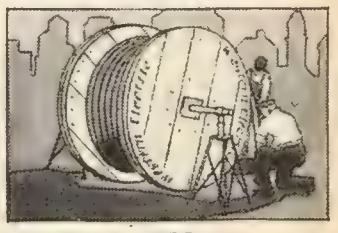

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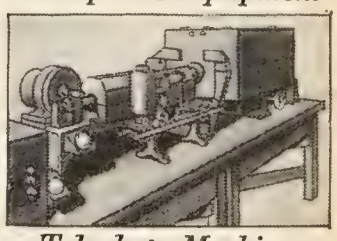

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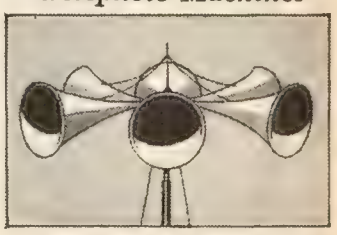

Public Address Systems

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The VOICE of ACTION

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

as loud, the rhythm as perfect as before. This time it was Varva herself who reopened the conversation she had forbidden.

"Tony."

"Yes, darling."

"Wouldn't it have been unspeakably awful if Cousin Athanasius and Cousin Anna had had the room next to mine, or next to yours, and heard us talking like this? They might have, just as easily as not. I'm actually trembling from thinking of it."

"I wish you'd come and do your trembling in here."

"Tony, if you keep on like that, I won't talk to you at all."

"All right. I won't. But why are you so afraid of those damned stuffy relatives of yours? Just because he wears a miter? I imagine he wears it in bed."

"It isn't because he's a bishop exactly, although I think that added to my childhood fear of him. You see, after father died, mother always asked Cousin Athanasius what to do about me and he invariably thought up the one thing that would make me most miserable—for my own good, of course. I can't get over being afraid of him. And then, their disapproval of my marrying you was exceeded only by their disapproval of my divorcing you."

"Oh, well, some people get their one pleasure out of disapproving of other people."

"If there is anything on earth that could horrify them more than my divorce, it would be my talking to you now, like this, through a wall."

"Why, I should think they'd see something so respectable, almost canonical about a wall. It's just the way people of their sort like to pretend that marital relations are carried on."

"Oh, shucks!" came the decided voice of the lady from Massachusetts. "You artists and intellectuals needn't to talk and write's though everybody that's good's a fool."

He repeated this with relish to Varva. "Oh, Tony," she said distressfully, "ask her if we're keeping her awake."

"Well, that would be an insipid sort of question."

"Don't let's talk any more now," Varva begged. "I'm going to try to get some sleep."

SLOWLY, slowly the darkness in her room began to shift, dissolve, and float away. Then it would seem to come back again and settle down more heavily. But now the open French windows were no longer tall oblongs of black. Their aspect was changing; they were letting in something that was not yet day, but threatened soon to be. Its coming was unwelcome to her. Day always meant decision, action; and this rapidly approaching day meant going away from Tony. She had done that once. She had not supposed she would have to do it again.

He was so quiet he must be asleep. Her arms stretched themselves out toward the wall behind which he lay. To her surprise she began to sob. Fearful that he would hear, she sprang out of bed and went to the window, holding her hands firmly against her heart as if she could push down her sobs that way. There, in the clear, pale light before the sunrise, ineffably serene, unchangeable, strong as God, rose the whiteness of the White Mountain. Picking up her fur coat and wrapping it around her, she went out on the balcony to draw to herself strength from the superabundance there before her.

There was no balcony on either side of her. Isolated in the cold, silent, increasing light, she stood gazing at the mountain, waiting for it to catch the sun.

After a long time, Varva pushed him away.
"I want to look at your funny face."

Suddenly she heard a sound on her left and, as she looked, her heart stopped beating. Fear, sickening, dizzying fear, seized hold of her, for Tony was standing on the narrow ledge that ran from his window to her balcony, making his way toward her an inch at a time.

They were on the third story; if he slipped from this narrowest of footholds, he would without question be killed before her eyes. With upraised hand he was holding on first to the top of a small window in his room, then to some sort of a water-pipe that looked horribly insecure. Varva did not dare to move or speak for fear of jarring his precarious equilibrium. She could only clench her hands and try to will him not to fall.

VERY cautiously, very slowly he edged his way along. He had on tennis shoes, she noticed—the rubber soles would help him not to slip—and over his pyjamas he had pulled on a heavy gray sweater against the cold. He had reached the balcony now, but the turning, the letting go of the pipe overhead, would be the most dangerous part.

"Aren't you going to give me a hand?" he asked.

The warm familiar grasp of his fingers—no interval, no awareness of his climbing or jumping on to the balcony. The only thing she knew was that she was in his arms.

After a long, long time, Varva pushed him away.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"I want to look at your funny face. My eyes have been hungry, too—for three years."

It was a crooked, dark, intelligent face, Tony's. A fellow draftsman had once drawn a mass of curiously juxtaposed angles and triangles which to the initiated represented Tony—to anyone else an insoluble problem in geometry.

"Don't waste your time looking at me," he said. "Look at Mont Blanc."

The whole range had turned to gold. Pale gold, much the same as the evening before, but it seemed different somehow, at sunrise—more expectant, less reminiscent.

"It looks as if it had just been created," Varva whispered. Tony said nothing, but his arm tightened around her shoulders.

To her it seemed as if the light were not only in front of her eyes, but inside of herself, welling up, expanding, brightening.

"Why, Tony dear, you're crying."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY]

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Oldsmobile (to '27)	6
Oldsmobile (1927)	4
Oldsmobile 6, Model F	8
Packard (to '26)	2
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Paige	4
Peerless 81	8
Peerless, all others	4
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Pontiac	3
Reo (to '27)	7
Reo Flying Cloud (to '28)	1
Reo Flying Cloud ('28)	8
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Reo Wolverine ('28)	8
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Rolls-Royce, Model 40-65	9
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Whippet 4	4
Willys-Knight 4	4
Willys-Knight Great 6	2
Willys-Knight Light 6	1

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO . . . WINDSOR, ONTARIO

[A NIGHT IN CHAMONIX
Continued from page thirty-eight]

He fell on his knees, clasping her knees, pressing his head against them, sobbing.

"Varva, will you forgive me?"

"How could I do anything else out here, with God looking right at me?"

About quarter of an hour later two Savoyard workmen went past in the road below. "What a strange, cold place to kiss in," said one to the other. "They don't feel the cold," answered his companion and both laughed.

Their laughter came up to the two on the balcony and startled them into a realization that day was here and something must be done about it.

"Let's get dressed." This was as far as Varva could plan.

"All right. If you want to. Personally I—"

"Yes, Tony, I do want to."

"Very well. I can climb back the way I came."

"No, no, no!" She grabbed his arm. "That was horribly dangerous. It's a wonder you weren't killed."

"I think I can make it."

"Perhaps you could, but I couldn't possibly stand it again. You can go through my room. But will you go right through, Tony, without even stopping to talk? Remember the Englishman can hear everything."

"Yes, I will, dear"; and he was as good as his word.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," Varva heard him say as he went out of her door. He had bumped into a tall, fair, red-faced man coming from the bathroom, carrying a large sponge and a cake of soap.

"Ow—ah—don't mention it," said the Englishman, opening his door next to Varva's.

"I won't mention it if you won't," said Tony, as he went to his room to dress.

Half an hour later Tony knocked on the wall.

"Varva, I see the Englishman going out for a walk. May I come into your room, just to talk over what we're going to do?"

"In five minutes I'll be ready."

"I suppose it's too early to ring for coffee," he said when he came in. "I'm as hungry as a bear."

"Then we can't talk anything over. You were always cross when you were hungry."

"That was one of the many things Marianne didn't like about me. But I couldn't be cross this morning if I tried and I must talk now. If we wait, the Englishman will come back and I don't want him to hear my proposal. Varva, will you marry me?"

"I thought you were already married."

"AS I told you, Marianne has left me and she is going to bring suit for divorce next winter in Paris. If you and I went away together it might accelerate matters."

"Oh, Tony! I don't think that would be legal. To have her name your own wife as corespondent! I mean your ex-wife."

"You mean my own wife. My only wife. Now, look here, Varva. I've admitted my weakness, my absolute craziness, with contrition out of my heart's depths—haven't I?"

"Yes, dearest. Why?"

"Well, then, may I tell you where I think you were at fault?"

"I wish you would."

"You never should have divorced me. You should have known that passion I had for Marianne was a short-lived thing. It was you who forced me into marrying her."

"Then why, in heaven's name, did you consent to the divorce?"

"Because I thought you wanted it."

"*I* wanted it!" she almost shrieked.

"I thought you had stopped loving me, that you despised me and could never forgive me. Now I see you're exactly my same Varva. I think the whole thing was your fault."

She began to laugh at this and, getting up, came over to his chair and put her arms around him, still laughing.

"Ridiculous Tony! Everything was always my fault."

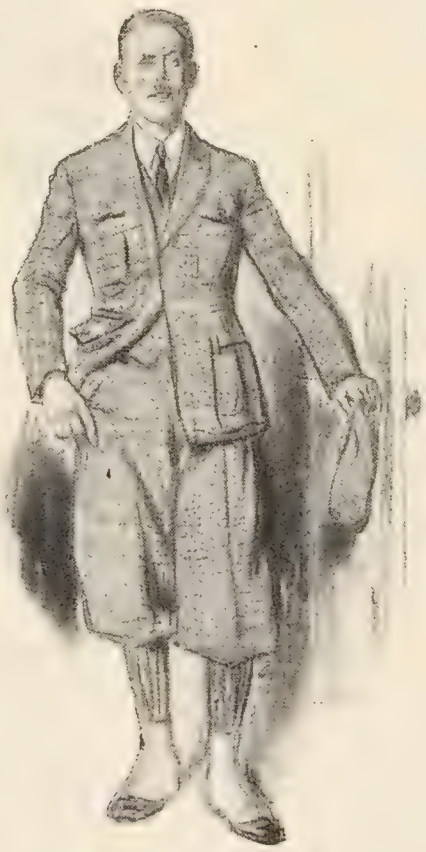
"Well, I'm glad you recognize that this was," he said, kissing her hands. "'*Ma fille, pour pénitence,*' this morning you will do exactly as I say."

"Oh, I don't promise that."

"Yes, you must. It's your penance."

"Well, let me hear my penance, at any rate."

"You will tell the chambermaid and the waiter who brings your breakfast that your husband arrived unexpectedly last evening. And I will see the girl at the desk and change our rooms and get away from these damned intrusive people. I'll try to get the same room we had when we were here before—the big double room on the second story, with a bath and a nice balcony. Remember how we used to have breakfast on the balcony? It was warmer then. Wouldn't you like us to have that room, Varva, my own Varva, my wife?"



The tall form of the Englishman appeared.

"STOP, Tony, stop! . . . There's something you haven't thought of."

"And what is that?"

"*COUSIN ATHANASIUS.* If he saw we were living together right under his nose, after we've been divorced!"

"We could ask him to remarry us."

"He knows you're married again."

"Well, seriously, Varva, what does it matter what he thinks?"

"Thinks! He wouldn't take it out in thinking. He'd fulminate at me from morning till night. Why, Tony, imagine the scenes! You're insane to think we could stay in the same hotel or in the same town with Cousin Athanasius and Cousin Anna."

"Very well. If it would be unpleasant for you—" He was looking in his pockets for something. "No, it's in my room. Wait a minute. I'll be right back."

He came back with a time-table in his hand. "There's a train at 1:02 P. M. We'll take it to Annecy and from there we'll take a walking trip. The narcissus is out on the lower slopes."

"Oh, Tony!" Her face was radiant as the radiant morning. "But we'll have to make our get-away without their seeing us. How can we manage? Cousin Anna will sit in the parlor downstairs all day long. She always does. And he'll be wherever we don't expect him to be. I really don't want them to see us, because they'd write mother and she'd be awfully upset."

"They won't see us. Just leave it to me, dearie." Tony loved anything in the nature of intrigue. "Let's ring for breakfast."

"We can't have it together, can we?"

"Oh, Dominique won't mind. He was quite concerned last night over your solitary condition."

"To think that you heard him commiserating me!"

The waiter was, in fact, delighted to serve coffee and rolls for two.

"You see madame is no longer alone, Dominique," Tony said.

"It is much better thus," Dominique replied. "One must amuse oneself in this world here below."

"Amuse yourself well, you, too," said Tony, over-tipping him wildly in his exuberance.

After breakfast Tony went out to engage a car to take them to the 1:02 train. He next inquired from the head waiter, there being nobody at the desk, what time the table d'hôte lunch was served.

"At one o'clock, monsieur. Monsieur will find it very nice—hors d'œuvres, an omelette with mushrooms, an excellent fish . . ." But monsieur was halfway up the stairs.

"Not so good," he reported to Varva who was packing her bag. "I hoped lunch would be at twelve-thirty. Then the bishop and the bishopess would have been safely out of our way (you remember the dining room's in the rear)

and we could have walked calmly out the front door and stepped into the car like any other old married couple."

"Yes, you could rely on them to be the first ones in the dining room. Just before lunch is the worst possible hour, for they're sure to be in the front hall looking hopefully toward the dining-room doors. Isn't there another train?"

"There's no other train today. It's some sort of a holiday."

"We could go early, of course, and sit in the station. They wouldn't come there."

"Wouldn't do a bit of good. Cousin Anna is downstairs now, sitting in that little room by the front door, and she'll stay there all morning, just as you said. I slithered past her, clinging to the wall like the villain in the movies, but with two of us and bags and bell-boys and good-bys, we wouldn't have a prayer."

"I've been thinking, Tony. After we've had a couple of weeks together I'll have to leave you until we can get married again. For mother's sake. I don't think anybody will see us walking in Savoy, in the narcissus."

"Of course they won't. If we can get by Cousin Athanasius we can get by anything."

"But how *can* we get by him?"

Tony was ringing the bell. "Please send up the waiter Dominique," he told the chambermaid.

"DOMINIQUE, this lady and I are going away together."

"Monsieur is very fortunate."

"Monsieur is." Tony spoke gravely for him. "Much more fortunate than he deserves. Now I shall tell you, Dominique. You have seen the American bishop?"

"Ah, yes, monsieur."

"The American bishop is the cousin and godfather of madame. He does not know, however, that she is in this hotel. Their being here at the same time is merely a coincidence."

"An unhappy coincidence, monsieur."

"Extremely unhappy. But with your assistance, Dominique, I hope we can get away without his observing us."

"Anything I can do, monsieur—" The waiter was smiling appreciatively.

"I shall order the car which is to take us to the station to be at the kitchen door at half-past twelve. As soon as it arrives, you come up here—will you?—and guide us down the back stairs and through the offices and kitchen. And don't say anything to anybody until after 1:02."

"It is understood. No, no, monsieur. Nothing more. You have already been far too generous. It is a pleasure to serve madame [bowing]—and monsieur!"

"Are you all ready to leave, Varva?" Tony asked when the waiter had gone. "Then come into my room while I pack my bag. I can't have you out of my sight."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

[A NIGHT IN CHAMONIX
Continued from page forty-one]

As he packed and changed his clothes, they talked and laughed very merrily about outwitting Cousin Athanasius.

"It tickles me to think," said Tony, "how heavily he disapproved of your marrying me in the first place."

He took his bag and his hat and overcoat into Varva's room and they waited there for Dominique to come.

At 12:10 he knocked on the door.

"Is the car there already? It's ahead of time."

"No, monsieur." Dominique came in and shut the door. He looked solemn and mysterious. "But an unexpected difficulty has arisen."

"Heavens! What has happened?" Varva looked scared to death.

"It is necessary to tell you that the lady of the bishop—my God, that sounds awful—but is it not permitted in the American church?"

"Yes, it is permitted," said Tony impatiently. "But what about her?"

"It is necessary to tell you that she is on a diet."

"She always was. But how can that prevent my eloping with my—withmadame?"

"It can prevent it very effectually, monsieur. It is necessary to tell you that she nourishes herself exclusively on boiled rice."

"She would, but what has that got to do with me?"

"The chef has never succeeded in cooking it to please her. At this moment she is in the kitchen showing him how."

"The hell she is!"

"It is very complicated—the straining of the rice—and the lady of the bishop likes to talk and give many directions. There is no possibility that she will leave the kitchen in time for monsieur and madame to catch the 1:02 train."

"Dominique, go down to the front door and see if the bishop is anywhere around, there's a good boy."

"HE is sitting in the little parlor by the front door," Dominique reported on his return. "He is reading his breviary."

"Tony, I can't do it. We can't go. That's all there is to it." Varva was really very nervous. She had not slept a wink all night. A sudden knock on the door made her jump violently. "I believe that's him now," she said, relapsing into the grammar of childhood.

"Shall I see who it is, monsieur?"

"Yes. No. Thank you, Dominique; I think I'd better open it myself."

The large, tall form of the Englishman appeared on the threshold. "Excuse me crashing in like this, but I thought—you've very little time to lose—I might go down, do you see, and invite the bishop into the card room to play at rummy. Two can play at that, and he's always game for ha'penny points. He couldn't see you from the card room. I'll close the door."

For a moment Tony and Varva were speechless.

"What does he recount?" inquired Dominique, who had no English.

"Please don't think I've been listening in any more than I could possibly help. I've stayed out of my room all morning on purpose. But just now, while I was changing for lunch, I couldn't help overhearing your conversation with this waiter, and it seemed such a beastly shame if you couldn't get off, don't you know, on account of that woman and her boiled rice."

"Well, you *are* a good sport!" exclaimed Tony.

"I think you're the kindest person I ever heard of," Varva put in. "Why should you do all this for us?"

"I was most awfully rude to you last night," the stranger apologized. "All my family are rude if they're kept awake at night. It's something we can't seem to help."

Varva was murmuring some counter-apologies, blushing scarlet.

The waiter was delighted to serve coffee and rolls for two. "You see madame is no longer alone, Dominique," Tony said.

"BUT you know," he went on confidentially, "at bottom I'm awfully romantic. I mean to say, I'd like to be, but nothing romantic ever happens to me. So when I overheard just now that you two were going away together, having only met each other last night, it seemed rather the sort of impetuous thing I've always wanted to do myself, do you see, but never had the opportunity. So if you don't mind, I'd like to help."

"Well," spoke up Dominique, "while this English *milord* is making you these long histories, the car will come and the train will go."

Tony looked at his watch. "We've got just ten minutes."

Three of these ten minutes were taken up in thanking the Englishman, who was to go right down and hustle the bishop into the card room. Dominique would report when this had been done and would send the car around from the back to the front door.

Varva said good-by to the sentimental *milord* and Dominique followed him down the stairs.

Four minutes more and Dominique was back. "He has accomplished it," he said.

"And the motor?"

"It is coming around now, monsieur." The waiter stepped out on the balcony. "Here it is."

Tony grabbed the two bags in one hand and Varva's arm in the other.

"Wait a minute, monsieur! I look down the stairs. My God! The lady of the bishop! She has come out of the kitchen and is standing in the hall."

"Oh, damn! Well, send the car to the back door again."

"No, Tony, no! If we do that, she'll go into the kitchen. I know her."

"Now you needn't to worry a mite," a reassuring voice came through the open bedroom door. "I'll step right down and ask her to show *me* how she boils her rice and I'll get her back int' the kitchen and keep her there till you folks get away."

"What does she recount?" asked Dominique, standing between the threshold and the president of the League for Civic Virtue of Aberdeen, Mass.

"Why, that's too awfully kind of you," Varva began.

"Don't think I listened a pu'pose. But while your husband was packin' his bag in his room and you was with him, I couldn't help hearin' you say as how you was plannin' to live together again and I'm real glad *of* it. 'Whom

God hath joined,' thinks I, 'let no man put asunder'—not if he *is* a bishop. I'm a Unitarian and I never had much use for bishops anyway. So I thought 'twas my duty to hang round and help you get the better of him."

"Shall I go, monsieur, and send the car round again to the rear? There is no time to stand here."

"No, Dominique, it's all right," explained Tony. "This adorable compatriot of mine will lure the bishop's wife back into the kitchen and keep her there till we're gone. Thank you a thousand times, dear lady. As soon as I get to Annecy, I'll mail you a check for the noble aims of the League for Civic Virtue. Will you let me know your name?"

"Mehitable Pitkin. Mrs. Thaddeus P. Pitkin. Good-by, young man, and mind you don't cut up again with Mary Anne or anyone else. Your wife's a real forgivin' Christian woman, but there's limits."

"She has descended," reported Dominique from the stairs. "She addresses the lady of the bishop. They talk too long. Ah! At last! They move toward the kitchen. They are in the dining room—how slowly they go! They have reached the pantry door. They have disappeared."

A FLIGHT down the stairs, a scattering of ten-franc notes to the bell-boy and porter, and they were in the car. Dominique watched it speeding away.

"It would not bore me to be that American monsieur," he remarked to the porter. "He must have seen her somewhere else and followed her here, for he tipped the valet to move him into the room next to hers. What a rapid success! And nobody could call him handsome," Dominique added, giving half a glance at the hall mirror.

As Cousin Athanasius and the Englishman came out of the card room they met Cousin Anna and Mrs. Thaddeus P. Pitkin.

"I see you've been doing your bit, Lord Thurley," the lady from Massachusetts said, when the bishop and his wife had entered the dining room.

"What do you mean?"

"Weren't you keeping the bishop occupied while that young husband and wife got away?"

"Husband and wife!" bellowed the Englishman. "Haw, haw, haw!"

"They certainly are," retorted Mrs. Pitkin indignantly. "Do you suppose for one moment *I* would have helped them if they hadn't been?"

"Ow—ah! Rather not. Let's go to lunch."

"Won't you sit at our table, Lord Thurley? And you, too, Mrs. Pitkin." The bishop having won at rummy was in high good humor. "Hors d'œuvres," he read. "Omelette with mushrooms, some sort of a fish. We shall want white wine, then. A bottle of Chablis, Dominique, and the boiled rice for madame. You know what St. Paul says, Lord Thurley—'Use a little wine for thy stomach's sake.'"

THE END

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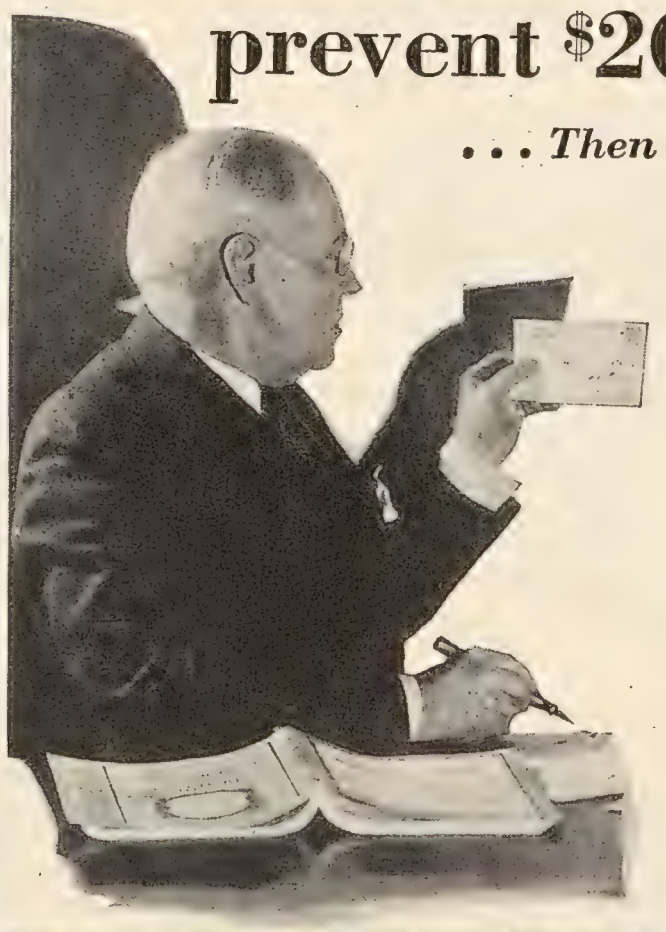

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The Red Napoleon

This photograph showing Mussolini was taken ten minutes before he was killed. He is just beyond and at the right of the cloaked figure of Crown Prince Humberto, who narrowly escaped the Red air bomb.

The War of the Races (1933-1936) As a Newspaper Man Saw It

By FLOYD GIBBONS
(Author of The Red Knight of Germany)

THIS story is of the second World War, waged against the white man by the races long subject to his supremacy in Asia and Africa, and against capitalism by all the Red elements of Europe. For their joint revolt, Russia produced a great leader in Karakhan of Kazan, a Tartar-Mongol Napoleon whose skin was yellow and whose aim was to obliterate color lines. He himself had a white wife, formerly Lin Larkin, American radical agitator.

As a war correspondent specially attached to his headquarters, Mr. Gibbons enjoyed an unequaled inside view of his campaigns in Europe. It was shared by young Speed Binney, air pilot, and Margot Denison, secretary and translator. A competing correspondent, Whitney Adams Dodge, was Speed's rival for Margot's favor.

Mr. Gibbons has told how Karakhan, military dictator of Red Russia at thirty-two, made ready for world conquest (incidentally effecting a revolution in Japan) and then forced war upon Poland and the Little Entente. With incredible speed his forces overwhelmed them and swept on. Austria offered no resistance. Germany made common cause with him. Italy meanwhile gave him battle, and at the end of last week's installment he was about to answer her challenge with an invasion.

PART FIVE—THE CONQUEST OF EUROPE

BENITO MUSSOLINI was killed on February 18, 1933, by an air bomb that landed squarely on the advance general headquarters of the Italian armies at Udine. It was the third morning after the opening of the terrific general Red offensive against Italy under the

personal command of Karakhan. Consternation and panic spread throughout Italy. Radical and anti-Fascist organizations, suppressed and harassed by the great dictator, came out in the open under the leadership of his many enemies.

Fascism's hard-fighting armies stubbornly resisted the Red thrusts southward from Innsbruck, from Lienz, from Klagenfurt, and westward from Zagreb.

Personal bitterness and a spirit of vengeance stimulated the Austrian and Slovene divisions which, under the command of yellow generals, blasted and carved their way across the Istrian peninsula.

The old Austrian city of Fiume was first to be wrested from the control of the Italians. Trieste was next, and then, as the Red flood poured down the valley of the Isonzo, the vital city of Gorizia was taken.

Two days before his death Mussolini, directing his air forces in a ten-hour battle, saw his fighting squadrons shot down, shattered, destroyed, and realized the definite passing of aërial supremacy to his foe.

Karakhan also directed his war birds from the air.

Fifty Italian communists were executed in the Piazza Duomo in Milan. But this and similar Fascist measures failed to stop the sabotage in the rear.

With revolt and political dissension at its back, the Italian army broke and the debacle began.

Violent uprisings in Florence contributed to the collapse that resulted in the surrender of the defenders.

The road to Rome was open. The Eternal City fell six days later, on March 6.

From behind a stone balustrade on the banks of the Tiber, Boyar, Binney, and I watched the brief and fearful fighting in the Piazza San Pietro, as the loyal defenders of the Vatican, the Swiss, the French, and the Papal guards, died to the last man under Cellini's noble colonnade at the portals of the Holy Palace.

RED discipline saved the art treasures of the Vatican. But the fate of the Pope hung in the balance.

My dispatch, quoting Karakhan's decision not to execute Pius XI, was interpreted by Catholics as news of a miracle in response to their prayers.

"No sentimentality in that decision," Boyar unfeelingly explained. "If Karakhan killed the Pope, then the Sacred College of Cardinals would meet somewhere else in the world and elect another head of the Church. As long as Karakhan keeps the Pope a prisoner, we retain control of the Holy See—whatever that is."

Prior to the occupation of Rome, King Victor Emanuel III and the royal family fled from Naples to Lisbon aboard the armored cruiser Trento. Karakhan occupied the Quirinal Palace, where Boyar arranged quarters for Binney and myself in the old guards' barracks.

During the week, in which the Holy City reëchoed night and day with the wild celebration, the street singing and dancing of the victorious Red troops, I sent daily dispatches to America reporting the numerous executions of notable Italians of the old régime, also outlining the terrific plight of American tourists and students in their efforts to leave Italy.

The troubles and fears of these Americans, many of them women, renewed the ever present anxiety of Binney and myself for Margot Denison, whose presence in Vienna was jeopardized by the fact that Karakhan's wife was secreted in the Tribune rooms in the Palace Hotel.

Her covert flight from Moscow to Vienna, in defiance of her husband's commands, and Margot's sympathetic connivance at her disobedience, exposed the English girl to dangers I dared not think of.

The fact that Whit Dodge also remained in Vienna contributed no special pleasure to the thoughts of Speed Binney, who had twice asked permission to fly Margot from Vienna to Rome. As usual, old, smiling, mystic Boyar cleared the clouds for us.

"Intrigue bears heavily on the shoulders of you western innocents," he announced at lunch. "Karakhan has known all along that his wife was befriended by your secretary and hidden in your offices in Vienna."

Binney and I exchanged glances of surprise.

"AN intelligence system is the first requisite of all successful commanders," Boyar continued. "But never mind that now. You will see both Mrs. Karakhan and Margot tomorrow. They are together and will be waiting for us when we land. We leave for the north at three o'clock with Karakhan's staff squadron. Be ready."

With Binney at the controls, we flew from Rome with Karakhan's aërial escort. Our course followed the coast line northward to the Gulf of Leghorn. We flew over the island of Elba.

"It's almost ten weeks since Karakhan's armies hopped across the Polish and Roumanian borders," Boyar observed, "and in that time you have seen more war than Bonaparte ever staged in a year. Just look here on the map. With our armies now installed in both Germany and Italy, you can draw a line straight north from Genoa on the Mediterranean to Wilhelmshaven on the North Sea.

"From that line eastward, clear to the Pacific Ocean, everything is Red.

"Our enemies still lie to the west. You have witnessed the success of Karakhan's forces across central and part of western Europe. There has been some resistance, but everywhere we have been aided by political dissensions in the ranks of our enemies. Now we go forward, probably to decide the fate of the Old World."

We passed over Genoa at dusk, and leaving the Mediterranean flew inland over the broad motor road to Milan. On our left the Maritime Alps rose majestically. High above them that night, Boyar, muffled in his furs, awoke me with the following observation:

"That other Napoleon crossed this fence of rock and ice quite a few years ago. He was headed south. Tonight our Little Uncle takes them on the wing without a thought. He is probably asleep in the cabin of his plane ahead. What are the Alps to a will?"

We crossed Switzerland and landed at Friedrichshafen on Lake Constance, where our planes were refueled by

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Underwood & Underwood photo

The Piazza San Pietro, Rome, showing St. Peter's and the Vatican.

Chicago Sunday Tribune

FINAL EDITION

10 CENTS

MUSSOLINI KILLED BY BOMB

Part of the front page of the Chicago Tribune, February 19, 1933.

FINAL EDITION

Chicago Daily Tribune

FINAL EDITION

RED MOBS SACK LONDON; STORM PALACE; KING FLEES

The stupendous news from London as it appeared in the Chicago Tribune of May 9, 1933.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

several hundred mechanics from the hangars of the Zeppelin works—the hangars from which the Graf Zeppelin had sailed on the first transatlantic flight back in 1928. We continued our flight across Württemberg, passing over Stuttgart in the darkness and landing before dawn at Frankfort on the Main.

During the flight Boyar brought me up to date on the latest information of the General Staff concerning the German forces and their lines in Germany, as well as the strengths and dispositions of the opposing armies.

"The Russian-Siberian armies, together with the Chinese, Japanese, Turkish, and East India corps, and not forgetting the reconstructed divisions of Poles, Hungarians, Bulgarians, Austrians, and Serbs, give us a total of about 1,300,000 men on the battle line in western Europe. That figure includes almost the entire old German standing army of 100,000, reënforced by 125,000 security police. They now stand on the line of the Rhine."

From the painting in the Luxembourg by Kenneth Fuller Camp

The march of Karakhan's victorious soldiery through the Arc de Triomphe in Paris, April 3, 1933. At the left are the Chicago Tribune's headlines on the author's dispatch giving news of the Red occupation of the French capital.

"What do you estimate is the strength of the opposing forces?" I asked.

"We estimate the Belgian army at 150,000 men. The English forces in France total somewhere around 300,000. Two-thirds of them crossed the Channel from England, and the rest were transferred from North Africa.

"THE best estimate we can make about the French is that their forces in northern France number 900,000 men. They have to keep some strength out of the line to guard against the menace of the Italian border.

"I estimate that the French, British, and Belgians have about 1,350,000 troops against Karakhan's 1,300,000.

"Your old allies will miss you Americans on the western front this time. Your country won't be with them in this fighting, Gibbons, because you are with us."

"Since when?" I inquired.

"Since your Congress passed the Burton Resolution. The part that America will play in the approaching battle may be a passive one, but it is a most important one and may, perhaps, be the decisive factor."

"If that is so," I said, "it is a tremendous story for my readers. How do you figure it out?"

"You have been so busy writing the war in Europe that you have missed some developments at home," he answered. "America has been swept by a wave of repugnance since the outbreak of war. The subject matter of your dispatches has contributed to it. It is the same sentiment that was expressed throughout your country at the outbreak of the first World War.

"Your histories recount that in 1914 and '15, America's popular song was I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier. And you had such popular slogans as, 'Too proud to fight' and 'He kept us out of war.'

"ALL very beautiful—and almost exactly like the popular clamor in America these last two months. This time the American theory for stopping the war was embodied in the Burton bill.

"You will recall that although your famous commoner, Alfred E. Smith, beat President Hoover for reelection in 1932, when the Republicans split on your curious prohibition issue, he found himself in the position of having to work with a Republican majority in Congress. The Burton bill, backed by organized pacifist societies, was pushed through Congress over the President's veto.

"It prohibits the export of arms and munitions from America to any fighting nation. France and England have made the mistake of depending again upon America's industrial production to pull them out of their difficulties. Fortunately for Karakhan, America's industrial might is not standing behind France and England as it once did. Not a single American shell or cannon has been exported from the United States.

"On the other hand, our war production machine is running at full peak. The hidden munitions and arms of Germany and the output of all of the German factories are now in our hands. Every wheel that turns, from the Pacific westward to the Franco-Italian and the Franco-German borders, is turning at full speed for us.

"That's what I mean when I say the Burton bill

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY]

Life crowds you closely

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-EIGHT]

makes the United States a definite ally of Karakhan."

His closing statement was practically the initial paragraph of the first dispatch on the opening of the great advance which I sent that morning from Karakhan's headquarters in Frankfort, where Binney and I found Lin and Margot established in the Kaiserhof Hotel.

Whit Dodge, who had made the trip by motor with them from Vienna, explained that Karakhan had not yet permitted his wife to see him, but had ordered everything to be done for her comfort and accommodation. Staff officers had told Margot everything would be all right as long as Lin refrained from "bothering" him.

Professional strategists have devoted hundreds of thousands of words to technical analyses of the five days of preliminary fighting in which Karakhan fenced and whipsawed his powerful adversaries to maneuver them into position for the final blow.

But no better description of the tremendous movements of those five days has ever been made than that of Jimmy Collins, American pilot of the French Foreign Legion, who subsequently died from wounds received in the battle.

Picture by Harold von Schmidt

One of the Mongols wheeled his horse to the sidewalk and, swinging far out of the saddle, sent his arm around Margot's waist. The girl slipped from his grasp in a flash.

"You don't need any compasses, maps, or different colored pins to find out what happened in the mess," he told me. "Karakhan simply outmaneuvered, outfought, and outguessed us everywhere. The only rule that yellow devil knows is, get the other guy and sock him and keep on socking him until he quits."

More terrible still was the story told by the mounds of dead, the battlefield stenches, the blackened ruins left in the wake of the Red hordes' forward swoop.

IN Paris, London, Washington, and all the capitals of South America, astonished general staff officers bent over the war maps, unable to believe the forward movement of the Red markers across northeastern France.

During those five unreal days and nights Binney, Boyar, and I flew hundreds of miles to cover all points of contact. My most lasting memories are as follows:

A one-armed boy of the Welsh Fusiliers, staggering stark mad through the crowds of Chinese infantry in front of the Palace Hotel in Brussels.

The body of a gray-bearded Belgian peasant hanging over a green and white picket fence beside the road south of Namur.

A white girl, insanely drunk, riding forward in the same saddle with a black-bearded Cossack.

A blinded French poilu tapping his way across a field with a stick.

In the air battle over Lunéville, we saw a flaming comet crash to earth, and, landing near by, we searched the charred remains and found the metal disk that identified young Jules Vedrines, the French ace.

We spent a night at Coblenz—then far in the rear of the invaders—and saw Karakhan's Red standard flying above the ramparts of Ehrenbreitstein, on the same staff from which Old Glory had proudly floated, back in the days of the American occupation of the Rhine.

Karakhan concentrated his air attack first against the inferior aërial forces of the British and the Belgians.

THIS maneuver came as a distinct surprise to the French air forces, which had been prepared for a tremendous defensive effort in connection with their own armies.

Karakhan's center crashed through Luxemburg and, in spite of terrific losses, his fresh divisions leapfrogged forward until the center of his advance rested on Sedan and Metz — the old armistice line, on which the A. E. F. had come to a victorious halt November 11, 1918.

The center drive, by night and day hammer blows, crossed the Meuse and plunged into the Argonne to the west of Verdun.

Nancy and Toul fell to the south of Verdun, and the Red forces pushed westward on Bar le Duc. The Red lines closed in behind Verdun at Sainte Menehould.

Buried under enormous smoke clouds the guns of the fortifications were reduced by air bombs, in spite of strenuous efforts of the French air defenses.

Marshal Pétain, with the flower of the French army, made his last stand along the line from St. Quentin southwest by south through Reims, Châlons sur Marne, and Saint Dizier, Chaumont, Langres, and Dijon.

In the midst of this reorganization Karakhan opened a diversion on the Franco-Italian frontier, and French divisions had to remain in the southwest under the command of General Lamont at Annecy. This was the general position of the belligerent forces on the morning of March 21, at the opening of that tremendous conflict which has gone into history as the Third Battle of the Marne. The date was exact to the day: the fifteenth anniversary of Germany's great spring offensive of 1918.

Once more the allied commanders struggled under the same old handicap that had blocked them so disastrously in the spring of 1918. Suspicious and jealous of one another, they found it impossible to achieve a unity of command.

Field Marshal Sir Edward Wilkins, commanding the British forces on the left, can place some of the blame for

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-TWO]

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At the close of last year, LIBERTY guaranteed an average net paid circulation of 1,750,000 for the first six months of 1929. In less than three months LIBERTY added 500,000 new families. Its circulation exceeded 2,000,000 net paid. Now LIBERTY is guaranteeing an average of more than 2,000,000 net paid for the balance of the year.

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[THE RED NAPOLEON
Continued from page fifty]

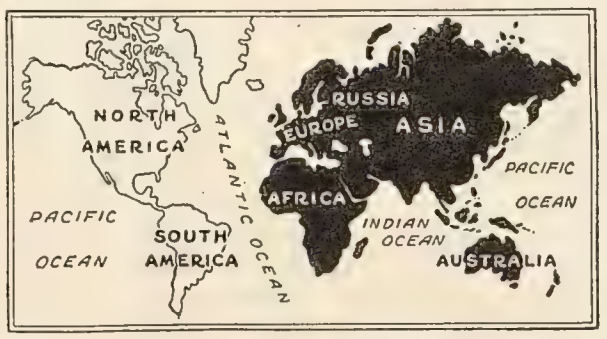
his defeat at St. Quentin on his inability to coöperate with Pétain, who was commanding the center.

General Sanger, the Belgian commander in chief, was in complete disagreement with both Pétain and Wilkins. The situation proved that all of the lessons of the "old war" had gone by the board. This time there was no Pershing to force united action.

The allied plan of defense showed little improvement upon the blind theory of attrition that had marked the last three years of the old war: acres of barbed wire, miles of trench systems, massed artillery, pill boxes, machine-gun fire zones, and concentrated artillery.

To me it seemed that the allied armies waited like muscle-bound, immobile giants.

Karakhan's strategy was based on movement—fluidity and flexibility of his forces, infiltration of groups, relentless attack. With the man power of practically all eastern Europe and Asia behind him, he was able and willing to take severe losses rather than permit the development of "trench warfare," as it was known in the World War.



The state of the world at the end of July, 1933, with the Red Napoleon master of the eastern hemisphere.

The ever changing nature of his advancing lines deprived the French of the fixed targets they needed for their famous hard-spitting light field guns.

By concentration of his air forces, Karakhan proved able at will to dominate every desired position and take it. We saw him do it repeatedly.

His progress was a resistless flood. His genius for speedy movement enabled him to maintain the steady flow of fresh divisions from the rear.

During the five days of the battle his losses, which had been 70,000 on the first day, decreased to 40,000 on the last. The French losses, not more than 20,000 on the opening day, mounted to 100,000 during the twenty-four hours that brought the battle to an end on the evening of March 28. The pounding tactics of the Red commander had prevailed. British stragglers poured southward through Beauvais and Compiègne.

Reims fell—its cathedral's walls once more battered and broken.

As the Germans had done in that great drive of May 28, 1918, which first tested the mettle of Americans in the old World War, the yellow hordes flung themselves across the Aisne, the Vesle, the Ourcq, and the Marne.

Chinese infantry camped in the American cemetery at Belleau Wood. Once more the bridge at Château Thierry was blown up in a cloud of dust and fragments. The French army was shattered. The Red hordes moved westward down the valley of the Marne.

Paris was occupied on April 3. Karakhan's victory forced world recognition of his military genius.

IN Paris, where the French government had collapsed after an effort to remove itself to Bordeaux, Navarre, the apache leader, had taken over the reins of government in the name of the Third International.

Karakhan installed himself in the Elysée Palace. I saw the swaggering Navarre present himself with overassurance before the conqueror, and five minutes later saw him shot in the gardens of the palace. The execution sobered the French radical leaders but did not stop the wild scenes in the streets of Paris.

Margot and Whit Dodge, coming out of the Crillon Hotel, were parties to a typical encounter. A column of Mongolian horsemen were emerging from the Avenue Gabriel. They wore their gray fur caps far back on their bald yellow foreheads and sang a weird Eastern chant as they moved along.

One of them wheeled his horse to the sidewalk and, swinging far out of the saddle, sent his arm around Margot's waist. The girl slipped from his grasp in a flash, as Dodge caught the horse's bridle.

The Mongol pulled the animal back on its hind legs, and one of the pawing forefeet struck Dodge on the shoulder, knocking him down. Boyar and I, who had witnessed the encounter, rushed forward. We were surprised when the horseman only laughed at the sprawling figure and resumed his place in the column.

Dodge, livid with rage but uninjured, was helped into the hotel, where Boyar told Margot that she would have to stay indoors until order was completely restored.

"Remember, fair lady," he said, "soldiers are soldiers the world over, and fair ladies have always been the spoils of war. There are wild men in Paris today who have ridden hard and fought their way across Asia and Europe to get here."

The conditions in the Atlantic ports of western Europe were frightful. As the Red terror had advanced, the middle and upper classes of the invaded countries had fled westward. Hundreds of thousands of them had been in Paris, and had now been forced to continue their flight—this time joined by the French bourgeoisie and capitalists large and small.

By roads, trains, and airplanes, by motors, by horse, and afoot, they streamed westward to the coast and southward into Spain. Thousands clamored for passage to America, and the smallest tramp steamers received fortunes in gold in return for deck space passage.

All the paper money of Europe became useless at the ports. Thousands of American tourists were caught in the flight. American Shipping Board ships were ordered to accept American passengers only. But this rule was departed from in a number of notable instances.

KARAKHAN'S first official act in Paris, withdrawing French and Italian troops from North Africa, won him the allegiance of the colored races around the world. It also forced Great Britain and Spain to withdraw their now useless forces.

The return of the Spanish troops resulted in simultaneous revolutions in Spain and Portugal. King Alfonso joined the flight of the other deposed rulers in Europe. The crowned heads of Denmark, Holland, Sweden, and Norway followed within a week—most of them obtaining asylum in America.

In four months Karakhan had extended his influence across Europe. Peter Malig, his political organizer, and Malig's field force had followed in the trail of the victorious Red armies. Although government was administered in the name of the dictatorship of the proletariat, the newly conquered and adhering states were promised political autonomy under the Sovietic plan.

European exchanges on world markets went off the board. European banks stopped payment. Moratoriums were declared and war debts between Europe and Asiatic countries were canceled—all by dictatorial decree.

The inevitable hoarding of food was countered by extensive government searches and confiscations. Civilian populations began to feel the consequent shortage. Thousands of British, Belgian, Spanish, French, and Italian soldiers, entirely out of sympathy with the program, found themselves foodless, penniless, and facing only one alternative to starvation. That was to adopt the red brassard on the left arm, which distinguished them as having joined the Reds. Appearance in a uniform without it meant arrest and enforced labor.

In the midst of this reorganization, news reached Paris revealing that the next nation to feel the might of Karakhan's fist would be a people of his own color.

The Paris edition of the Chicago Tribune published the refusal of the legislature of the Philippine republic to rescind or modify the famous bookkeeping law, which forced Japanese and Chinese merchants and officials to keep all records of their business in Spanish instead of their native language. Japanese-Philippine relations, which had been none too good since the Filipinos had granted temporary asylum to the Japanese imperial family, were not improved when Emperor Hirohito and his suite removed themselves surreptitiously to America.

The Philippine attitude on the bookkeeping law was regarded by Japan as an unwarranted discrimination.

Karakhan radioed the order by which the Japanese fleet and troopships sailed for Manila Bay. American pacifism spiked the guns of the United States State Department, which had prepared a vigorous protest.

Not so with little Australia, which cabled a futile complaint to London and denounced the proposed invasion.

All Red Paris laughed at the idea of protests. Boyar showed me the secret radio reports received by Karakhan concerning what he called "the Philippine incident."

From these messages I learned that Japanese transports, convoyed by the Red fleet, had landed in the Lingayen Gulf and marched southward along the railroad toward Manila. Twenty-two thousand native infantrymen, most of them former members of the Philippine constabulary and well trained by the American army officers before the granting of independence to the Philippines, made a valiant but futile resistance lasting two days and resulting in their complete annihilation.

Manila surrendered. The Red Japanese fleet sailed into Manila Bay. Karakhan pronounced by radio the passing of the old order in the islands and established the dictatorship of the Philippine proletariat under Juan Espinosa, who had been a Filipino delegate to the Third International for a number of years.

THEN all mention of the Philippines was swept from the front page by the rise of the British labor leader, Joe Cook, and the growing strength of the labor party in the British Parliament.

The political deadlock in England had enabled the labor minority in Parliament to force the withdrawal of the British troops from Egypt and the recall of the British fleet from the Mediterranean.

On May 1 the Churchill Cabinet tried to pass a revised Defense of the Realm Act, which covertly included authority for emergency mobilization.

The socialist, communist, and labor members of the House of Commons marched out in a body, and thirty minutes later London newspapers were announcing a general strike on twelve hours' notice. In the face of this revolutionary threat, the Churchill government resigned.

Three days later Joe Cook presented the names of a new cabinet to King George V, who could do no other than bow to the voice of the new leader.

Cook's first act as Prime Minister was the announcement of a new First Lord of the Admiralty—the communist seaman Bill Brandon, V. C., former gunner's mate, who had won his high decoration at the Battle of Jutland.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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NO MORE DRIED OUT SMOKES

[THE RED NAPOLEON
Continued from page fifty-three]

Brandon at once issued orders, the execution of which meant that the entire British navy would be brought to anchor in its home ports and the channel left free for the passage of Karakhan's troops. This order caused the first armed clash between the British communists and the sturdy adherents of King George.

Almost without exception the commissioned officers refused to acknowledge the authority of Brandon, and with the aid of small groups of loyal seamen resisted to the death. But the struggle was brief. Brandon had expected opposition and secret orders to the organized Reds on every vessel had prepared them for mutiny. Within a few hours every ship of major importance was in the hands of the revolutionary government.

Forty-eight hours later Brandon's orders had been carried out and the ships of the great navy that had so long been England's pride were lying quietly at anchor.

Caretaking crews were left aboard, but the rest of the ships' personnels were given indefinite leaves of absence. Prime Minister Cook proclaimed this proceeding the greatest single step ever taken for the benefit of humanity in the direction of peace.

Actually it was just the opposite, as he well knew.

This unmanning of the greatest fleet in the world, this resignation of Britannia as ruler of the seas, was greeted with acclaim by the English proletariat as denoting the end of the war. But it sent a shiver through conservative England and across the Atlantic.

I sat in the press gallery of the House of Commons the following morning when Cook, red-faced and bullet-headed, spoke the most startling words ever uttered in that historical chamber:

"Gentlemen, the Parliament of England is dissolved."

A heavy, breathless silence awaited his next words, but when they came they were unheard in the uproar of applause that arose from the radical members.

Conservatives—some still wearing their high silk hats—moved for the doors. They were locked. It was the coup d'état.

Burly constables, specially appointed that morning, stood guard at the exits, permitting the departure of the radical members only. The remainder were prisoners.

I HEARD shots outside the building and managed to reach the street by way of one of the exits of the press gallery.

Mobs were pouring into the square in front of the Houses of Parliament. They carried Red flags and banners with pictures of Lenin, Karakhan, and Joe Cook.

The crowds split, some moving toward Trafalgar Square, others in the direction of Knightsbridge. I followed the former, endeavoring to reach the London offices of the Chicago Tribune, located at 72 Fleet Street.

From the plinth of the Cenotaph a docker, with pantaloons strapped below the knees and wearing a red handkerchief about his neck, waved his arms invitingly to the crowd, as he urged them to keep moving in the direction of Trafalgar Square. He harangued the crowd in the husky, throaty tones of the professional street orator.

"On to the palace!" he shouted. "On to Buckingham.

"I fought for the King in France four bloody years—for what? Only to have fifteen years of bloody starvation and hell afterwards! One million of us were killed for his bloody nationalism! Thousands more are rotting in Egypt, in India, in China! Thousands more—our women and our children—are the victims of the system he represents!

"On to Buckingham!"

The speaker's face was almost purple from the exertion, and his bulging eyes, magnified behind the myopic lens of his glasses, gave him the popeyed, malignant glare of a goblin.

The mob took up the cry, and, as it did, the rumor spread that the King had fled.

The mobs poured through the Admiralty Arch into Pall Mall. The Horse Guards Parade and Green Park were black with thousands. From Piccadilly and Oxford circuses, marching columns pushed down Haymarket, Regent Street, and St. James's Street.

From the direction of Victoria Station and from Marble Arch, at Hyde Park corner, the vast multitude increased by thousands.

Scotch Guard regiments at Buckingham Palace opened fire as the van of the mobs surged past and climbed up the sides of the Victoria Memorial.

An old friend of mine, Major Aubrey Coker, was literally torn to pieces at the gates of the palace.

Picture by Harold von Schmidt

"God help my country and my people!" said Margot. "And ours too," added Speed.

THE sound of shots increased the fury of the mob, which surged back before the fire of the guards.

Barricades of park benches, barrels, overturned wagons and taxicabs, made their appearance as if by magic in the streets leading to the palace. Cobblestones and paving blocks were torn up with bare hands and thrown in front of the breastworks.

Similar scenes were being enacted all over London that day. In every center of resistance by police or soldiery, firearms and all manner of weapons appeared as though by magic. Well armed communist leaders, wearing red arm bands, directed the fighting.

Late in the afternoon the communists were reënforced by an advance guard of one of Karakhan's divisions, which had been ferried across the Channel. These veterans of European battles looked on the street fighting as a joke and only took a hand when serious resistance was encountered. But there were enough of them to make certain that any organized resistance by British landholders and farmers in the country districts could be easily taken care of.

The conflict in London lasted three days. The Scotch Guards in Buckingham Palace were exterminated and the palace was looted. Women tore the velvet hangings from the walls of the reception and throne rooms and, draping themselves in the brilliant, heavy folds, tripped mincingly down the broad marble stairs singing Ta, Ta! Duchess!

Later I learned of similar incidents that took place throughout England and Scotland; of the assassinations of conservative mayors and city councils; of the execution or ruthless butchery of countless old English landowners who fought it out to the bitter end.

The world remembers how the fate of the British royal family was not known for two weeks, until it was revealed that they had reached Halifax on a New Zealand cruiser.

With a bribe of twenty-five pounds in gold, Speed Binney had been able to sneak our plane out from the hangars at Croydon and take off for Paris.

Boyar and Margot returned with him. Boyar arranged for the interview in which Joe Cook, now acting as spokesman for the English Revolutionary Committee of Workers, Sailors, and Soldiers, revealed the recommissioning of the British fleet under Red command.

He told me that every ship was now manned and officered by communist seamen and gunners. He described the secret skeleton organization of communists which had been operative throughout the fleet for ten years.

On June 20 Karakhan announced the formation of the Pan-Eurasian Union of Socialist Soviet Republics and formally invited the proletariat of the old British Empire to full membership in this new association of world peoples. Cook and his Cabinet publicly accepted the invitation on behalf of the empire.

England, Scotland, and Wales were to comprise a separate Soviet by themselves. For the first time in history, northern and southern Ireland acted in agreement. They refused the offer. Canada, Australia, and New Zealand returned emphatic " Noes."

English radicals told me they were astonished that the most bitter opposition to the program of the Third International came from the socialist labor government of Australia. Tim Clapp, an Australian friend of mine, reading one of my dispatches in the Sydney Bulletin, cabled me as follows:

" If England has gone crazy, Australia remains sane. Yanks, Canadians, Anzacs, all of us, fought together in France. We can do it again anywhere. Australia has a labor government but is a white man's country."

From the Australian capital, government radio appeals went out to Vancouver, Ottawa, Washington, Dublin, and Belfast, the only remaining white capitals under conservative governments.

There were demonstrations in the streets of Brisbane and Sydney, and the government broadcast its proclamation disassociating itself from the entire scheme.

That decision was the death knell of white Australia.

KARAKHAN flew to London and from the Admiralty building on Trafalgar Square dispatched the specific radio orders upon which the Japanese fleet and an initial expedition of twenty troopships sailed for the Australian coast.

Under cover of the guns of the fleet the first debarkations were made in Sydney harbor early in July. The landing was preceded by an aërial combat in which Red planes, released from three Japanese airplane carriers, drove off the attack of the Australian air bombers and later succeeded in destroying them.

" The slaughter among the Australian forces which resisted our landing was terrific," read the radio dispatch of Fergi, the Japanese war correspondent, reproduced the following morning in London.

" Unsupported by coast defense and but lightly equipped with field guns, the white defenders on the shore valiantly replied to the heavy-caliber shells of our ships, rifles, and machine guns. The resistance was brief.

" To our gallant infantrymen the occupation of Sydney was a mopping-up affair, but unfortunately stubborn sniping and house-to-house fighting of the Australians necessitated tactics which have amounted to extermination. The streets of Sydney are running red and it has been impossible as yet to dispose of the bodies, which will become a menace to our troops."

Many weeks afterward the terrible details of the massacre on the " down under " continent became known to a horrified world. As it had been in Sydney, so it was in Brisbane, Melbourne, and Adelaide. The city of Hobart in Tasmania was depopulated to the last man. Wellington and Auckland, New Zealand, were burned to the ground.

Australian territorials, led by officers who had come up from the ranks of the old Anzacs, bared their breasts to the steel of the invaders and accepted death for themselves, their women, their children, rather than live under the domination of Japanese conquerors.

Many days afterward, at an opportune moment, I asked Karakhan if the ruthless murder of seven million Anzacs had been committed by his command. With calm deliberation which amounted almost to an expression of surprise over my question, he quietly answered:

" Naturally. It was necessary for the Yellow Race."

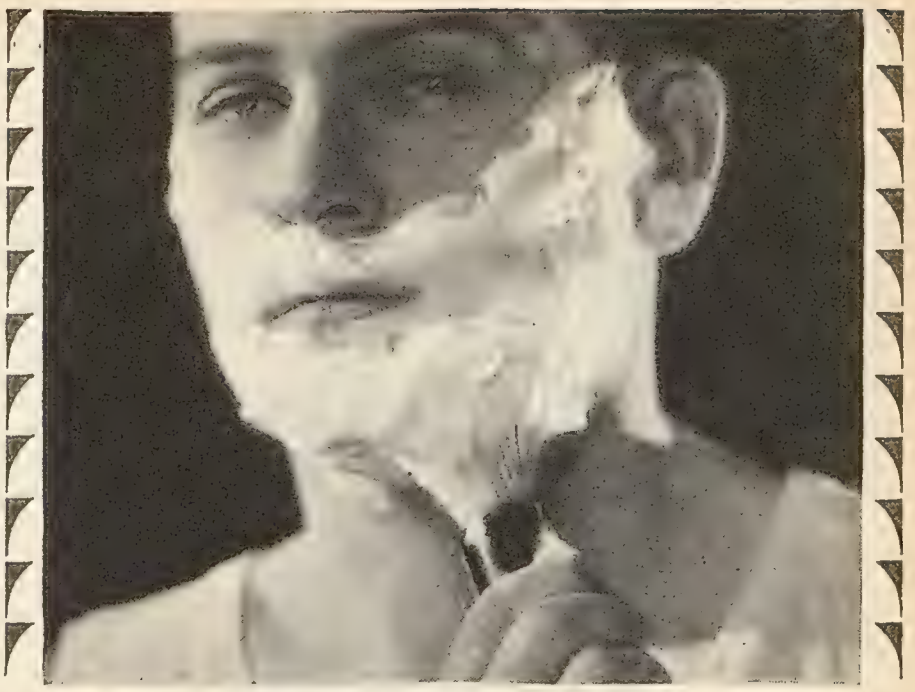
Speed Binney and I sat in the Tribune's London office that July night as Margot typed my dispatch.

" God help my country and my people! " she said.

" And ours too," added Speed. " I feel we're next."

And it was to come sooner than either of us expected.

In next week's installment, Karakhan invites the western hemisphere to join his Red Union, and the refusal stirs up all the European popular hatreds of Uncle Sam. An attempt to assassinate Karakhan is attributed abroad to American influence. Then a mysterious explosion at the Pacific entrance of the Panama Canal brings the United States to the verge of war with the Red Napoleon.



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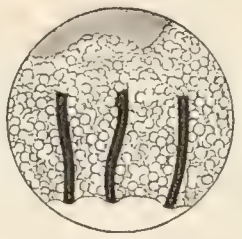

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Ordinary, big-bubble lather (greatly magnified). Note air-filled bubbles which can't soften the beard efficiently. Only water can do the job. Only small bubbles permit sufficient water.

A new principle so easy to understand. So easy to compare with ordinary shaving

The minute you lather up with Colgate's, two things happen: 1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. 2. Billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard.... crowd around each whisker.... soak it soft with water.

Instantly your beard gets moist.... easier to cut and pliable.... scientifically softened right down at the base.... then your razor can do its best work.

Better grooming—the utmost in shaving comfort. A world of critical men, after various experiments with big-bubble lathers, have found that Colgate's is supreme. You, too, will agree. Let us help you in deciding—note our offer below.

FREE

COLGATE, Dept. B-1743, 595 Fifth Ave., N. Y. In Canada Address Colgate, Toronto 8, Ontario.

Please send me, FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After-Shave."

Name_____

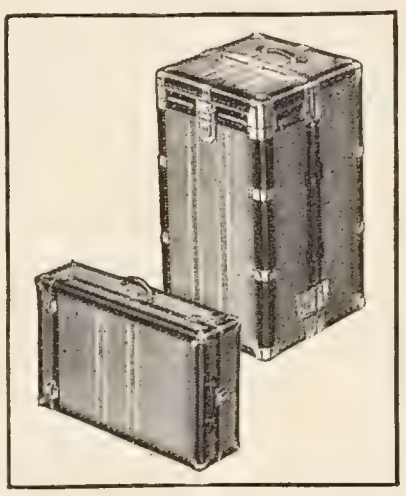
Address_____

Does Your Luggage Furnish Bystanders a Lot of Innocent Amusement?

It Won't If You Travel the Hartmann Way

WHY SUFFER the embarrassment of traveling with seedy, old-fashioned luggage? Particularly when sporty, swagger looking Hartmann thoroughbreds are so easily owned. Have them in matched pieces, if you like. Traveling equipment you're proud of—certain to arouse the envy of the most seasoned globe trotter. You'll like the ease and comfort of traveling with a NEW Hartmann. No need to PACK them. Clothes slip right in and come out looking almost fresher than before. They're light enough to handle easily, yet rugged enough to weather real abuse. You'll find them in 50 sizes and models — the newest colors — and priced to suit you perfectly. Sold almost everywhere.

Hartmann Trunk Co.
Racine, Wisconsin



The Hartmann Tourobe holds 3 to 4 suits, accessories, etc., or the equivalent in women's attire. Price, $20. to $70

Hartmann Wardrobe Trunks hold from 5 to 20 suits or costume changes. Price, $35. to $400.

HARTMANN
Trunks

THE SMARTEST WAY TO TRAVEL

Fine *Feathers* *Make* Fine *Birds*

A New For the Love o' Lil

WITH a glitter of jewels and a flutter of fans the rich colors of Dame Fashion's rainbow had burst into Lil's parlor. Salmon rose. Chanel red. Chartreuse green. The guests' gowns with dipped hems, slovenly stylish, dotted the room with daintiest tints.

Why? It was a formal evening reception for Bodo Hauptmann Ritter von Felsenheim, posing in Lil's home town as the ex-kaiser's war bird of war birds! His brilliant red, blue, and gold plumage totally eclipsed the conventional black and white of the other men. Sandy hopped around like an excited crow.

This week's cover picture.

"Ah," Lil was saying to the fat wife of the crosstown trolley-line king. "Do you feel like a highball? Follow the crowd to my Queen Anne sideboard."

"Say, you fellers, listen," Sandy was shouting to three men he'd cornered behind a leather screen splashed with cabbage size pink roses. "I'm buyin' one of Von Felsenheim's platinum mines in Afghanistan. Only five thousand bucks. Want to come in with me? We could form a syndicate. I think platinum is tax exempt."

"I'm exempt from platinum," one man yelled above the din. "Once I bought a gold mine in Alaska. The only gold there was the gold in the miners' teeth."

"Bodo, meet Miss Marguerite Luddy," Lil requested her guest of honor. "She wants to ask about European tours."

"I shall donate one of my crested cards," he told her. "It will pave your entrance into the palace at old Kreutzschlucht."

This sounded like an expensive cheese to Miss Luddy. Now, if this distinguished swain had said Paris or Rome she would have felt more at home!

"You resemble the Grand Duchess Charlotte of Luxemburg," Bodo said. "If you lived there, Prince Kunigunde Schatzhafen von Schwarzwalder himself might crown you with a tiara."

A tiara? What was that—a kind of European brick? Little Miss Luddy rather thought she'd avoid Luxemburg. But she would accept the crested card!

With a military click of his boot heels, impressive salutes, glint of monocle, and deep hip-bending over ladies' hands Bodo made a magnificent impression upon Lil's guests.

"Tell us a war experience!" the ladies were begging.

"Which shall it be?" Bodo frowned. "Ah, memories of the Flying Circus! The map of Europe ten thousand feet below. I hear the roar of the pursuing Vickers, Sopwiths, Kampfs, De Havillands, and Nieuports. I bring down my sixtieth enemy—a Sopwith Camel—east of Foucaucourt! Ten others surround me. I pour death into space, shatter their frail wings with fire, wave a sky conqueror's auf wiedersehen, and—"

"And then?" everybody asked in general and Lil in particular. The hero was surrounded with admirers.

"Then back to fair Berlin, the flags and parades on the Unter den Linden, tea with the emperor—and my Pour le Mérite!"

Lil's fingers trembled as she dared touch the brass medal which her great war bird had bought at a Chicago costumer's for eighty cents. Germany's most famous flying eagle? Well, fine feathers make fine birds!

(Next week's cover adventure: A Kiss from Bodo)

How Many Mistakes Here?

The artist has made ten mistakes in drawing this picture. Do your best to pick out all of them without referring to the list which will be found on page eighty-six.

Poems You Ought to Know

Elia

By E. J. McPHELIM

[Edward J. McPhelim, a singer of many sweet songs, became mute in 1896 at an age all too young. For several years he was dramatic and literary critic for the Chicago Tribune, departments in which his rare critical ability and wonderful command of language found full scope. His poems, which have never been collected, contain fancies as poetic and delicate as any in the English tongue. The following, on Lamb and his sister, is significant, considering where McPhelim's last days were spent.]

ACROSS the English meadows sweet,
Across the smiling sunset land,
I see them walk with faltering feet,
Brother and sister, hand in hand.

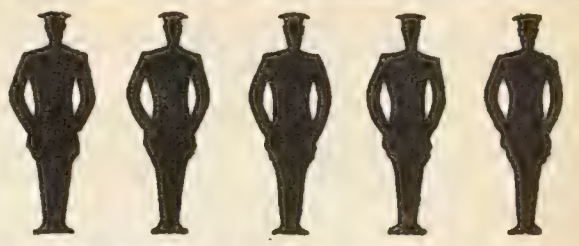
They know the hour of parting nigh,
They pass into the dying day,
And, lo! against the sunset sky
Looms up the madhouse gaunt and gray.

He keeps the lonely lamp aglow,
While old loves whisper in the air
Of unforgotten long ago
Before his heart had known despair.

He waits till she may come once more
From out the darkness to his side,
To share the changeless love of yore
When all the old, old loves have died.

Between me and this gentle book,
Shining with humor rich and quaint,
The sad scene rises, and I look
Upon a jester—or a saint.

I lift my eyes, still brimming o'er
With love and laughter—and there falls
Across the page forever more,
The shadow of the madhouse walls!



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Uniform Quality Since 1915

The high standard maintained in their manufacture is reflected in their quality performance.

Make every tube a Cunningham

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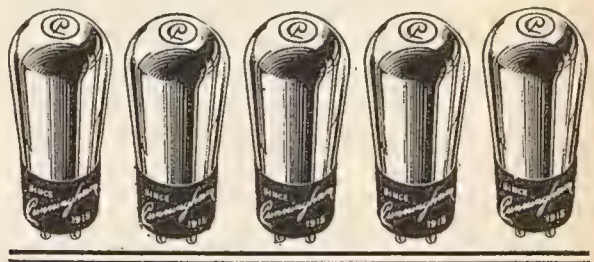


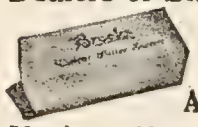
Free Candy for Mother's Day

1¼-lb. $1.00

Brooks

Go to your dealer and ask him to give you a ***free sample*** of Brooks Valeur Bitter Sweet Chocolates. No red tape! No obligation! Eat the sample. Notice the unusual and delightful flavor. Decide then, as to whether you want a 1¼-pound box for ***one dollar.*** Since our recent Liberty advertisement, thousands have become Valeur fans. You'll like them, too . . . If your dealer has no present stock, fill out the coupon below—10 cents for a worthwhile sample, or the $1.00 package . . . And if your dealer doesn't carry Valeurs yet, send us your mother's name and address, plus a dollar bill, and we will send her a specially wrapped 1¼-pound box with your card for "Mother's Day" prepaid where and when you say. Get a free sample and try the chocolates first.

Dealers of Standing: Write for Special Offer



Free Sample!

A. E. Brooks & Co., Grand Rapids Michigan

Here's my 10 cents (or $1.00). Send me a sample (or 1¼-pound box) of Valeur Bitter Sweets.

Name.....

Address.....

My Druggist is.....

Vox

What'll We Do—

PRYOR, OKLA.—Your editorial, "Prohibition Is a Religion," would be funny if it were not silly. Men who try to defend an indefensible position always make asses of themselves in the end.

No Methodist or Baptist or any other churchman regards prohibition as a tenet of religion. It is a law for the suppression of a crime. It is an effort upon the part of a great government, sensible and just, to outlaw a gigantic evil and to prevent a perverted minority from disgracing and debauching the majority with the legalized use of liquor.

You say: "Even if capital punishment should come as the next step, we don't believe it will wipe out the use of liquor."

That is quite true. Neither has capital punishment wiped out murder and robbery, though statistics amply show that capital punishment is a great deterrent to both of these crimes.

Surely you do not advocate the repeal of laws establishing capital punishment, and the licensing of murder and theft, because men still murder and steal in defiance of such laws.

Prohibition has proven itself; it has vindicated its own name and the judgment of those who brought it to pass. It is here to stay and you whisky lovers might just as well get over your spasm and become good, sensible Americans.—*T. A. G. Beadley.*

DENVER, COLO.—The inconsistency of the dry laws and penalties lies in the fact that it is no crime to drink alcoholic beverages. If it is a crime, then almost all our great forbears—the noble men who created America—were criminals. Almost all of them were drinkers of potent liquors.—*C. P.*

—for Something—

ELMIRA, N. Y.—Your prohibition editorial was wrong, both in spirit and truth. It has been proven to any thinking person, I believe several times, that prohibition *is* the will of the majority. And you, yourself, know the results when prohibition has been made an issue at the polls. Prohibition is a law, and will remain so.

The fault lies in those who do not respect, nor observe, the law.—*G. L. Boorom.*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Your editorial of March 30 was, to my mind, one of the poorest whimpers on prohibition that I have read yet among your many poor and nonsensical arguments in favor of the wets.—*Dr. F. T. Lee.*

—to Talk About—

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS—It has been said that the best way to end a bad law is to enforce it. And I believe the way to better present conditions is to enforce the Jones law to the limit.

If an outraged citizenry insist that our enforcement officers arrest and prosecute buyer as well as seller—rich and poor alike—things would change quickly.—*An Anti.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Of course you know perfectly well that organized crime was a very real thing and a very great menace before prohibition was ever enacted. But it suits your dishonest purpose to pretend that it is the result of prohibition, and so you lead the silly class of people who read your publication to think you are telling the truth when you charge it all up to dry legislation.—*T. B. Jackson.*

—When This—

KANSAS CITY, MO.—This country needs more champions of the cause of personal freedom within reason. All true Americans should be justly proud of LIBERTY'S stand on prohibition.—*J. M. S.*

TOPEKA, KAN.—As a climax to your antiprohibition editorials, I suppose you will talk a lot about liberty and personal freedom, and the theory that a man's house ought to be his castle.

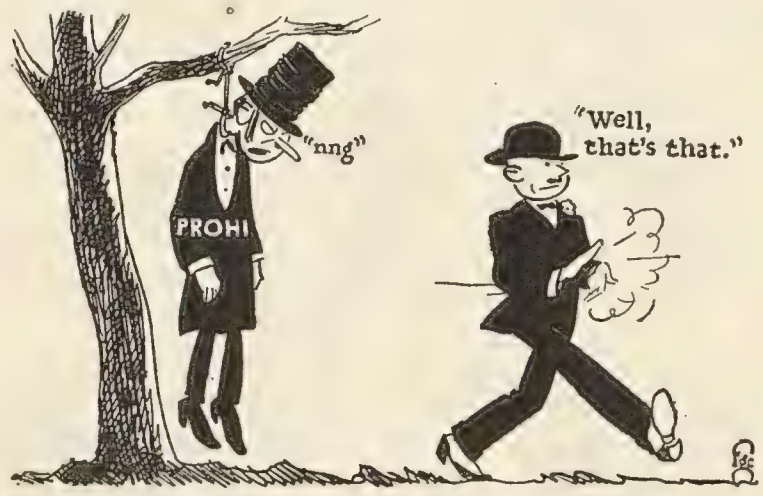
When antiprohibitionists say "liberty," just what do they mean? Liberty to wreck ourselves? Traffic laws for motor cars are a curtailment of liberty, but if

we didn't have them there'd be a lot more lives lost. And we might cook up an argument about the right, the *liberty*, to steal and murder.

The wets and bootleggers would like to pervert the Statue of Liberty herself—and replace the torch in her hand with a tray of glasses and bottles.—*A Dry.*

—Prohibition Question—

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—In about fifteen years of newspaper work I have never felt moved to write to the editor of any



magazine. However, such a feeling of exuberance overcomes me on reading your editorial, "Prohibition Is a Religion," that I snagged the old typewriter from its dusty corner and am allowing a good roast beef to cool while I smack you on the back.

Go to it—with the support of unnumbered millions behind you. I have run up against so many professional dry workers—have seen their smug complacency—their hypocritical smugness—their pseudo-religious fervor—that I wish they had but one neck and I was the official hangman.—*Edwin F. Baker.*

FINDLAY, OHIO—LIBERTY'S versatile editor surely slipped a cog in crediting prohibition to Baptists and Methodists. True, these religionists are numerous and determined, but the important fact is that they happened to represent a public sentiment that, when aroused, was simply overwhelming. It was not denominational.—*Calvin W. Horn.*

—Is Settled?

STOCKTON, MO.—Have just read your editorial, "Prohibition Is a Religion," and feel that such articles are good material to inflame the minds of those who are prone to believe that they are only called upon to obey such laws as they themselves personally approve.

We cannot select the law we will obey and ignore the ones that others want obeyed.—*Chas. A. Hendricks.*

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Thank God for the virile Americanism that inspired your editorial, "Prohibition Is a Religion."

You will, no doubt, be threatened, cursed, and spat upon for your editorial; but it may be some comfort to you to know that all America agrees with you, excepting a small noisy minority who will shortly be flung, like the Old Man of the Sea, from the back of good-natured America.—*Veteran.*

Pop

You Don't Mean You Doubt Him, Do You?

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Well, girls, I hope you believe me. I've been married almost two years. My husband drinks every day of his life—comes home drunk five days out of seven, anywhere from 6 A. M. on, if at all, and I have to keep my mouth shut, and get him undressed and into bed, for if I open my mouth I know what he will say: "If you don't like it, there are plenty who do."

He never lights a cigarette. I light them for him, get his handkerchief, his papers, his comfy pillow, and see to it that he is comfortable, for if I forget any of these things he accuses me of not loving him any more.

I wash and iron his clothes, cook his meals for him whenever he awakens, day or night, for he isn't satisfied if a maid washes his clothes and he likes my cooking.

There are numerous ash trays all over the house, but he always uses the floor. It is more convenient.

We have been out together *once* since last September, when he took me to see Sins of the Fathers one Sunday night. He didn't even spend Christmas or New Year's Eve with me. I must keep smiling continually, for if I don't he gets angry and stays away for days.

He used to be very mean, but he has changed so. He never beats me any more. He says he loves me. Do you girls think he does?—*A Little Western Girl Married to a N. Y. Boy.*

Yes

CHICAGO, ILL.—Now take that "Air Yachting in the Caribbean!" Miss A. P. can sure tell a story. She brings you with her on the air yachting cruise. No frills to her story—just facts. Wish more authors were like her.—*J. M.*

A Cruel, Cold World Indeed

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Well, for Pete's sake! Did you really read the letter Ralph Kildare wrote to Vox Pop, about the poor convicts in San Quentin who have to pay for their own postage stamps, and must work so much every day, and are confined against their will, etc.?

Sure is a cruel, cold world. And they can only write one letter a day. Horrors! And Ralph shudders at the cold gray walls of San Quentin. Ugh! Brings tears to my eyes.

Such sob sisters as Mr. Kildare would, no doubt, be in favor of giving each criminal the following: A blonde stenog. (not over eighteen). Private bath. A suite of seven rooms. A Jap valet. Free access to the outside, to enable them to commit more crimes and then scurry back to the pen for safety.—*L. M. Uhler.*

P. S. Oh, Lord! I near forgot. Also—free stamps, and plenty of them.

What Does the Editor Get?

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I read through every LIBERTY from cover to cover. Your fiction is excellent; your articles are

swell; your covers are good; and your size is just perfect. It is convenient to hold, and easy to fold. Besides, there is the thrill of recalling that the old Nick Carter stories were just the size of your equally engrossing opus.

More power to you for a job well done.

Some Elliott White Springs stories, please. I hereby give Sidney Sutherland a kiss for the best crime-reporting job of the age.—*A Girl Reader.*

In Which Charlotte H. Is Answered Good and Plenty

UNITED STATES SUBMARINE BASE, COCO SOLO, CANAL ZONE—In answer to Charlotte H.—??.#@/&$£!!—where in h— did you ever see "happily married men," as you call them? I know thousands of married couples, so sweet, oh!— But as soon as the neighbors leave—what happens? Where does all this wonderful happiness go? I suppose you've been hanging around people who have been married about two weeks.

I regret that that rib of mine was used to make a gold digger. No, I'm not a miser—just a sailor who's seen too much of it. Women are all made of the same trash. You're no exception.—*Sub-Salty.*

Mr. Darrow Will Be Surprised and So Pleased

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Mr. Darrow asked some questions, in one of M. R. Werner's articles, which Mr. Bryan did not seem prepared to answer. I wonder if I may try? These are the three I have in mind:

"Did you ever discover where Cain got his wife?" "The Bible says he got one, doesn't it?" "Were there other people on the earth at that time?"

The Bible says he got a wife, and I would say it was his sister. Yes, there were other people on the earth at that time: the rest of Adam's and Eve's children—for it seems possible that they had other children besides Cain and Abel, and that they were girls.

For instance, we never mention the Blessed Virgin's father, but that does not mean that she did not have one. Therefore, Cain took one of his sisters for his wife.

I believe that was being done in those days, and was quite all right.—*I. Wright.*

Ain't It the Truth?

SOUTH BOSTON, VA.—After all, LIBERTY is a full nickel's worth, and the kickers realize it, else they would not buy it. Why, they pay a hundred times a nickel for footballs made for nothing else but to kick.—*A Liberty Friend.*

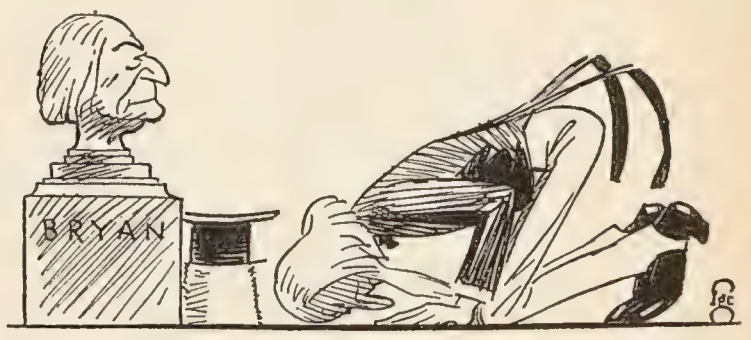
He May Do So

MORGANTOWN, PA.—I have been a student of criminology for a number of years, having occupied the office of prosecuting attorney of this county for a period of four years, and having tried several hundred criminal cases. I have been very much impressed with the "Real Life Mysteries" of Mr. Sidney Sutherland.

I believe that Mr. Sutherland should, when he completes this series, incorporate all of these articles in book form.—*C. William Cramer.*

It Might Be Nice to Have a Law to Make Us Kneel

KANSAS CITY, MO.—I do think it's a shame, the way Mr. M. R. Werner tried



to take a fall out of one of our greatest men: William J. Bryan.

Now, listen, Mr. Werner, instead of belittling Bryan, a better idea would be to declare a new national holiday—the Great Commoner's birthday—and call it Bryan Day. Don't you agree with me?

A bust of Bryan should be set up in the public square of every large city in the Union, and the American public ought to kneel before them to do a genius justice, on every Bryan Day.—*Mrs. F. W.*

Voltage

The Story of a Double Life

By

RITA WEIMAN

Pictures by J. W. SCHLAIKJER

A week later the son of the house left it.

OFTEN in the midst of sensationalism that churns through the columns of our daily press, some little item, lost to view, contains more tragic significance than all the mass of seething headlines.

Such was the case of William Muhler, whose name carried neither weight nor curiosity, who made his exit from this world as unimportantly as he had made his entrance. Yet the drama of this quiet man's life is one in which we are all actors. Hence, I may be pardoned for raising the curtain on the story behind the first and only appearance of his name in print, an insignificant paragraph.

He was a little man, spare of shoulder, slight of figure, vague of eye. Inconspicuous, unobtrusive, he moved among the citizens of the suburban town in which he lived, much as one who accepts his fellow beings because they happen to be there, rather than through any sense of relationship to himself. He had a habit—respected because rare—of minding his own business.

As a result, in the gossip-woven texture of a small community, William Muhler's life made no pattern. It had been marked by a simple, steady, reliable routine. At 7 in the morning he left the neat square house that stood some distance back from the neat square gate, and walked down to the station, whence he journeyed to work in the neighboring city. At 6 in the evening he opened the gate and walked up the stone path between even grass plots to the front porch.

Throughout the township they liked him. A pleasant enough fellow, though he had no taste for cards, billiards, or checkers.

William Muhler was an electrician, a regular voter and tax-payer, could be depended upon for contributions to charity and civic drives, and owed no man a sou. He had been married twenty-two years to the same woman. And he loved just three things in this world—his family, his home, and his son's Scotch collie.

His family, in addition to a devoted wife, consisted of William, Jr., twenty-one, studying law in the city, and as alert as the elder Muhler was silent; Caroline, eighteen, whose gayety sparkled like sunlight on the sea; Lilla, sixteen, a quiet child, cast much in the mould which had produced her father. Dutiful children, with no fear but an infinite respect for their parents.

His home he loved because it had been built, like his comfortable savings, through years of labor and self-denial. For him it stood, a monument to thrift. Only on rare occasions when some special job demanded his attention, did he leave it for so much as a night. At such times, he would go up the path at twilight next day with a tight, yearning impatience to see the door open, to feel the warmth from within cross the threshold and come streaming toward him. Seldom did he have to wait for his key to turn in the lock. Those within always heard the click of the gate.

It was not quite two years ago that young William's Scotch collie, Lady by name, joined the family. Long and swift-moving, with great glowing red-brown eyes and luxurious tan coat marked by a white stripe straight down the back, Lady possessed a sensitiveness uncanny. She was like some fine-strung instrument attuned to chords struck by unseen hands.

"I declare, that dog can hear a ghost walk," Caroline

There was a tragic parting which William Muhler was powerless to prevent.

laughed one day as they came in from a tramp through the woods. "And as for smell, she's the terror of every woodchuck for miles round."

AS a matter of fact, the animal did everything but talk. And the elder Muhler maintained she could even do that. Seated before the fire after dinner, her nose settled down between his knees, he would stroke the white stripe on her back, meanwhile putting questions to which he swore she barked answers. His wife laughed at his insistence that he could interpret exactly what Lady was saying. Certainly the bond between man and beast was amazingly close. First on the porch to greet him each night, last to watch until he turned the corner each morning, Lady became his unfailing companion. Until a strange, an inexplicable thing happened.

In the late summer, August, to be exact, William Muhler made one of those occasional short trips which kept him away overnight. The family accepted the news that he would not be home, forgetting that this was his first absence since Lady had become a member of the household.

When he failed to appear at 7, Lady traveled to the gate like a lost child seeking its parent. In vain, William, Jr., went down the path and, seizing her collar, tried to drag her indoors. There she lay throughout the hours, hunched against the gate, watchful, trembling, with anxious eyes piercing the sullen moonless night. The air was damp, breathless, and they decided that she preferred to sleep outside the house. But when they came for her in the morning, Lady refused to move. Nor would she eat. They tried to explain that the master would soon be home. Still she clung to her post, a picture of despairing vigilance.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[VOLTAGE
Continued from page sixty-one]

At last his step! She was on all fours. The furnace of the setting sun flamed against her eyes, making them fire red. Erect, a magnificent sentinel, she stood ready to spring the instant of his approach.

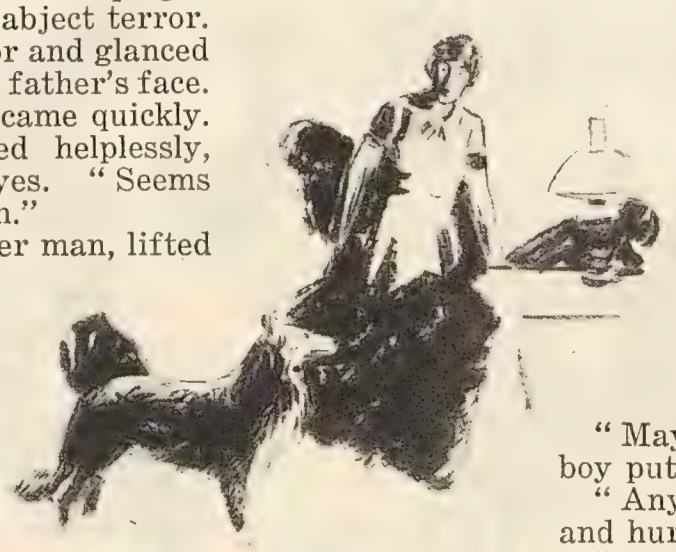
He rounded the street corner. His hand touched the latch, but within a foot, as he eagerly called her, Lady started to back away. Slowly at first, in bewildered fashion, as though for some reason she failed to recognize him. Then there came a low moaning howl. William Muhler saw fear dart across the tender eyes. A hurt look clouded his own. He went close. She turned, fled up the path. At the top of the steps, she halted, quivering. The hair of the white stripe on her back rose upright like a brush. She was a picture of abject terror.

William, Jr., opened the house door and glanced in sharp question from the dog to his father's face.

"What's the matter with her?" came quickly.

"Don't know," Muhler answered helplessly, voice reflecting the pain in his eyes. "Seems afraid to let me pass for some reason."

Lady crouched against the younger man, lifted her voice, and started to whine. It was a horrible unending sound, like some savage dirge.



"Stop that!" the boy caught her collar, trying to shake her to silence. "Stop it, I say!" Then pulling her to one side so that his father could pass—"Look here," he put suspiciously, "have you beaten her or anything?"

"I?" Indignation swept the pain from face and voice. "You know I wouldn't hurt a hair of her head."

"Then what's eating her? She hasn't budged all night, out there waiting for you—and now, look!"

The dog sped through the hall ahead of them, cringing finally in a corner of the kitchen. There she remained all evening. No amount of urging could bring her forth to join the family on the porch after dinner, though the night was sultry and humid. Her absence affected the entire group. Little Mrs. Muhler fretted, fearing she was ill. William pulled frowningly at his pipe. Young William made repeated trips to the kitchen. The two girls were almost in tears.

Next day, to satisfy Mrs. Muhler's misgivings, they called in a veterinary. To their relief, he pronounced the dog in perfect condition. Some shock, perhaps, had put her temporarily out of sorts. That was the sole explanation.

In the course of events the incident took on hazy, forgotten outlines, except to William Muhler; for the tie between man and beast had been broken. Lady avoided him. In vain did he urge her to the place between his knees, in vain reach out to stroke the white stripe. Their days of companionship were over. Instead, she crouched close to his wife who smiled softly behind her glasses and laid a gentle, reassuring hand on her head.

IT was in December, two weeks before Christmas, that Muhler stayed away again all night. A howling night, sleet, hail, and mist descending in gray blankness. Human bodies moving along the streets were lost in it. The human eye could not pierce its shroud.

William Muhler went his silent way to work, while his family at home moaned the fact that he had not this once refused to travel the path of duty.

"Your father's too conscientious," sighed Mrs. Muhler, eyes bent to her sewing. "He's not as young as he used to be—what does he want to work so hard for?"

"Why don't you talk to him, Ma?" put young Muhler, waiting with a curious anxiety for her answer.

"Haven't I, though? Often! I've begged him to give up those night jobs. He won't listen."

The boy stirred the fire, gazed thoughtfully at the coals glowing like Lady's eyes.

"Let me see," he prompted, "how many years ago did he start working at night?"

"I don't exactly remember. But it seems—yes, it must be about seven—or maybe eight. Long before we bought this house, anyway. Because he used to say if we wanted a place of our own—and that was always his dream—he'd have to find extra work."

"But he doesn't need the money now," the boy said, more to himself than to the others, and continued to stare into the fire.

"Of course he must," observed Caroline defensively, "or poor old Dad wouldn't keep at it on the kind of night only thieves and holdup men choose for a cheery promenade. You don't suppose he's doing it for pleasure?"

Young Muhler turned and his eyes directed a swift veiled glance toward his mother. Her only gesture was an anxious look at the windows against which hail slashed its fusillade.

"I wish he could have stayed at home," she murmured, with a touch of fear.

"Now, Ma dear, don't let Cara worry you." The boy went to her quickly, an arm flung round her shoulders. "Dad's perfectly safe."

WHEN Muhler turned the corner the following night, his son was waiting for him.

"May I have a word with you, sir," the boy put swiftly, "before dinner?"

"Anything wrong?" Muhler took his arm and hurried up the path.

"No. Only there's something I'd like to ask you—"

Muhler's vague eyes showed relief. He unlocked the front door, hung up his overcoat, and went to his room.

"Golly, I'm tired!"—he sank into an easy-chair.

The boy, who had followed, started rolling a cigarette.

"Dad," he began uneasily, "would you mind telling me where you were working last night?"

Muhler sat forward.

"Why?"

"You didn't leave the city, did you?"

"What do you mean—leave the city?"

"Well, I came out yesterday on a late train with Harry Allen—and he swore he saw you at the station, rushing for the upstate local. I told him he'd better have his eyes examined—that you were attending to some dangerous defective wiring at the Hotel Commonwealth. But he guyed me—said that might be your story, but you probably had some baby doll upstate that I ought to get wise to."

"What did you say to him?" asked Muhler, rising and going to the bureau, to fumble in the drawer for a clean tie.

"I knocked him down."

William Muhler slowly raised his head. In the mirror he met the penetrating young gaze of his son, and his throat contracted.

"Wasn't that—a little hard on him?"

"Why? Dad—did you go upstate last night?"

"Well—if I did, it was on business. You can be sure of that."

He said it with a note of reproach that barred all further questioning. In the mirror he saw his son turn and abruptly leave the room.

That brief interview which led nowhere had unforeseen and far-reaching results. William Muhler failed to consider that youth will not be satisfied by peremptory dismissal. He was not given to analysis, either of people or things. It did not occur to him that the boy's curiosity and suspicion had been aroused, as well as resentment that in this talk, which should have been as man to man, his father had treated him like a child.

The subject was not again approached. But the next time Muhler announced that he would be away all night, a furtive, measuring look crept into his son's eyes. A look none too pleasant and none too friendly, sweeping the length of his slight figure and leaping to wrap itself tenderly, protectively round Mrs. Muhler who stood in

the doorway, ready to give her husband a good-by kiss. In that look was clamped determination.

At 6 that evening a little inconspicuous man moved along the station platform and boarded a day coach of the upstate local. Sufficiently far behind him to escape detection, a young man got aboard and took a seat in the same car. When William Muhler descended at a station up the line, the boy jumped off quietly at the other end of the car and, still at safe distance, paced after him like a shadow.

Muhler arrived home the following night, to be greeted as usual by his wife and daughters. His son did not appear.

"Where's Will?"

"Upstairs. He came out early and he's been in his room ever since." Mrs. Muhler looked worried.

"Anything the matter?"

"I don't know. I've gone up half a dozen times, but he has the door locked and won't let me in. I can hear him tramping, though—up and down, up and down. Listen!"

The thud of feet came distinctly—nervous, desperate pacing.

Muhler went up the stairs but returned almost immediately.

"I knocked. He says to go ahead and eat. He's all right but not hungry. I'll talk to him afterward."

"What do you think can be wrong?" voiced Mrs. Muhler. "Why should he lock the door on his own mother?"

The father asked himself the same question. The lad had always been so close to both parents. Why should he bar them now from a share in his problems? The thought wounded Muhler to the quick. Yet, as he mounted the stairs after dinner, there was not the slightest presage of what the opening of that door would reveal. He found it unlocked and turned the knob.

A CURIOUS throbbing stillness closed in on him, full of darkness, of nerve-racked tension. He said softly, "Will," but there came no answer. Then his fingers felt their way along the wall and switched on the light. Its glare flung into haggard relief a face with eyes staring sightlessly.

The boy was hunched forward on the edge of the bed, as if he had been beaten and flung there. The posture gave a sudden terrible impression of death.

"For God's sake, Will—"

With a few panicky steps, he crossed the space between them. The boy sprang up, crouching, and the look of his eyes became like Lady's expression of fear months before, when she had backed away from the touch of Muhler's hand.

"Will, what's wrong?"

"Don't come any nearer." Young Muhler spoke with effort. His voice sounded muffled, like a distant call for help. "Don't touch me—I'm all right. Just listen a minute. It won't take long."

His hands held to the back of a chair and he propped himself against it.

"I want to go away, understand?" came in hardly more than a whisper. "I can't live in this house after today."

Muhler stared at him in dread bewilderment. What did it mean? Not the usual "Dad"—or even "Father." Just that staggering announcement in that huddled voice.

"I—" he began, and broke off, to begin again. "Look here, boy, tell me what's happened to upset you? Has anybody—have I done anything—?"

"Done anything!" The boy's mouth twitched into a grimace. He ran the back of his hand across it as though to wipe away the distortion, but the muscles did not relax. "Done anything. My God! You think I want to go on living under the same roof with a murderer?"

William Muhler stood stock-still. A faint shudder seemed to seize his body, but he made no actual movement. After a space during which the two pairs of eyes met and held, his hand reached out, mechanically seeking support and finding none dropped to his side again.

The boy, having heard his own voice after listening for hours to the strangled cry of thought, rushed on.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"I really *like* milk of magnesia this way *—so will you*"

"I carry this handy tin of Milnesia Wafers in my vest pocket for acid indigestion. Just taste one of them! The wife always keeps a bottle of Milnesia on the bathroom shelf. My kids think it's great stuff—and she *says it's a relief to be rid of thick, messy liquid."*

HAVE you been braving the puckery, unpleasant taste of milk of magnesia—just because you know how good it is for you? Then you'll welcome Milnesia Wafers! For they are actually *pleasant* to take—and a lot more convenient. You can even halve or quarter them for correct children's dosage.

Every one of these palatable wafers represents equal teaspoons of milk of magnesia. You simply chew them slowly—that gives them time to correct any acid condition that exists in your teeth and gums. Then Milnesia goes on to sweeten your *entire* digestive system.

When everyday habits, such as over-eating—irregular meals—bolted lunches—excessive smoking, bring on the inevitable fermented acid poisoning, correct it with Milnesia Wafers. Take them regularly and banish sick headaches, heartburn, indigestion, bad breath and other results of this acid condition.

To give Milnesia a trial—fill out the coupon and mail to us with 10¢ for a week's supply of Milnesia Wafers.

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(MILK OF MAGNESIA)
WAFERS

AT YOUR DRUGGIST—HANDY PACKET *20¢*
In bottles, 35¢, 60¢

MILNESIA LABORATORIES, Inc.
11 East 36th Street, New York, Dept. N-6
Enclosed is 10¢. Send me a week's supply of Milnesia Wafers.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

[VOLTAGE
Continued from page sixty-three]

"You never realized it, but ever since I've been old enough to think, I've wondered about these special night jobs of yours. And last night, I followed you. All the way to the prison gate! I asked there who you were. They told me."

William Muhler fumbled against dry lips.

"But—murderer?" he brought out at last.

"Well, aren't you?" his son choked. "Aren't you? Don't you sell your services for money—like any gangster—to send men to hell?"

"Will!"

"Don't you?"

"I'm a servant of the law," came from Muhler in tones he tried to keep calm, "like the judge who sentences them. You have no right to talk to me this way. You wouldn't call him—murderer, would you?"

"Ask him if he'd be willing, no matter what the circumstances, to throw the switch! Ask him if anything on earth could make him an executioner!"

As the word came, the boy turned his back. And William Muhler saw that it was because he could not bear to look upon his father's face. The man gazed piteously at the unfamiliar droop of shoulders which yesterday had been so sturdy and straight.

HIS hand touched the latch, but within a foot Lady started to back away.

"But the judge is executioner," he stumbled on, like one lost and trying to find his way, "just as much as I am. Why, he charges the jury, influences the verdict. I only carry it out. Come, Will, you're a student of law, you ought to see. The public is responsible for my job. The law made it. I have nothing to do with that, have I?"

Pleadingly he held out both hands. But his son did not turn.

"You don't think I'd do anything I didn't consider right, do you?" he pursued huskily. "I've always been an upright man. I've been a good father, haven't I?"

Young Will turned then and his voice broke miserably.

"That's why—that's why it's so horrible to think of. Since I found out—I haven't been able to see anything but you—my father—standing there, with his hand on the switch, waiting for the signal, with no more concern than if you were knocking off cattle."

"BUT I never thought of it that way, boy," insisted Muhler. "Can't you see? It had to be done by somebody. It was accepted by the people as just and right. And I was brought up by a father who believed in the strictest discipline. I never questioned any punishment in all my life. Why, I used to stand up to a beating without a murmur—never knew any different. So when, seven years ago, I met the sheriff who asked if I'd do this work for the state, I didn't think about it one way or the other."

A faint glimmer of light appeared under the boy's heavy-lidded eyes. "You mean," came almost eagerly, "you mean you actually considered it a duty you couldn't evade?"

"That's it! That's the idea! I couldn't refuse, could I?"

But swiftly as it had come, the light faded.

"Then why did you take money for it? You *did* take money, didn't you?"

Muhler looked away.

"How much?" persisted the tortured voice. "How much per head?"

The older man tried to meet the eyes probing him—and failed.

"One hundred and fifty dollars."

"One hundred and fifty dollars to kill a man! How many—how many have you put to death?"

"I don't—remember."

Young Muhler's lips twisted. He stared at his father, mutely pleading for some excuse, some justification.

"And money you made—like that has helped give me my living, my education."

"I tell you I couldn't see any harm in it," Muhler repeated.

"Then—if you weren't ashamed — why didn't you tell us what you were doing long ago?"

"A man can't talk about such things—to his family," came slowly.

"NO. Nor to anybody else. You sneak off like a criminal—to kill men. That puts you on a par with the guiltiest of them. Worse! Most of them have some grudge, hatred, passion, ignorance, to drive them on. You do what you do in cold blood—without the least concern. My father—the father I've loved—" He dropped into a chair and began to sob, the low heartbreaking sobs of complete despair. "How can I think of you that way any more? Lady knew—she sensed the horror of it months ago."

"Boy—don't!" murmured Muhler. "Don't! I can't stand it."

"I'm going through hell, too!" The boy raised a stark face streaked with tears.

And watching him, Muhler saw only the little boy he had so often held in loving arms.

"Son, can't you see, I wouldn't ever deliberately hurt you?"

"I can't see anything but that you make me feel like the lowest thing on earth, ashamed to look men in the face, ashamed they might know—or find out. That's all—all I can think of. It nearly drives me crazy. I *will* go crazy if I stay here. I've got to get away—out of the state, go where I'm not known—give up the law—work with my two hands."

Muhler staggered and his eyes closed quickly as from the pain of a blow.

"You can't leave us. Will—think! Your mother—"

"Yes—my mother! Have you thought of her? What she'd say if she knew?"

"She'd understand. She always understood anything I did."

"Would you dare try her—tell her?"

William Muhler could not bring himself to answer.

"No, of course you wouldn't! And I'd die before I'd let her find it out—"

Abruptly, he stopped short.

The door was opening. Slowly, as it might have been pushed by phantom hands. Inch by inch. Until Mrs. Muhler appeared in the aperture. Both men started forward. But her son reached her first. She laid an arm

about his shoulders, yet the mechanical movement told plainly that she was barely conscious of what she did. Eyes sunken like an old woman's, she stood silent in the doorway.

After a moment her gaze moved to Muhler's hands, painfully, as if she saw blood on them. And he realized it was useless now to attempt to shield her from knowledge.

Young Muhler sensing it, too, clung to her in a sort of futile protection.

"Ma," he sobbed, "why did you come up? Why did you listen?"

She rested a hand on his bowed head.

"I was worried about you—and you wouldn't tell me. I thought I had a right to know."

The husband and father looked at the two held close. The sight of those huddled forms shutting him out was almost unbearable. As though the voltage he had shot through men's bodies reacted on himself, on those he loved, ruthlessly charging through them its electric current of death.

He stood there trying to speak, to summon courage for words. This companion of his life, did she feel as the boy felt? Did she condemn him, too? What was he to say?

Presently she raised her eyes. But somehow they wavered, returned to the boy.

"You mustn't act this way to your father," she said, very low, and life seemed drained from her voice. "No matter what you think, he did what he thought was right."

TEARS sprang to William Muhler's throat, choked him. She did understand! He had known she would.

"Ma, you don't know—" began the boy.

"Yes, I do"—still that lifeless tone. "I know just as if I'd been with you, what a terrible shock it was. Maybe if he'd told us long ago—in the beginning—it would have been better."

"You'd have stopped him from taking the job. Wouldn't you, Ma? If you'd known, you'd have done anything in the world to keep him from taking it, wouldn't you?"

"It's too late to talk about that now." A gesture, entirely involuntary, held him closer. "We must just pretend we don't know anything about it. Never let the girls find out. Never give a sign or say a word—"

"But I can't, Ma—I can't! Can't you see? Some day it'd be bound to slip out. That's one reason why I've got to quit. For your sake—and the girls."

Muhler saw the sunken eyes close, with a look of such suffering that he went to her, touched her timidly.

"Mary," he pleaded, "don't let him go. It would be terrible for you."

She seemed to struggle for control and her eyes were still shut, as though in answering she spoke to herself rather than to him.

"We mustn't consider ourselves. Only the boy. We must think of him. Maybe it's better for him to go away. He couldn't be happy here. And that's what counts. His happiness—his future. I don't matter—"

"But you two, always together. You and the children."

Suddenly it descended upon Muhler that she had given no voice as to her own feelings. No word of what the revelation meant to her. Out there in the hall, listening, had she suffered as the boy had?

"I must help him to forget," was all she said.

"But, Mary," put Muhler desperately, "do you feel the way he does? Do you—hate me, too?"

"Tell your father you don't hate him, Will dear," she answered by lifting the young face and gazing into it with her empty eyes. "Tell him, please. You must never hate him—you must always remember how much he's loved you."

Such a strange finality was in the appeal that Muhler had a swift wild sense that she had gone from him. Miles. Beyond his reach though she stood so near. Farther than the boy, though she was trying so hard to bridge the distance between them.

"Mary!" he cried out. "Mary!"

Her lips attempted a smile.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

White Teeth Deceive 4 out of 5

NOBODY'S IMMUNE*

**The Disease-of-Neglect Ignores Teeth, Attacks Gums—and Health is Sacrificed*

DON'T let white teeth deceive you into thinking that all is well. Provide protection now. It is easier than relief. For when diseases of the gums, such as Pyorrhea, are once contracted only expert dental treatment can stem their advance.

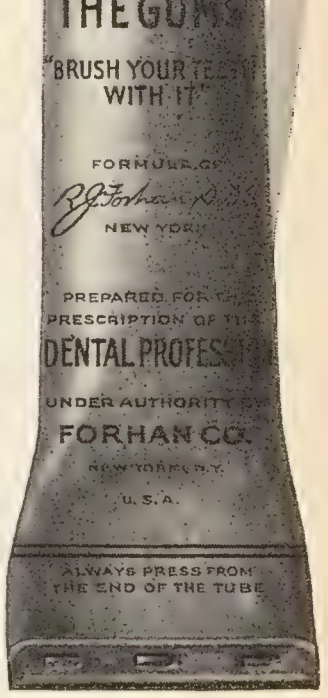
Have your dentist examine teeth and gums thoroughly at least once every six months. And when you brush your teeth, brush gums vigorously. For additional prophylaxis use the dentifrice made for the teeth and gums as well . . . Forhan's for the Gums.

Once you start using Forhan's regularly, morning and night, you'll quickly note an improvement in the condition of your gums. They'll look sounder, pinker. They'll feel firmer.

As you know, Pyorrhea and other diseases seldom attack healthy gums.

In addition, the way Forhan's cleans teeth and safeguards them from decay will delight you.

Don't wait until too late. To insure the coming years against disease, start using Forhan's, regularly. Get a tube from your druggist. Two sizes, 35¢ and 60¢. Forhan Company, New York.



Forhan's for the Gums is more than an ordinary toothpaste. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. It is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. You will find this dentifrice especially effective as a gum massage if the directions that come with each tube are followed closely. It's good for the teeth. It's good for the gums.

Forhan's *for the gums*

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

[VOLTAGE
Continued from page sixty-five]

"Mary, you do feel the way he does. I can see—even if you don't say so. But I didn't think I was doing anything wrong. S'help me, God—"

"It's all right. No matter what you did—and even if Will leaves us—it mustn't make any difference between you and me. After twenty-two years—"

The voice came to a broken halt. She took her son's hand, laid it in Muhler's outstretched one, and hurried from the room, to hide from him her own anguish.

A week later the son of the house left it. William Muhler realized that he would not come back. The almost pitiful attempt of the boy to adjust himself because his mother asked it failed utterly.

There was a tragic parting which William Muhler was powerless to prevent. He had taken her boy away from her. He saw the mother left alone, felt her tears, and for the first time in all their years together was not admitted to share them.

Her very bravery in trying to make things seem as they had always been tortured him. He heard her explain to the girls that their brother had decided to give up the law and go away to study labor conditions. And in every note of the low-voiced announcement, he recognized the throb of fear. They must never find out—no one must ever find out—the truth. Lurking in her eyes, her manner as she talked, her shaking hands, it was constantly evident, that fear.

Inevitably, it began to haunt him. And with it, the faces of men he had seen led—or dragged—to the throne of death. Gray faces. White faces. Dazed faces. Insurgent faces. Distorted faces. Faces pleading for mercy; twitching with terror; paralyzed by fright. Faces whose lips tore stiffly at belated prayer. Faces straining to show courage. Criminal, most of them. Belonging to men judged as dangerous animals, best put out of the way. And so, with his hand on the switch, he had looked upon them.

BUT suppose behind one of those human masks had lain knowledge of innocence.

He tried pitifully to project himself into his wife's thoughts. This woman, in every way his mate for so many years, suddenly regarded him as a man she had never really known. And when their eyes met, he knew she was visualizing him, not within the walls of this room, but in that other grim one behind walls of stone. Visions of horror, inescapable, crowding out peace.

So sudden . . . it was all so sudden!

Through long hours of aloneness he sat, bewildered by this catastrophe of his own making. Outwardly, except for young Will's absence, nothing had materially changed. Yet his daughters—would they, too, make him outcast if they knew? He grew afraid to meet them, to read what their faces might reveal. All he wanted was to tear down the barrier shutting him from their mother, to erase from the eyes he loved the look he had brought there.

He gave up his work for the state and went home one night with a sense of release to mind and spirit. He would tell her the news, see her smile again, know once more the sheltering tenderness of their old life together.

Eagerly he clicked open the gate, hurried into the house.

"Mary," he called, "come downstairs, please. I want to see you right away."

As she descended the steps, he mounted a few to meet her.

"Mary—I've resigned—given up—I'll never take another human life. Now you can have Will again—and everything'll be just the way it was."

SHE looked down at him and the depth of pity in that look was beyond the gauge of man.

"Nothing can ever be the same again. It's what you've done that can't be wiped out. Not the thing itself, but the fact that you were capable of it. I've been trying to think of you the way I used to. You don't know how hard I've tried. But I can't, Will, I can't—ever again."

She caught hold of the banister and her head drooped against it. Such a tired gesture. So utterly without hope.

William Muhler looked vaguely down at his two hands, held out to her. So there was still blood on them, blood that would be there always.

Her lips moved, but without speech. What was the use? No words, no act of his could ever bring back the love he had killed. Outcast. Alone. He would always be what his boy had called him. He bowed his head.

A week later, workmen assigned to an electrical job under his supervision found him dead, his hands grasping a high voltage cable. He must have seized on the live wire accidentally. At least, so they reported.

"Electrician Killed by Accident."

That was the headline which topped an unimportant notice somewhere near the middle of the page in the daily papers.

To the small community in which he lived, the accident was a disaster that robbed them of a valued citizen. Only the woman whose life had been bound in his, and a boy far away, knew that to William Muhler it was expiation.

THE END

WINNERS!

Eight New Awards in Liberty's Offer of $10,000 for Mystery Solutions

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND has awarded prizes as follows for the solutions which, in his judgment, were the best of those submitted on The Mystery of the Puritan Girl, the sixth problem in his recent series of ten for solutions of which LIBERTY is giving its readers a total of $10,000:

FIRST PRIZE—$500
To R. L. Kerby,
1711 University Avenue, New York City.

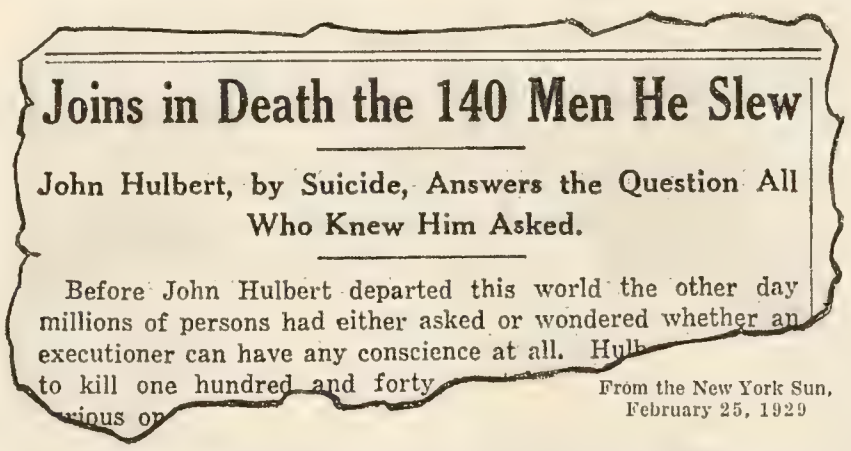
SECOND PRIZE—$250
To John W. Bale,
Judge, City Court of Floyd County, Rome, Georgia.

THIRD PRIZE—$100
To Norman Hapgood,
1225 Madison Avenue, New York City.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50
To Glenn D. Whisler,
11334 Mayfield Road, Cleveland, Ohio.

FIFTH TO EIGHTH PRIZES—$25 each
To William Robertson, 2123 Gilles Street, Wilmington, Delaware; Don M. Harlan, Attorney and Counselor, 1048-C New Penobscot Building, Detroit, Michigan; Mrs. L. D. King, Sr., Box 541, Evergreen, Alabama; Edgar T. Ray, 1481 East Twenty-second Street, Brooklyn, New York.

Prize awards for the seventh problem, The Mystery of the Poison Christmas Gift, will be announced next week.



Joins in Death the 140 Men He Slew

John Hulbert, by Suicide, Answers the Question All Who Knew Him Asked.

Before John Hulbert departed this world the other day millions of persons had either asked or wondered whether an executioner can have any conscience at all. Hulb
to kill one hundred and forty
rious or

From the New York Sun, February 25, 1929

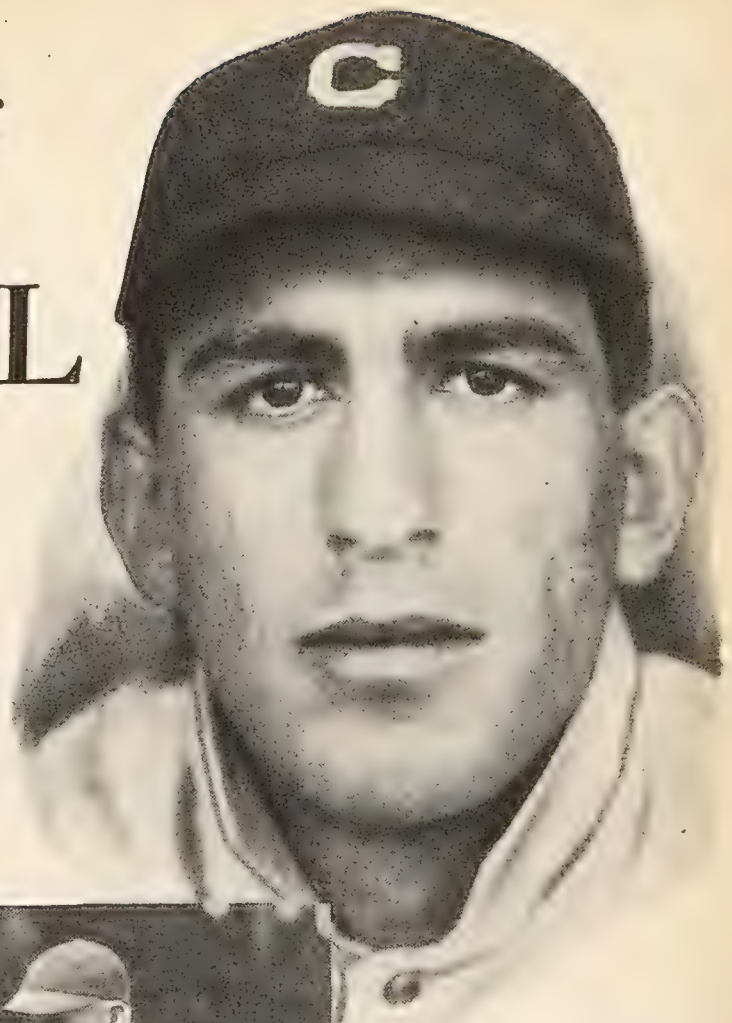
Strangely enough, Voltage was written, and bought by Liberty, nearly two years before the actual suicide here recorded. Hulbert was executioner at Sing Sing prison.

Peckinpaugh's Greatest THRILL

A Baseball Classic of 1921

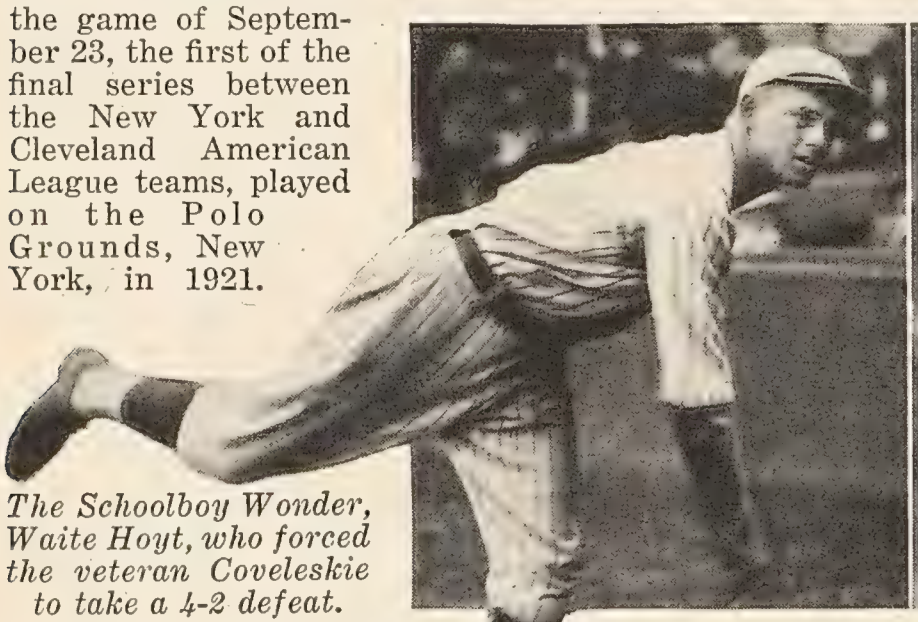
By HUGH FULLERTON

(First of a series on "greatest games" chosen by various baseball notables)



The Ring photos
Roger Peckinpaugh as he looked when Cleveland was fighting the Yankees for the American League flag.

ROGER PECKINPAUGH, manager of the Cleveland Indians, former star shortstop of New York and of Washington, and one of the greatest players in baseball history, declares that the greatest thrill he ever had in baseball was in the game of September 23, the first of the final series between the New York and Cleveland American League teams, played on the Polo Grounds, New York, in 1921.

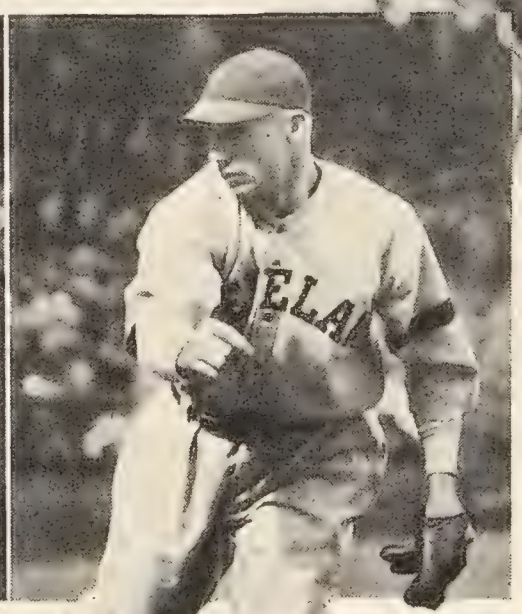


The Schoolboy Wonder, Waite Hoyt, who forced the veteran Coveleskie to take a 4-2 defeat.

That game practically decided the American League pennant race, for although Cleveland rallied and won on the following day, the Yankees smothered them under a barrage of hits in the final battle of the series and captured the pennant—ending one of the most thrilling races in baseball history.

. . . . .

WHEN New York and Cleveland faced each other on that September afternoon they met in the decisive game of the year. Cleveland, a new bidder for pennant honors — a young team braced by veterans and led by the great Stanley Coveleskie, then at the height of his career—was pitted against the remade Yankees. Facing the aged and triumphant Coveleskie was Waite Hoyt — then "Schoolboy" Hoyt, recently out of Erasmus Hall High School in Brooklyn, and at the outset of his marvelous pitching career.



Stanley Coveleskie, the Indians' pitching ace in the pennant fight of 1921.

The famous Babe as he looked about the time he first joined the Yankees.

Cleveland, sweeping triumphantly through the East, was pressing hard upon the Yankees. When they met they were practically tied for the lead of the American League race, New York holding the advantage by a few points in percentage. Ruth was just then coming to the peak of his career as a regular, and Tris Speaker, who had battled and battered his team into the championship race, was crippled; limping and unable to take the field. It was Ruth who had the field day; Ruth who, by his hitting, his daring running, his leadership, and inspiration, lifted the Yankees to their high point, hurled back the invaders, and won that game.

THE pitchers, the (then) slender and boyish Hoyt and the sturdy, steady Coveleskie, were on edge for the game. Coveleskie was working perfectly—save against Ruth, who refused to be stopped. The first time he faced the veteran, Ruth drew a base on balls. It meant nothing, and up to the fourth the teams sparred and schemed for an opening.

It was Cleveland that first broke through the opposing defense, scoring two runs when Joe Sewell's three-base hit sent quivers of fear down the backs of the great throng that had gathered to cheer New York on to victory.

Then, in their half of the inning, Ruth smashed out a two-base hit. The hit came after one was out and Ruth reached second only by a clever twisting slide.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Why Stay GRAY?

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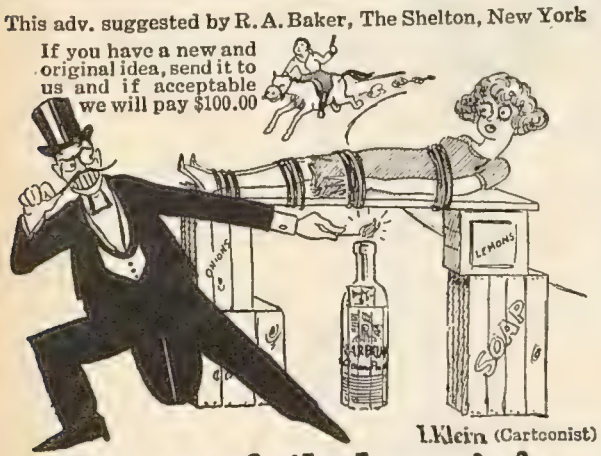

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-SEVEN]

When Meusel drove out a long fly, Ruth perched on second, waited until the ball fell, and then, by a brilliant dash, reached third, striving to draw the throw there. Wally Pipp, who was placing his hits where they counted, drove a clean two-bagger over second and Ruth came home.

Cleveland still led into the sixth—2 to 1—with the fielding immaculate and the pitching well nigh perfect. Then, after Peckinpaugh had flied out, Ruth almost tore Wambsganss' thumb off with a fierce drive. The plucky Cleveland lad tried to check the force of the ball. It hit his hands, ripped through them, numbing and crippling them, and rolled a short distance out to center field.

Ruth then made one of the finest plays of his career. Turning first base in full flight, he struck his stride and raced on to second. Sewell was covering second, yelling at the damaged Wamby to retrieve the ball.

But before it could be recovered Ruth hurled his huge body inside the bag, twisted around it, and made a two-base hit on what was only an ordinary single.

He raced home with the tying score when Meusel's short fly dropped safe in right field, taking a desperate chance to score and forcing Jamieson to throw to the plate.

He beat the throw, and as he slid safely over the rubber after his adventurous trip around the bags, Meusel sprinted to second and a moment later, when Pipp ripped a screaming single over second base, Meusel scored and the Yankees were in the lead.

From then on, the Indians had few chances against Hoyt, who had steadied, and when the eighth came Ruth lifted himself to new heights.

He slashed a vicious two-base hit over first base, sprinted desperately on to third when Meusel sacrificed, and came tearing across the plate when Pipp drove out a long fly.

The Indians were fighting hard, striving to retrieve the game, but with two out—the tying and winning runs on the bases, Hoyt struck out Steve O'Neill and ended the battle.

Cleveland, repulsed in the opening game, rallied the next day, but although they won, and were again within two points of the leadership of the league, the Yankees fell upon them on the third day, clubbed and battered them into submission, scoring twenty-one runs, and settling the issue for that season.

Bucky Harris' idea of the greatest game he remembers will be reported by Mr. Fullerton in an early issue.

The Box Score

CLEVELAND

	A.B.	R.	H.	Po.	A.	E.
Jamieson, lf	3	0	0	4	0	0
Wambsganss, 2b	2	0	1	3	2	0
Wood, cf	3	0	0	5	0	0
Smith, rf	4	0	0	3	0	0
Gardner, 3b	4	1	2	1	0	0
Sewell, ss	4	1	2	2	2	0
Johnson, 1b	4	0	0	4	0	0
O'Neill, c	3	0	1	2	0	0
Coveleskie, p	3	0	0	0	4	0
Speaker*	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	31	2	6	24	8	0

*Batted for Coveleskie in ninth.

NEW YORK

	A.B.	R.	H.	Po.	A.	E.
Miller, cf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Peck, ss	4	0	0	2	2	0
Ruth, lf	3	3	3	0	0	0
Meusel, rf	3	1	1	2	0	0
Pipp, 1b	3	0	2	11	2	1
Ward, 2b	4	0	0	2	5	0
McNally, 3b	3	0	0	2	2	0
Schang, c	2	0	0	6	2	0
Hoyt, p	3	0	0	1	2	0
Totals	28	4	6	27	15	1

Two-base hits—Ruth three, Pipp, O'Neill. Three-base hit—Sewell. Stolen base—Wambsganss. Sacrifice hits—Wambsganss, Wood, Meusel, Pipp. Bases on balls—off Hoyt 3; off Coveleskie 3. Struck out—by Hoyt 7; by Coveleskie 1. Wild pitch—Hoyt.

CLEVELAND	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	—2
NEW YORK	0	0	0	1	0	2	0	1	x	—4

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Strong Talk

En route on a train my attention was called to a boy and girl, both about four years of age, who had picked up an acquaintance over the back of a seat. After telling each other their names and talking pleasantly for a while, the little girl remarked that the car had a funny curtain.

"That's no curtain, that's a blind," said the boy.

After an animated argument on the subject the little girl became indignant and remarked, "You don't know nothing."

With a deep scowl on his face as he started to turn away, the boy retorted, "Oh, be your filthy age."—Mrs. Helen B. Sellinger, 257 E. Sixth St., Erie, Pa.

Did Auntie Reform?

Marie, the five-year-old charge of a sedate school-teacher aunt, attended an outdoor revival. The preacher made the following proposition: "All who know that your home is not what it should be, come give me your hand."

Marie marched right down to the front and gave the preacher her chubby hand.

"Didn't I tell you not to go up?" asked the aunt angrily.

"You know our home is not what it ought to be," Marie hurled back reproachfully.

"Why isn't it, I'd like to know?"

"Because"—stammered Marie—"because we don't have hot cakes for breakfast every morning, that's why."—Kathleen Hunnicutt, Cotton Plant, Ark.

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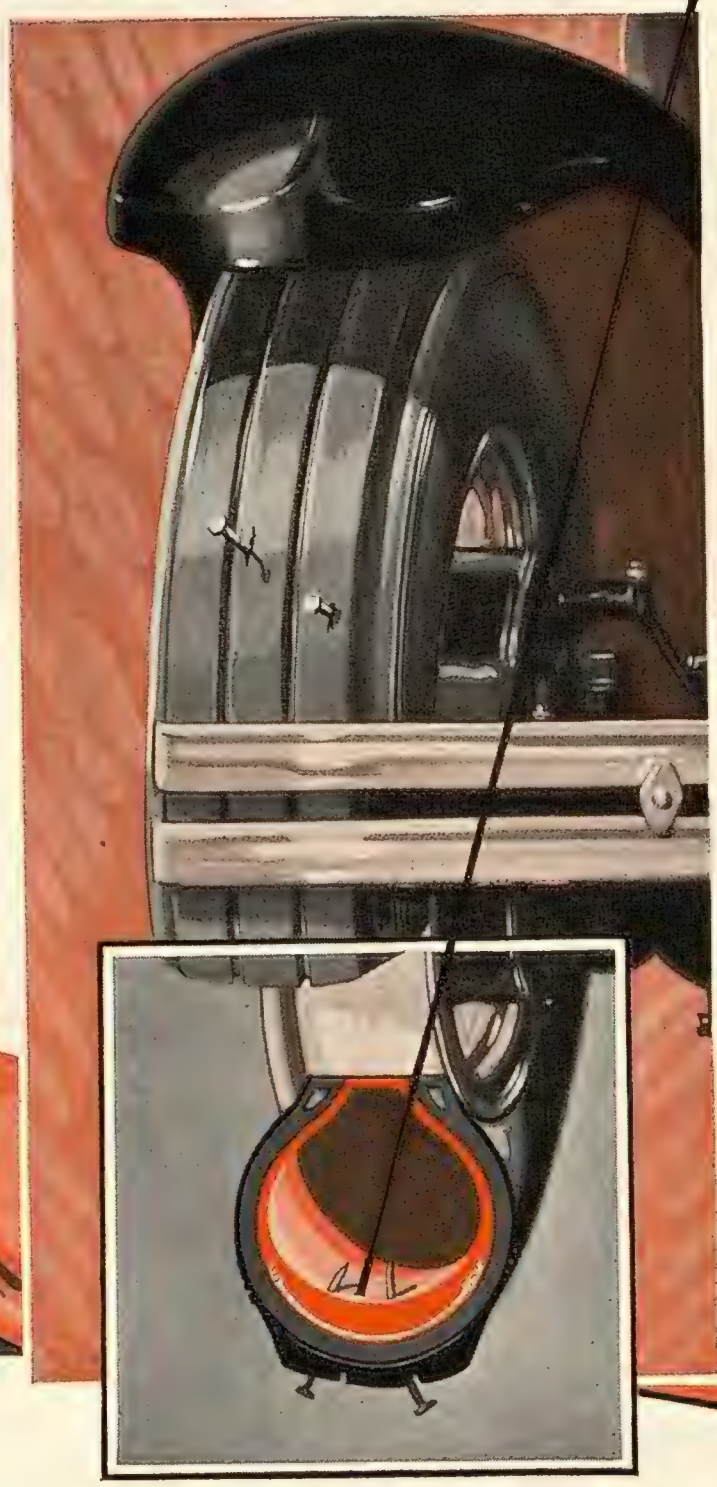

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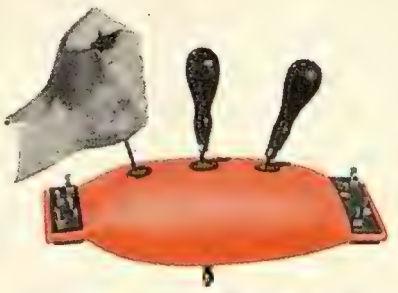

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FOOL ERRANT

Pictures by
RAYMOND SISLEY

The door opened wider. A woman in a black dress stood there, holding a candle. "Better come in," she said.

Doors to New Dangers Swing Open

In a New Episode of the Serial

By PATRICIA WENTWORTH

YOUNG Hugo Ross wanted desperately to see Loveday Leigh. He couldn't imagine what her face looked like. But he knew her voice, for he had bumped into her in the dark. This had happened near the home of Minstrel, the great inventor.

Hugo had told her, then, that he was going to try for the job of secretary to Minstrel, and she had cried out that he mustn't. Her train for London had come at that moment, and there had been no time for an explanation.

Well, he took the job and it *was* queer. Minstrel and Hacker, Minstrel's assistant, plainly thought him a fool—and another man did, too. For some inexpensive field glasses Hugo had pawned, a man named Rice made him extravagant, mysteriously worded offers of money.

Loveday called up and asked young Ross to meet her in London. When he kept the appointment a rather tawdry girl introduced herself as Loveday. Hugo was sure she was Cissy, the girl Loveday was living with. He pretended to be fooled, left her, and went straight to Mr. Benbow Smith.

Mr. Smith had a theory which threw an ominous light on all this mystery. Minstrel, he said, was working on plans valuable to any government. Should he want to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[FOOL ERRANT
Continued from page seventy-one]

sell them to a foreign power, what better way to escape the hounding of public opinion than to convict Hugo of stealing and selling them? The offers of money would be evidence.

Hugo, in spite of the danger, decided to see it through.

That evening he ran into Cissy and got her address—Loveday's address. He found the house, followed a man up dark stairs, and overheard a conversation. Loveday was to be put on an outgoing ship. She knew too much. A woman gave him a key which let him into a dark room. He heard Loveday's voice!

Together they climbed out of a window, over roofs, and into another window. He learned, then, what her warning had meant. She had overheard Minstrel talking to Hacker. Mr. Smith was right.

Hugo lighted a match, and he and Loveday looked into each other's faces for the first time.

Part Six

LOVEDAY was the first to recover. She drew a long unsteady breath and said:

"Have I got a smut on my nose?"

"N-not on your nose," said Hugo.

"Where? Oh! How horrid of you!"

"There's one on your chin, and one up near your eyelashes." He could hear her rubbing vigorously.

"You'll only m-make it w-worse," he said.

"I always get smudges," said Loveday. "Some people never do; but if there's one single smut in a whole town, it gets on to my nose."

"It wasn't on your nose."

"Why don't you get smuts? You were simply *horribly* clean."

"I know." He spoke despondently. "It's one of the things that make people think I'm a m-mug."

Loveday nodded in the dark.

"And you blushed," she added most unfairly.

Hugo blushed again.

"S-so did you."

"Lots of people can't blush," said Loveday. "*Lots* of them. I think it's rather dull to be the same color always. James was always exactly the same color—rather like soap, you know—and I got awfully bored with it."

Hugo felt a certain impatience with James. He looked at the dial of his watch and saw that it was nearly 11. He wondered how soon it would be safe to try and get away, and he wondered—quite suddenly he wondered—what on earth he was to do with Loveday. The thought rushed into words: "Loveday—do stop talking about James."

"Why?"

"Why do you w-want to talk about him? I w-want to talk about you. I w-want to talk about what we're going to do with you."

"With me?"

"Yes. It's eleven o'clock. By the time we get anywhere it'll be about midnight. What are we going to do with you?"

"I don't know." She did not sound seriously concerned.

"Have you got any f-friends in London?"

"Only Cissy."

"Cissy's not a f-friend. Look here, Loveday, I don't want to f-frighten you—but you mustn't make f-friends with girls like Cissy."

"She wasn't as nice as I thought she was," said Loveday mournfully.

"I c-can't think how you ever thought she was nice."

"It was James."

"J-James?"

"Yes—because he was so dull. That's the awful part of James. It's like being driven to drink—he's so deadly that anyone who isn't deadly seems to be most frightfully nice. That's why I thought Cissy was nice."

"What am I going to do with you?" said Hugo.

He felt her come a little nearer.

"You won't let them!—" Her hand touched his and clung to it.

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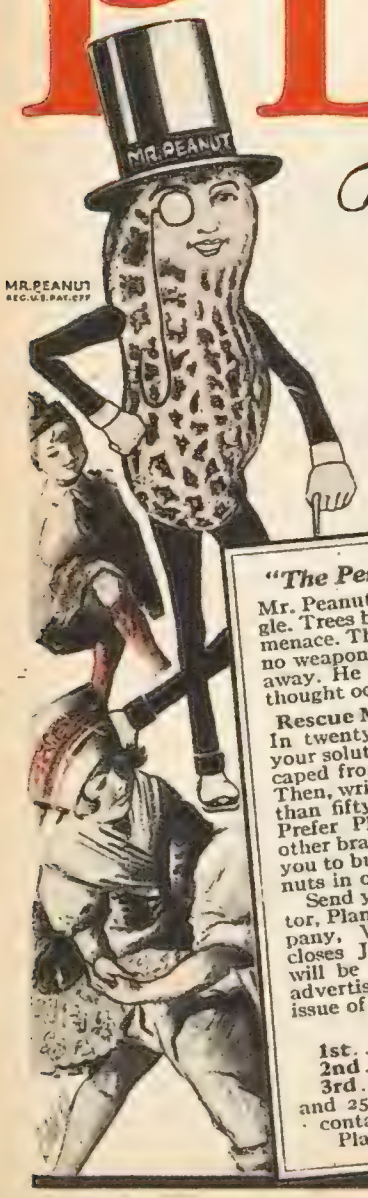

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"Of c-course not."

She came closer still, her shoulder touched his shoulder.

"It sounds silly, but I got frightened of Cissy. She said such odd things, and she wouldn't let me go out alone, and she gave me such a horrid feeling sometimes"—he felt her hand tremble—"the sort of feeling you get when horrid things are going to happen."

Hugo put his arm round her.

"I shouldn't think about it. I'll find somewhere safe for you," he said.

They stayed like that silent for a time. Loveday felt very safe, and Hugo very sure that he could keep her safe.

At last Hugo said, "Loveday—" and then, "Are you awake?"

"Is it time to go?"

"I think so."

He lit a match. The light showed a sloping roof, a packing case or two, the corner of a cistern, and rows of pots. A second match discovered a trapdoor a yard or two from where they sat.

"What shall we do if it's bolted?" said Loveday in a whisper.

HUGO had no idea. He could only hope that it would not be bolted, and found his hope rewarded; the trap came up and showed a ladder running down to a bathroom below.

They crawled down the ladder and opened the bathroom door. It was like opening the door into a new adventure. Here was a strange house full of strange people—people who were not really there at all, because their thoughts were wandering in some far-off dream. Hugo struck one match, and made out the staircase. After that they went down in the dark, step by step, waiting with held breath to hear if any of those dreaming people had been called back through the ivory gate.

No one moved but themselves; no one waked or stirred. The house had a sleepy, peaceful, friendly feeling. They went down, and down, and down to the foot of the stairs and along a yard or two of passage to the bolted and locked front door. The bolt creaked once, and they stood there with a most dreadful sense of guilt until the silence had settled again.

The key turned easily in the lock, and the door swung open and let in the warm wet air.

Hugo shut the door behind them. It made a little sound like a farewell. The house that it guarded slept on.

They came into a dark street where nothing moved. Everything was still and dim. They crossed the road. There was no light in any window of number fifty, and the taxi that had ticked before the door was gone. The way was clear.

Morrington Road was not quite so deserted. When they came to it, there were still people abroad and a taxi or two plying. Here each lamp as they passed it showed them to each other. Hugo saw that Loveday wore a gray jumper and skirt. She was coatless and hatless. Two of the people they met turned and stared as the light fell on the brown tumbled hair. She caught his arm.

"Have I still got a smut on my face?"

"No—it's gone. I mean they're gone—there were two."

"Then why did they stare?"

"Well, you know you haven't got a hat or a coat, and you're not in evening clothes—the hat wouldn't matter if you were."

The lamplight shone on them. He saw her wide, delightful smile and the dimple in her chin.

"Give me yours. Will you?"

Hugo blushed because he hadn't thought of this for himself, and it was so simple.

She crammed the old felt well down on her head and laughed.

"Is it becoming?"

"Not v-very. You've got it on crooked."

He put it straight for her quite seriously, and was dis-

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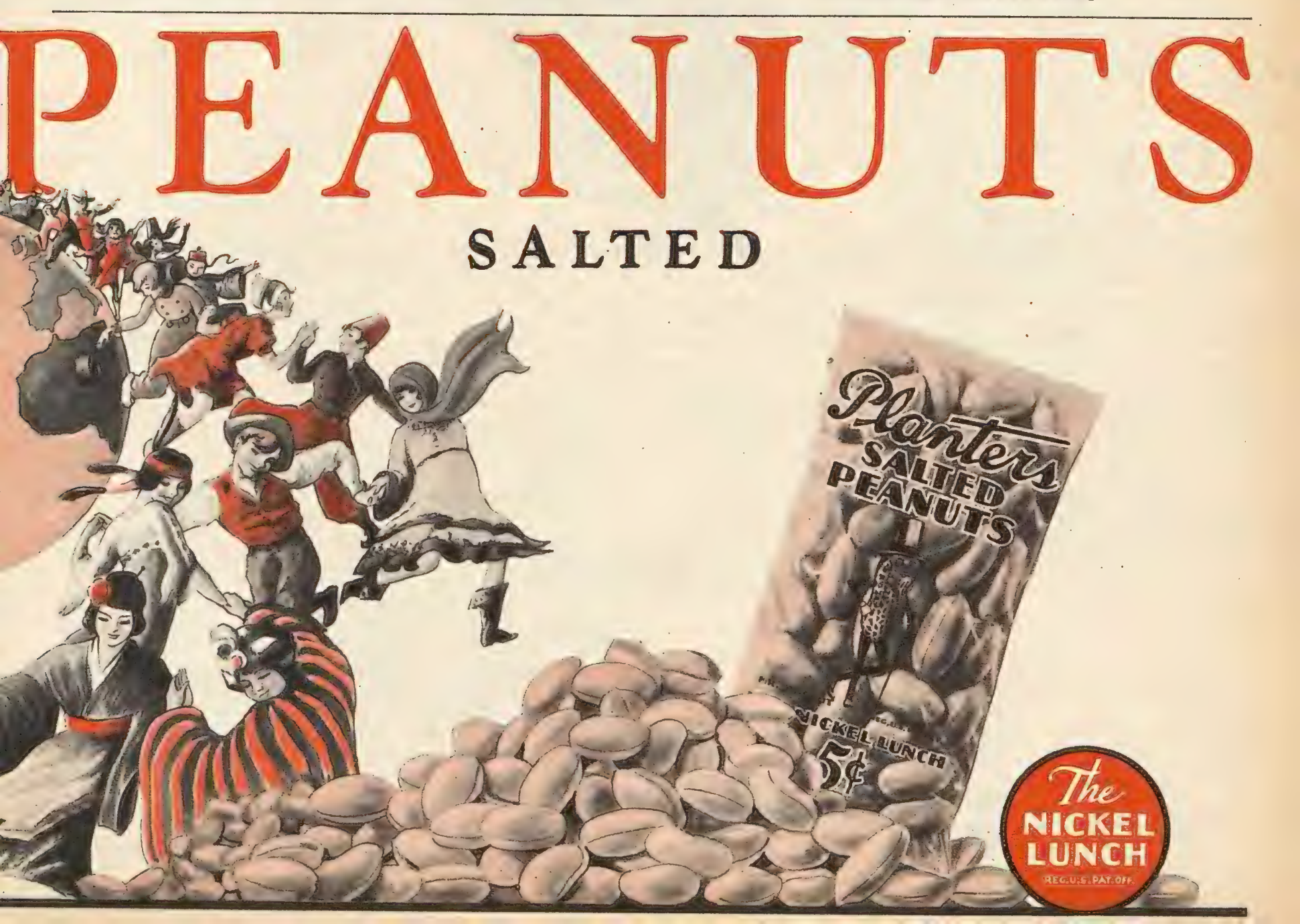

[FOOL ERRANT
Continued from page seventy-three]

concerted because she laughed again. It was very important that she should not be noticed. A man without a hat is nothing; but a girl in a gray jumper suit, hatless at midnight in the Bayswater Road, with wildly tumbled hair, would go on being stared at until he could get her into shelter. His hat made all the difference; in the Bayswater Road the few people whom they met did not stare at all.

They stopped at Notting Hill Gate tube station.

"Where are we going? What *are* you going to do with me, Hugo?"

Hugo had made up his mind. He would have to try and get Mr. Smith on the telephone. Something had to be done with Loveday, and Mr. Smith would have to take a hand. Besides, there were things he ought to know.

Having picked out Mr. Smith's remarkable name from amongst several closely printed pages of other Smiths, Hugo asked for the number and put his pennies in the slot. He rather blessed the godfathers and godmothers who had so conveniently afflicted Benbow Collingwood Horatio. He hoped and trusted with all his heart that Mr. Smith sat late amongst his books.

The telephone rattled and a voice said, "Who is there?"

"I want to speak to Mr. Smith." This was to make assurance doubly sure, for he recognized the calm, dreamy tones.

"I am Mr. Smith."

"Hugo speaking."

"Where from?" The question came with astonishing sharpness.

"Notting Hill Gate tube station. I thought that wouldn't m-matter. It's v-very important."

"Very well—go on. What has happened?"

Hugo felt a sudden conviction that Mr. Smith would disapprove very much of his interview with Cissy and the whole of this Lexley Grove adventure. He began to stammer a good deal.

Mr. Smith did not help him at all. He let Hugo get his story out in embarrassed jerks, and maintained a most complete and unhelpful silence until the end.

The ensuing pause was broken by the voice of the operator, who demanded two more pennies.

"ARE you there, s-sir?"

"Yes," said Mr. Smith dryly. "Is that, may I ask, the full tale of your indiscretions?"

"Yes, s-sir."

"You shouldn't have gone—I suppose you know that. The question is, did anyone recognize you?"

"No one s-saw me."

"The woman who gave you the key?"

Hugo was beginning to feel better.

"She didn't see me—it was dark."

"That makes no difference. You had just got the address from Miss Cissy. If the woman tells tales, I think we may suppose that Miss Cissy will put two and two together; and then, as far as you are concerned, the game is up—you are of no further use."

"I don't think she'd tell—she was scared stiff."

"Well, that remains to be seen. I'll find out and let you know. Now what about this young woman you've run off with? Where is she?"

"She's here, sir."

"And what do you propose to do with her?"

"I don't know, sir."

Mr. Smith appeared to be considering. There was quite a long pause. Then he said:

"She must go back to the cousin she was living with."

"Will that be safe, sir?"

"Perfectly—if she does what she's told. I'll arrange for her to have police protection. Let me see—the cousin lives at Ledlington, I think you said. Well, the young woman is to stay in Ledlington. No traipsing about—no gadding. She's to keep to frequented places and not go out alone at night or talk to strangers."

They crawled down the ladder. Here was a strange house full of strange people.

HUGO felt a most unjustifiable annoyance. Loveday was not a "young woman." She was Loveday. It was revolting to think of her being forced back into the society of James. The conviction that Mr. Smith's advice was good merely heightened the annoyance.

Mr. Smith went on speaking:

"For tonight take her to 105 Meeson Street. It's about five minutes' walk from where you are. Ask for Miss Agnes and say Ananias sent you. She'll take the girl in for the night and pack her off to her relations tomorrow."

"S-supposing she won't go, sir?"

Mr. Smith made no reply to this.

"That's all. And please remember that you are on no account to use the telephone again."

Hugo came out of the telephone box.

"What ages you were—what simply *ages!* What are we going to do?"

"I'm going to take you to a house near here."

"Whose house?"

"A Miss Agnes'. And—and he s-says you m-must go back to Ledlington tomorrow."

Loveday turned on him with her chin in the air and her eyes very bright under the brim of his old hat.

"Who says?"

"Well, I can't tell you. But we've b-both got to do what we're told."

"I haven't!" said Loveday.

"Yes, you have. It's f-frightfully important. I can't explain."

The eyes became tragic.

"Do you want me to go back to Ledlington and marry James?"

Hugo didn't want anything of the kind; but he clutched at common sense.

"Why should you m-marry James?"

"I've never been able to think of any reason why I shouldn't—that's just it."

"But nobody can m-make you."

Loveday broke into an unexpected gurgle of laughter.

"You don't know much about girls—do you?"

"Why should I?"

"Some people do. James does—at least he thinks he does. James thinks that any girl can be made to do anything if you're only persevering enough. And he just goes on being persevering, and singing awful sentimental slosh at me, and taking about ten minutes to shake hands every time I see him, and calling me '*Love* day' in the sort of voice that treacle would have if it could talk. And perhaps—perhaps he'll end by converting me, and then

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-SIX]

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A DAILY program that maintains the right balance between business and pleasure is often a main factor in securing permanent and solid results from the annual meeting of a trade society.

A "Clockwork Schedule"

With its reception, assembly, and committee rooms in the most convenient relative arrangement, the Morrison Hotel lends itself admirably to the rapid and smooth completion of all scheduled business. And the location of the building, giving quickest access to Loop theatres and transportation systems, assures a smooth-running entertainment program.

The Wonderful Terrace Garden

Many convention guests find their chief recreation in the Terrace Garden, where delightful entertainment and dance music give added zest to daintily served menus. The "terraces" that radiate from the dance floor afford every table a perfect view of the vaudeville artists.

1944 Outside Rooms, With Bath

Every room is outside, with bath, running ice water, telephone, bed-head lamp, and Servidor. The location, at the focus of Chicago's business and amusement life, has created subrentals that pay all the ground rent—a condition reflected in the following exceptionally low rate scale:

TABLE OF RATES (single in each case)

202 Rooms, $2.50	457 Rooms, $4.00	15 Rooms, $6.00
241 Rooms, $3.00	245 Rooms, $4.50	35 Rooms, $7.00
480 Rooms, $3.50	189 Rooms, $5.00	21 Rooms, $8.00
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Sample Rooms from $6.00 to $12.00

Write for Special Convention Rates, and for Details Regarding Free Meeting Rooms

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THE HOTEL OF PERFECT SERVICE
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CLARK AND MADISON STS.
"IN THE HEART OF CHICAGO"

[FOOL ERRANT
Continued from page seventy-four]

I shall marry him in a sort of treacly trance. Do you *want* me to marry James in a treacly trance?"

They had been walking along the street. When Loveday asked this ridiculous question, she stood still and took hold of Hugo's arm with both hands. She shook the arm and said:

"Do you *want* me to marry James?"

They were out of the thoroughfare. The street was dark and empty. Loveday's face was turned up to him. Hugo did the sort of bold thing that only very shy people do. He said, "I'd hate you to m-marry James," and he kissed her. The kiss landed near her eyelashes where the smudge had been.

Loveday said, "Oh!" and pinched him very hard, then let go and began to run away. She did not run very fast, and Hugo caught her quite easily. His heart was beating fast. He did not know what he was going to say, but he heard himself saying, "I'm *f-frightfully* sorry." And then Loveday said, "*Are* you?" and his heart beat harder still, and he said, "No."

Loveday stopped and stamped her foot.

"You're *not!*"

"N-no."

QUITE suddenly Hugo stopped being shy. He took Loveday's hands and said:

"Oh, Loveday, do you w-want me to be sorry?"

Loveday said, "I don't know," and then she began to cry.

Hugo had always thought of her laughing. Now she was crying, and it was he who had made her cry. He ought to have been struck to the heart. Actually, he felt very large and strong and uplifted by the fact that he had made Loveday cry. It made him feel about six feet high and as strong as Samson.

When Loveday snatched away her hands and covered her face, he put his arms round her and kissed the little bare, cold fingers and the point of her chin.

"Oh!" said Loveday with a heartrending little sob. And then all at once she put her head on his shoulder and clung to him.

Hugo said all the words he had never said to anyone before; words like darling and sweetheart just crowded into his mind and said themselves into Loveday's ear. It was the most astonishing thing that had ever happened.

"Darling love! Darling love!"

Loveday pinched him with all her might.

"I'm so frightened!" she sobbed.

"Don't be frightened. Darling, don't be frightened."

"I *am* frightened—I'm dreadfully frightened. Oh, please hold me."

"I am holding you. You needn't be frightened any more."

"Why did they want to carry me off? I'm frightened about it."

"You're quite safe. I think they wanted to get you out of the way. Did Cissy know what you overheard about me?"

"Yes—I told her. Wasn't I an idiot?"

"Yes," said Hugo. He kissed her again.

"I told Cissy, and it was after that she wouldn't let me go out alone, and she used to lock the door when she went out. She *said* it was because the other people in the house weren't very nice; and that gave me a horrid sort of frightened feeling. She said Maggie's husband wasn't very nice—and I don't think he was."

"Maggie?"

"She let you in. She has the room across the landing. I liked her—I thought she was kind."

"Why do you think m-my nam

Hugo frowned in the dark. "It was a beastly house for you to be in. I s-say, darling, I wouldn't t-tell anyone about it if I were you."

"Of course not. You're different—aren't you?"

"Of course I am. You can tell me anything."

Loveday gave a little whispering laugh.

"I shan't. I shall tell you just what I want to."

"You've got to be good—you've got to be frightfully good and go back to your cousin Emily—she *was* Emily, wasn't she?"

"EMILY BROWN—Emily—featherbed—Brown. If I go back, she'll simply smother me with things like 'I told you so,' and 'Look before you leap,' and masses and masses of good advice and more things like 'It isn't done,' and 'Just see what comes of it, my dear,' till I'm choked. And when I'm choked perfectly dumb and helpless, James will come along and propose to me in about five volumes, and I shan't be able to say 'No.'"

Hugo actually laughed.

"I'm not really afraid of James," he said.

"Suppose I marry him?"

"You won't."

"How d'you know?"

"Because some day you're going to marry me."

s? " he said, and stopped pumping to stare at her.

He kissed Loveday, and he laughed as he kissed her. And she pinched him and laughed too and said in a whisper:

" Hugo, why do you laugh? Why? "

" Because I've got everything in the world to laugh at."

Loveday did not laugh again. She put her lips close to Hugo's ear and said:

" You're not going back? "

" Back where? "

" To that horrible house."

He had both arms round her. He shook her a little, gently.

" Of course I'm going back."

" You're not. You *mustn't!* "

" Silly little thing! I must."

" I'm not silly—I'm sensible. It's silly to go back to a horrible house where you know people have got some horrid plan to get you into trouble."

" Loveday—listen. I m-must go back. I can't tell you why, and you m-mustn't ask. I've got a job of work to do, and I've simply got to go back. I c-can't tell you any more than that."

Loveday went on pinching.

" You said that just like James. James is frightfully earnest. If you're going to be earnest and secretive and like James, I won't ever marry you. Why must you go back? They'll get you into some horrible, horrible trouble if you do. They felt all horrible and wicked when they were talking. If you go back, they'll do something horrid to you—I know they will."

" No, they won't. Look here, Loveday—don't you see it makes all the difference, my knowing that they're going to try it on? I know what they're up to; and they don't know that I know. And as long as they think I don't know, I'm safe. Do you see? "

" I don't see anything."

Footsteps sounded, so close to them that they started apart. A man went by with a shuffling tread. Hugo realized with a start how late it was.

THE house they were looking for was no more than two minutes' walk.

On the doorstep he asked, " Have you any money? "

" Cissy's got it," said Loveday. " I had twenty pounds, and she said it wasn't safe to leave it about. And yesterday, when I asked for some, she said it had gone to pay my board and lodging till the end of the month and that I was lucky to be taken in for so little in London. But I don't think it was a little—I think it was a lot—don't you? "

Hugo didn't say what he thought about Cissy; he rang the bell instead. There was a tinkle of sound.

Loveday came close.

" Someone will come, and you'll go away."

" I must."

" Oh, Hugo!

" Darling, I must! "

" Will you come and see me? "

" I can't."

" Or write to me? "

" No—I can't."

" And mustn't I write to you? "

" N-no, darling."

He kissed her, and she kissed him back. The door began to open. It opened about six inches and then stopped.

" Who's there? " said a voice.

What was one to answer? It was no good saying " Miss Leigh," but what was one to say? Hugo began to stammer:

" W-we were s-sent—I mean t-told—I mean he s-said to ask f-for M-Miss Agnes."

" I am Miss Agnes. Who sent you? "

" Ananias," said Hugo, and thought how mad it sounded.

The door opened wider. A woman in a black dress stood there, holding a candle.

" Better come in," she said.

II

HUGO went back to Meade House in the morning. A curious incident happened when he was saying good-by to Mrs. Miles. He had shaken hands with her and was picking up his suitcase when the red-haired Mr. Miller came running down the stairs. Mrs. Miles opened the door, and when Hugo said, " Good-by, Mrs. Miles," she said she was sure it was a pleasure and she hoped it wouldn't be no time before they were seeing him again.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[FOOL ERRANT
Continued from page seventy-seven]

It was just at this moment that Mr. Miller reached the third step from the bottom. He leaned on the banisters and called out in a familiar tone: "Hullo! Are you off? Well, so long—and I expect you'll get your price all right, though I must say you pitched it pretty high. Still, there's nothing like asking—is there?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Hugo; and as he shut the door he thought to himself that he knew very well. Mr. Miller could now bring Mrs. Miles as well as Ella to testify that he had had conversations with Hugo as to the price of some unnamed article. It was a crude device, and its crudity showed plainly how low they rated him.

He hoped that they would continue to rate him insultingly low.

He went back to Meade House in extraordinarily high spirits. The whole thing had become a great adventure.

He found a letter from Mr. Rice waiting for him. He read it up in his own room. Mr. Rice wrote

DEAR SIR:

I see no reason whatever why we should not be at an agreement. As I have said to you before, if the price that you ask is a high one, still, those for whom I am acting are quite willing to pay a high price, because, as I have said, they put a very high value on what you have to sell.

The matter must be concluded within a short time. I should be glad to hear from you whether you are satisfied with what we have offered.

That was all the letter.

Hugo read it three times. It contained just one piece of useful information—something was due to happen quite soon, or, as Mr. Rice put it, "within a short time."

He hoped that Mr. Rice was right, for he wanted the adventure to go ahead.

MINSTREL and Hacker returned at dusk; Hacker very much pleased with himself, Minstrel morose and acid. He vanished into his laboratory, emerged to bolt a horrible meal consisting of tinned mackerel and greasy cocoa, and then disappeared once more.

Hacker, in a genial mood, regaled Hugo with scandalous stories about prominent personages, becoming steadily more patronizing and well informed as the evening wore on. Hugo allowed himself to stammer a good deal.

Next day was dry and windy. Minstrel remained locked in his laboratory until noon, when he burst out and demanded music; after which he walked to and fro between the two rooms, scowling and pulling at his beard. Once he stopped by the gramophone and spoke through the tumult of The Flying Dutchman overture:

"Does he speak to you? Or are you deaf and idiotic like Hacker? Hacker likes noise—jazz—a storm in a teacup. No, not a teacup—he hasn't any use for tea—a storm in a champagne glass and plenty of silly tinkling laughter—that's Hacker's taste! Is it yours?"

"N-no, sir."

Minstrel's lip lifted.

"The virtuous apprentice!" he sneered. "Do you think that commends itself to me? I hate a prig!"

He stopped suddenly and held up his hand. The tumult and the storm had melted into an enchanted calm. He seemed to listen with caught breath till the record ended with the grating of the needle in an empty groove. Then he fetched a deep sigh, looked past Hugo for a moment, and with an abrupt turn stalked back into the laboratory and banged the door.

In the afternoon Hugo went down to the post with some letters. After some consideration he had decided to leave Mr. Rice's communication unanswered.

He burnt it to a fine ash, and wondered what they would make of his silence.

The letters he took to the post were Minstrel's. One of them was addressed to the Air Ministry. If it was not a holograph letter, it must have been taken down by Hacker; certainly it had not been dictated to Hugo.

He posted the letters and began to walk back. The distance was about three-quarters of a mile. He had gone about half the way and had reached a long straight stretch of lonely road, when a girl on a bicycle passed him slowly and then, with an exclamation, jumped off her machine and began to feel the back tire. It was certainly very flat.

"You've got it on crooked." He put it straight for her.

SHE poked it, made a vexed little sound, and then in a very fumbling manner she began to do something incompetent with her pump. The tire remained flat. Hugo received a glance of appeal, and before he quite knew how it had happened, he was pumping the tire.

The girl had a London look; her shoes were thin, and so were her stockings. She had pretty, fluffy fair hair and pretty blue eyes, which she used with some effect.

She thanked Hugo profusely:

"I'm so stupid with a cycle. I can ride it, you know, but if anything goes wrong—well, I'm in the soup as sure as my name's Daisy."

Hugo gave ever so slight a start. It was a coincidence, of course; if he were not all strung up and on the lookout for things to happen, he would never have noticed it. If Mr. Smith wanted to send him a message, it would be signed Daisy. But then, Daisy was a very common name. It was just a coincidence.

"I'm sure it's ever so stupid of me. You *are* clever at it—aren't you? And I'm keeping you, and perhaps you're in a hurry. Do you live near here?"

"N-not very far. I'll pump the other one whilst I'm at it."

"Oh, *thank* you! You are clever at it, Mr. Ross."

This time Hugo's start was a very definite one.

"Why do you think m-my name is Ross?" he said, and stopped pumping to stare at her.

The blue eyes opened very wide.

"Isn't it? I thought it was. Mine's Daisy."

They looked at each other.

"Daisy?" said Hugo.

"Isn't it a pretty name?" said the damsel.

"Daisy?" said Hugo again.

She nodded.

"You're Hugo Ross, aren't you?"

He saw no harm in admitting it, so he said, "Yes."

"Good gracious! What a fuss about saying so! You've got a sister, haven't you? What's *her* name?"

"S-Susan," said Hugo.

"And what's the parrot's name?"

It wasn't a coincidence; it was a message from Mr. Smith.

Hugo said "Ananias," and the girl nodded.

"Just as well to be on the safe side, though I recognized you from your photograph."

"My photograph?"

"The one in your sister's wedding group—only you don't look so cross in real life. Well, I've got a message for you. He thought you'd better know that Maggie Plane didn't give you away."

"I don't know her name," he began, and then he remembered that Loveday had called the woman across the landing at number fifty Maggie. It was a great relief to be sure she had held her tongue.

"He thought you'd better know," said Daisy. "Oh—

and Ananias thought you'd better have this—he thought it might be useful." She put a long envelope into his hand. "Don't open it now—there's no particular point in anyone coming along and seeing us. Well, I must be getting along. And thank you ever so much for pumping my tire. The front one isn't really flat, you know."

Hugo watched her ride away. He pushed the envelope down inside his pocket and walked back through the dusk. When he reached the house he went up to his own room. After the first glance at the contents of the envelope he went and stood with his back against the door. They were not at all what he wished Hacker or anyone else in the house to see. He looked at them for a minute or two, turned them over, and finally put them back into the envelope and put the envelope back into his pocket.

Then he slipped down the stairs and went out again. It was dark enough on the drive, but it was darker still in the shrubbery. It took him five minutes or so to find what he was looking for.

He returned to the house, to find Minstrel angrily demanding of heaven, earth, and Mr. Hacker why he paid a secretary if that secretary was not to be there when he was wanted. He began to dictate letters with great volubility: one to a Swedish professor concerning several extremely abstruse and technical matters, another to a publisher, and a third to an American agent refusing a lecture tour.

This last was so exceedingly vituperative that Hugo wondered whether Minstrel really meant to send it. He walked about all the time that he was dictating and appeared to be in a state of extreme nervous tension. When the letters were written, he made Hugo read them over. In the end he tore up two out of the three and began all over again. Then, suddenly breaking off, he said:

"They can wait! Why should I answer letters? Fools with all the time in the world on their hands write to me and expect me to answer them. They expect me to waste time which is worth not just money but ideas—unminted, unrealized, and unassayed ideas worth more than any wretched sordid gold that was ever mined. They expect me to take these ideas and pay them out—sweat for them, and then pay them out to any fool who writes to me and begs. Pah! They make me sick!"

HE walked down the room and back again.

"What's the good of you if you can't answer this sort of pettifogging stuff without bothering me?"

He picked up the American's letter and thrust it into Hugo's face.

"Like to like! Tell him I'll see him dead before I'll cheapen my wits to put money in his pocket!"

Minstrel flung over to the bookshelf, plucked forth a book, and, opening it, stood there reading, his back to the room.

Hugo wrote briefly that Mr. Ambrose Minstrel could not at present contemplate a lecture tour in the United States. It was 9 o'clock before he was free.

He went up to his room and looked out at the night. There was a strong, warm wind blowing; clouds that had hung low all day were piled high in the east. The south and west were clear, and there was moonlight, though he could not see the moon. The house oppressed him. He put his flute into his pocket and went out. The front door shut behind him with a bang.

He was perhaps halfway down the drive, when the door opened and shut again noiselessly. Mr. James Hacker took the same way. He wore tennis shoes and moved with caution.

Hugo went on, and presently climbed to the top of the wooded hill which had become his place of refuge. He liked being high up, and he liked the trees. The wind blew through them tonight, and their many moving shadows made patterns in the moonlight. He settled himself in the crook of a branch and began to play.

Mr. Hacker turned and went over the hill toward Torring House.

Hugo didn't know it, but he stood on the verge of one of his most glamorous and perilous adventures. Yes, there's a woman in it—but not Loveday. Watch for Part Seven of this story, in next week's Liberty.

Next time—Stop at this *New* St. Louis Hotel!

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Feeding *the* BABY

By ETHEL SOMERS

Nutritious vegetable liquor is saved by steaming the cleaned spinach in a sheet of parchment paper.

WE greet you again this week in coöperation with a nation-wide campaign to stimulate interest in child health.

During Child Health Week it especially behooves every American citizen to make plans for the ensuing year that will best build and conserve American childhood. Your child, my child, and the public's child are the important cause to which this week is dedicated.

Not to be outdone by Lil and Sandy and to further our experimental kitchen projects in a practical way, we were blessed with an infant son. He is just an average American boy who would rank in the well nourished group, but, nevertheless, a feeding experiment all our own!

Our feeding experiment.

It was suggested that perhaps our May Day contribution might appropriately be a résumé of what we have learned these nine months through our own actual study and practice.

Regularity is the first essential of right feeding. On this hinges the rhythmical flow of digestive juices and the psychological impulse that starts the digestive tract working.

Some authorities would not permit the slightest deviation from schedule, while others would tide over any crisis tending to upset the schedule by introducing a new occupation—a buggy ride or a toy. If this fails, these authorities think it more practical to feed the baby fifteen minutes earlier rather than permit him to cry himself into a state of exhaustion which would make him too tired to eat at the scheduled time.

As to the exact diet with its additions from month to month, only a pediatrician or doctor can competently advise. Individual cases require personal prescriptions in the way of food, and the exact diet depends entirely upon the physical condition of the infant being fed. Guides for feeding and cards to chart the result are easily obtainable through your Health Department, the United States Children's Bureau, or the American Child Health Association. These are designed for the average infant and it is entirely possible that individual variations from these feeding schedules would be advisable.

Learning to drink from a spoon came at an early stage to our feeding experiment. We found the spoons pictured herewith a great help in our teaching. The orange spoon provides an ideal means of dropping the cod-liver oil, tomato juice (fed at six weeks), or orange juice (fed at eleven weeks) into the baby's mouth.

A bunch of select soup greens and water, cooked in a tightly covered kettle, provide much nutriment.

At the age of two months the spoon was replaced by a lightweight cup.

IN line with this page of fundamental advice on child feeding, you will find many recipes for simple, wholesome children's dishes in the three LIBERTY cookbooks. The price of each of these handy little books is 10 cents; you may have all three for 25 cents. In sending for them, please use the coupon.

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5-4-29

We have found a silver cup with rolled edge best for this purpose. Before the baby learns to drink from the cup he must associate it with his spoon feeding. Once the association becomes fixed there is little difficulty. This means some spilling and the exercise of much patience, but at three months our baby could drink readily and without spilling.

At four months he was ready to drink cereal gruels, and at five months other vegetable juices were added. The cereal gruels were gradually made thicker and richer until in the seventh month he was eating a thick cereal cooked in whole milk undiluted. At five and one-half months the baby sat up alone in his padded high chair. At this stage the long-handled parfait spoon was handy for feeding him.

New foods were always introduced into the diet by degrees, starting with only a few teaspoons and increasing this amount gradually. It is best to give these just before nursing. By the sixth month the baby's meals consisted of vegetable soups and purées thickened with cereals and seasoned with meat and liver broths. At seven months, egg yolk, scraped apples, and ripe bananas were added.

By nine months the white lettuce heart or tender celery was fed raw, while other leaves, such as spinach, cabbage, and chard, were lightly cooked and sieved. Hard foods, such as whole-cereal wafers and zwieback, were also given at this time.

Now, in the ninth month, our feeding experiment's chief interest is in wielding the feeding spoon himself.

So he now has a short-handled spoon of his own, a shallow lightweight cup without a handle, and a deep feeding dish with straight sides that help him load the spoon. Of course, there are messy fingers, soiled bibs, and wasted food to be charged to his education.

Downtown in Paris

By Bettina Bedwell

Paris.

BARE backs and uncovered arms, complete eclipse of the knees, fabrics that are a transparent fact—these are all spring fashion news. Authentic? Yes, indeed. Form fit, exotic prints, high waistlines, these too are fashion headliners. However, the tourist who knows her way about in Paris will see none of such goings-on in clothes in downtown quarters.

On the broad, tree-flanked boulevards that make Paris a delight in the sun, fashion is a discreet creature. Daring styles with their intoxication are for the subtle, silken moments of pleasure. Downtown is consecrated to the serious and sober pursuits of commerce, and the Parisienne is too sensible to desecrate this spirit. If she but go down to buy a yard of frivolous pink ribbon, she garbs herself as part of the scheme. Downtown chic, therefore, becomes a simple classic. On the Paris boulevards this spring there are heaps of simple suits made of silk or plain featherweight woolen. They have plain jackets, uncomplicated sweaters or blouses, and straight-line skirts. But they look fresh and fashionable. A new Parisienne color scheme for downtown is a factor. It is gray and black.

This Lelong suit of black crêpe satin has a blouse of pearl-gray crêpe satin.

White jersey may go out to business on a bright day; this suit is by Patou.

The Lelong suit in our first photograph is a classic of black crêpe satin, with a collarless cardigan jacket, and a skirt having a single godet in front. The blouse is of pearl-gray satin with tiny tucks and notched plaits as its sole decoration. A black straw hat with a lifted front brim and a gray and black flower provide plenty of smart detail, finished by black pumps and beige stockings.

When a really bright day comes along, the white jersey suit from Jean Patou shown in the lower photograph suits the time without being too gay. Half-sleeves and stripes of navy blue make the white sparkle, and the hand-worked collar of white organdie does a lot for its feminine charm. The white felt hat with its shady brim is smart and appropriate, and the correct shoes would be navy blue kid or calfskin.

For the lady who dines downtown Lanvin designed this simple frock of black tulle.

Premet makes a dress of green jersey with a vestee of green, white, and black stripes.

A DRESS to be worn with no wrap when warmer weather comes is the Premet frock shown in the oval. Very soft gray-green jersey makes this frock with its simple waist and circular skirt. A smart color accent is achieved by the white collar, cuffs, and cord belt, and by the white, green, and black vestee. Two small black flowers are worn at the shoulder. Black slippers for this frock, and a green straw or felt hat with a gay ribbon.

If you are dining downtown à la Parisienne, you will wear a frock that suggests evening gayety, toned to the environment. The Jeanne Lanvin summer evening ensemble shown in our fourth photograph is what Paris suggests. A plain frock of black tulle has a short jacket of tulle embroidered with black spangles, and short sleeves with flaring lower halves of plain tulle. Silver slippers add a demure touch.

* * *

Reboux is working night and day to supply the demand for her large colored chiffon handkerchiefs.

Black with sunset pink is one of the newest and smartest Vionnet color combinations.

Smart Parisiennes are wearing eight-button pull-on gloves in black, gold, and colors after dark.

For Bad Complexion

Never again need you be ashamed of your complexion. The admiration lavished upon the vivacious, beautiful woman can be yours to enjoy. The cause of your trouble is probably constipation. It ravages the system, destroys beauty. Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, better than calomel, is a vegetable compound mixed with olive oil, known by their olive color. Will eliminate constipation, cleanse your system, give you health that makes beauty. A famous, sure but harmless corrective used for 20 years. Non-habit-forming. No bad after-effects. Take nightly. At druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

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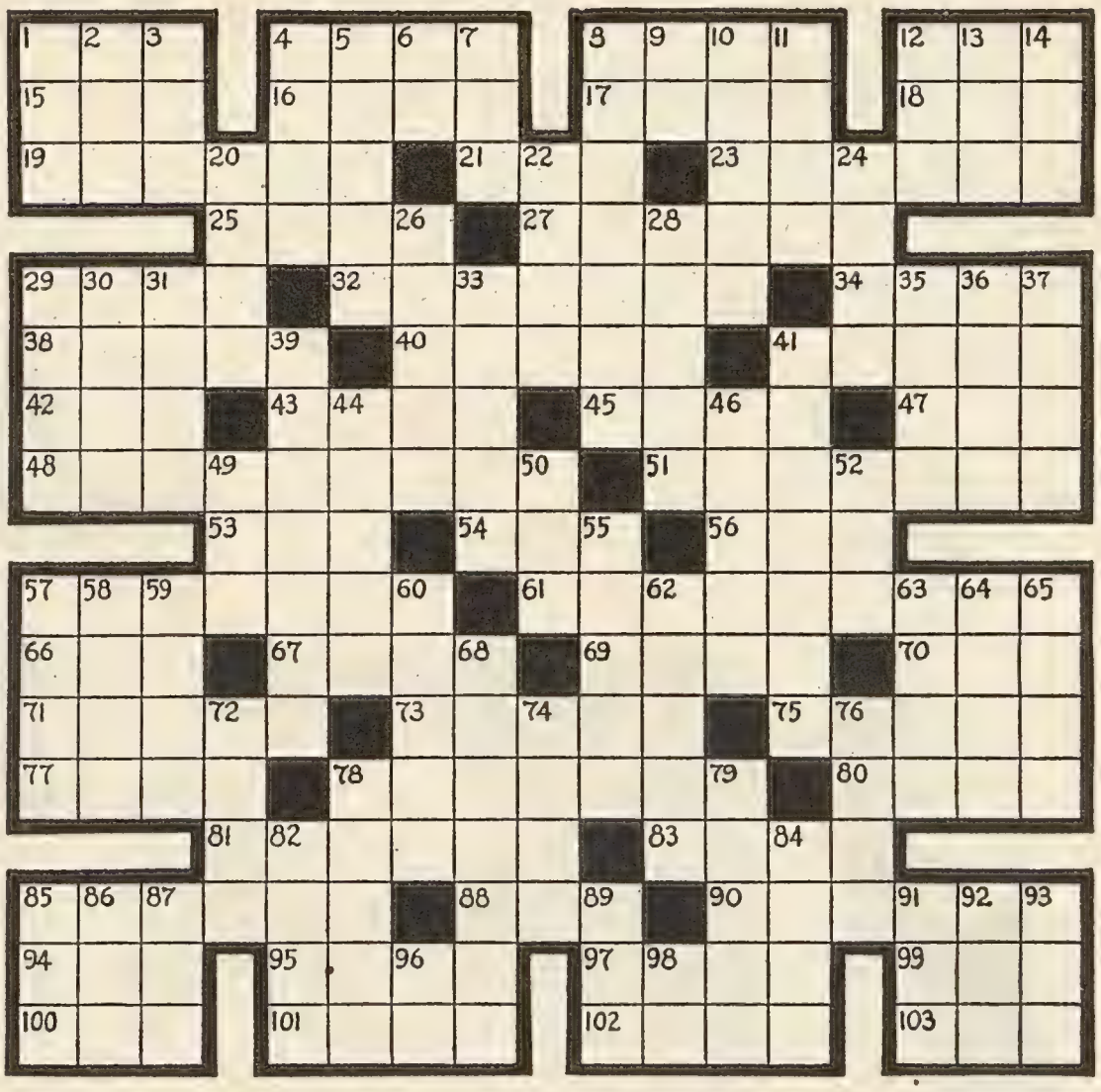
Frank C. Clark, Times Bldg., N. Y.

Two New Puzzles

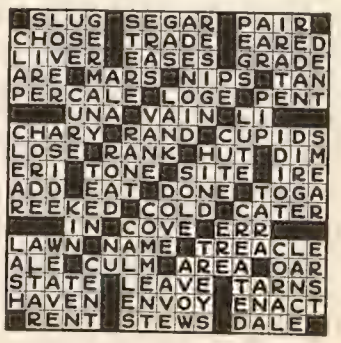


HORIZONTAL

1 Steadying device
4 Food fish
8 Peel
12 Unrefined
15 Peer Gynt's mother
16 River in Brazil
17 Hebrew measure
18 Woman's name
19 Breed of dog
21 Babylonian deity
23 River nymphs
25 The same (Latin)
27 Low; coarse
29 Heavenly body
32 Medicinal
34 Orient
38 Mark with a name
40 Unaspirated consonants
41 Responsibilities
42 Ill-temper
43 Esau
45 Any particular food
47 A southern constellation
48 Region at south end of South America
51 Retired room
53 Jackdaw
54 Extreme end
56 Metal
57 Given
61 Birds of passage
66 Past
67 Periods
69 Disembark
70 Digit
71 Fixes
73 Noisy festivity
75 Select class
77 Equal
78 Mocks
80 Playing cards
81 Comes into action
83 Cast or throw off
85 Navigator
88 Free from charges and deductions
90 Scenes of action
94 Man's name
95 Nothing more than
97 Carpenter's tools
99 Sheep
100 Thrust violently
101 Parched with heat
102 Liquefy
103 Moist

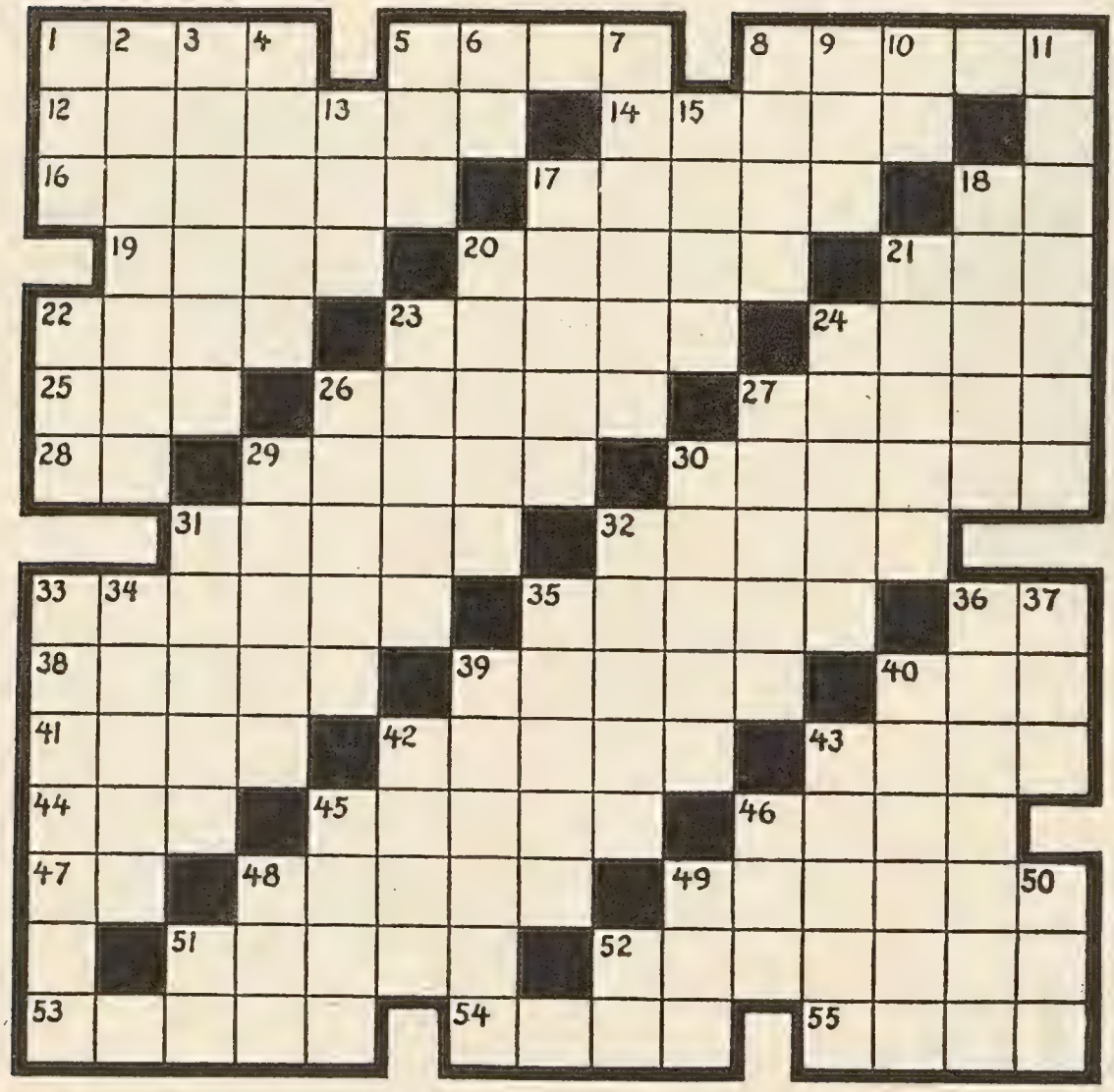
VERTICAL

1 A fuel
2 Utility
3 Nevertheless
4 Hastened
5 Seraglio
6 Measure of area
7 A fish
8 Put a camp in order
9 Form of to be
10 Of the kidneys
11 Pertaining to an era
12 Narrow inlet
13 Augment
14 Existed
20 Part of a wheel
22 Ireland
24 Mental image
26 A fruit
28 Fundamental
29 Slide
30 Seat of ancient Irish kings
31 Incite
33 Relinquish an office
35 An Asiatic
36 Withered
37 An autocrat
39 Ambassadors
41 A word game
44 Dowry
46 Sheared
49 Woman's name
50 Point
52 Confronted
55 Heaped
57 Dank
58 A molding
59 No one
60 Risks
62 Heavy winds
63 Auditory
64 Mechanical repetition
65 Comprehends
68 Made calm
72 Apothecary's weight
74 Jaw for holding work
76 Load
78 Partaker of a meal
79 Word expressing futurity
82 An incarnation of Vishnu
84 Formerly
85 Baronet's title
86 Period
87 Old Dutch measure
89 Scotch cap
91 Fresh
92 Reverential fear
93 Put in place
96 Japanese measure of distance
98 Pronoun



Answer to last week's puzzle

for Agile Minds



HORIZONTAL

1 Platform of a lecture hall
5 Proud or haughty affectation (colloq.)
8 To set at defiance
12 Composes and writes
14 In a state of separation
16 Seafarer
17 Bring into alignment
18 One of the United States (abbr.)
19 A Spanish gypsy dance
20 Peculiarity or mannerism
21 A beetle
22 Gives or assigns, as a contract
23 The spine of an animal
24 Genus of African trees
25 Suffix used to form feminine nouns
26 Aspect
27 Paroxysmal pain
28 Pronoun
29 Threefold
30 Having rhythmical fall
31 Impel forward
32 A man's name
33 Walk pompously
35 Game similar to handball
36 Note of the diatonic scale
38 Doubly
39 Indian of Guiana
40 Threefold; prefix
41 Roil
42 Deposit grain in swaths
43 Have appearance
44 Right-angle extension of a building
45 Holly (variant)
46 Colorless
47 Man's name shortened
48 City in Delaware
49 Shipworm
51 Game at cards
52 Bullfighter
53 Retinue of attendants
54 Pass over without notice
55 Scottish historian and philosopher

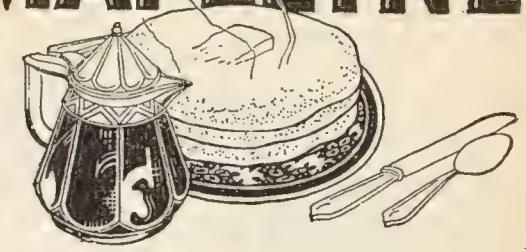
VERTICAL

1 An underworld god (Roman religion)
2 A metrical foot (variant)
3 Mentally feeble persons
4 Broad sheets of igneous rock (geology)
5 A Gaelic god of the sea
6 Pronoun
7 Containing salt
8 Margin of a watercourse
9 Sooner than
10 A preposition
11 Depreciate
13 Also
15 East Indian copper coin
17 Ascend
18 The American bobwhite
20 A clan chief (Scotch history)
21 Deals out scantily or grudgingly)
22 Monetary unit of Roumania (plural)
23 Plant allied to the onion
24 Additional measures in a musical composition (plural)
26 Lofty self-respect
27 A man's name
29 A moment
30 Courteous
31 West African baboon
32 Enticing, dangerous woman
33 Veins
34 A woven fabric
35 Regard propitiously
36 Absence of restraint
37 Point
39 Frolicsome leaps or springs
40 Badger of Java
42 Bestowed
43 Woman's name
45 Emblem of bondage
46 Fit of ill-temper
48 Woman's marriage portion
49 Spigot
50 Metal
51 Letter of the Greek alphabet
52 Syllable sounded in solmization

A	Y	A	H	■	C	L	O	O	P	■	S	O	L	D
M	O	R	O	■	H	O	U	R	I	■	E	R	I	E
A	R	I	L	■	A	G	R	E	E	■	C	L	A	N
H	E	A	L	E	R	■	■	T	H	E	O	R	Y	■
■	■	■	O	N	■	F	R	A	Y	E	D	■	■	■
S	H	A	W	■	F	O	U	L	■	M	E	S	S	Y
T	A	G	■	C	O	R	E	■	F	A	■	T	I	E
A	G	A	■	A	U	K	■	H	I	T	■	E	L	A
T	A	V	■	S	R	■	B	O	L	O	■	L	A	R
E	R	E	C	T	■	N	E	L	L	■	M	E	S	S
■	■	■	H	O	M	I	L	Y	■	G	O	■	■	■
N	O	T	A	R	Y	■	■	■	N	E	B	U	L	A
O	D	I	N	■	O	U	T	R	E	■	C	R	A	W
M	O	A	T	■	P	L	A	Y	A	■	A	E	O	N
E	R	O	S	■	E	M	B	E	R	■	P	A	S	S

Answer to last week's puzzle

MAPLEINE



THE syrup is so important—be sure—make it at home with Mapleine.

For syrup—for flavoring

For an—
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Too much shampooing is bad for your hair. Use this mild astringent wash. Leaves your scalp clean, fresh and cool. Use it as a final treatment following the shampoo. Makes your hair soft, silky and radiant, full of life and lustre. Try it, see how comfortable your scalp will feel, how beautiful your hair will look.

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Kansas City, Mo. Dept. E LUCKY TIGER REM. CO.

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ASPIRIN

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RHEUMATISM

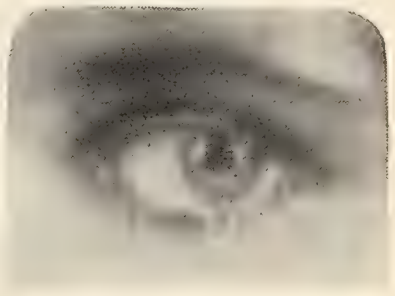
Especially effective for Sciatica—Neuritis—Joint—Muscular and other forms of rheumatism which ordinary treatments fail to reach. Ask your druggist for Weldona Tablets. Book describing rheumatism from the Early Egyptian Days to present mailed on request to Weldona Corp'n, 99 Chauncy St., Boston, Mass.

"O, Gee!—Grandma's Coming Down-stairs—Rheumatism's Gone"

LARGEST SELLING RHEUMATIC TABLET IN THE WORLD

EYELASH Culture

By EILEEN BOURNE



A FEW weeks ago LIBERTY presented a chart by which women, by checking off their points as good, fair, or indifferent, might take inventory of their features. A discovery of interest followed its appearance. Reports indicate fairly sweet content with hair, skin, figure, hands, teeth, and ankles, but no such complacency characterizes woman's attitude toward eyebrows and lashes, particularly the latter. The great feminine longing, it appears, is for lashes that curl like flower petals or fringe deeply to lend eyes the lure of mysteriously curtained windows. A tantalizing allurement!

Curiously enough, from five-foot shelf of beauty literature we learn less about eyelash culture than any other item of importance to woman. From this we might assume that beautiful lashes are a gift of the gods. And I am not a little persuaded that this is true in cases of their unusual length and beauty. However, certain laboratories have worked on the subject conscientiously and have sent forth products that many women find gratifying. The laywoman's knowledge consists chiefly of one well known remedy—pure vaseline. No eyelash aid, however, works overnight miracles. You must be a consistent daily devotee of whatever tonic you choose.

Gently pulling the eyelashes is said to act as a massage and strengthen the hairs. Clipping the lashes to promote better growth is one of those debatable methods, with as many for as against the operation.

The same high grade of health that sets a scalp to blossoming fruitfully also raises the tone, quantity, and quality of the eyelashes. There are tiny hair roots at the base of the lashes, and there is an oil supply attached to the hair roots that depends upon a healthy blood stream and a well governed system for nourishment. During illness, or after, eyelashes are just as prone to drop out as is hair on the head.

Eyestrain is known to play havoc with the lashes; and granulated lids quickly affect them. When you realize that flabby lids are due to lack of physical tone, you will understand that the lashes attached to them can be neither healthy nor beautiful.

Persons who treat their eyelashes daily with a little brush while they apply tonic or mascaro will note a more luxuriant growth. The curling lash may be cultivated by the simple method of brushing upward with the small brush daily. There are small implements, called pincers, that professionals use to accomplish the curled lash.

Lashes may be made to appear longer if you darken the ends. Even naturally dark lashes are lighter at their tips. A gentle massaging of the lids with the finger tips, including the eyelash edges in the movement, is recommended.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

Name .....
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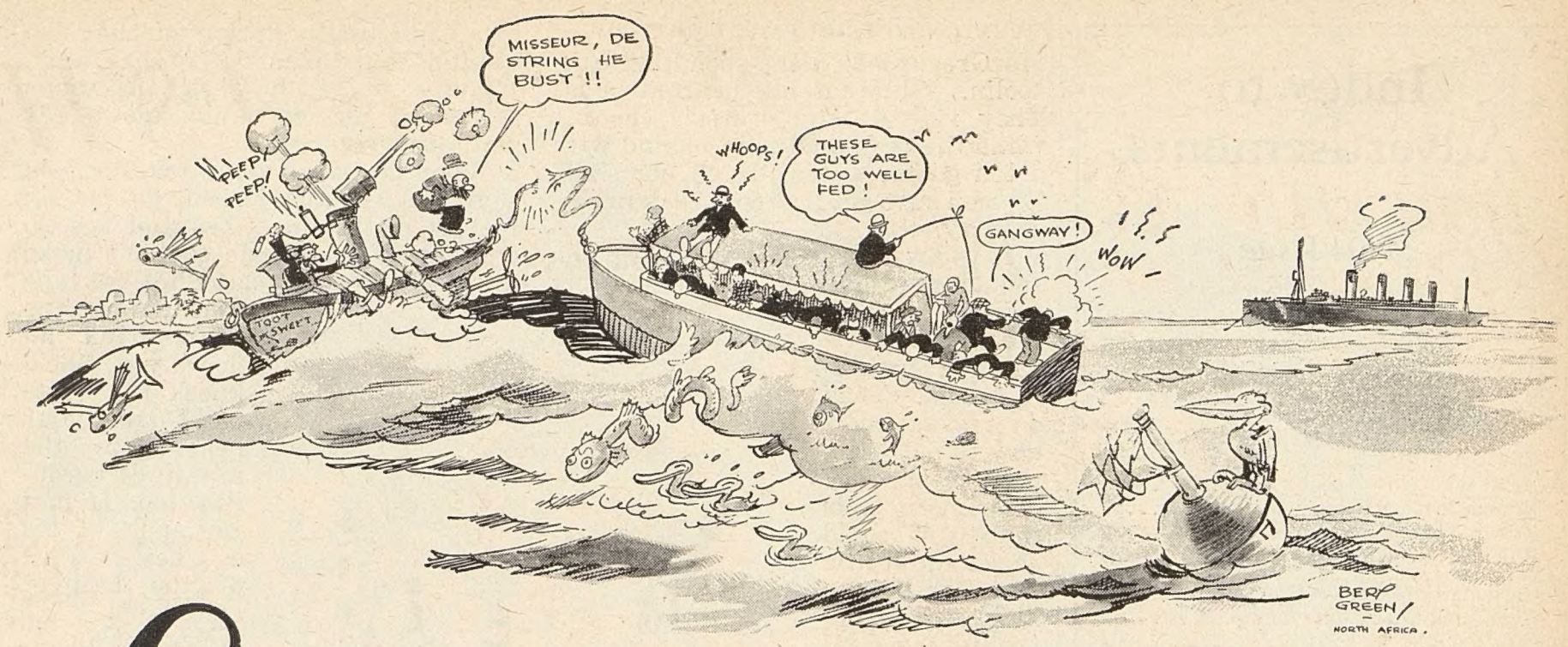

Love Letters of an Interior Decorator

The bunch went driftin around the Mediterranean See like Washington crossin the Delewhere.

A Souvenir from Tunis

Words and Pictures

By BERT GREEN

Tunis, North Africa.

DEAR MARG:

Well here I am in Tunis. Why no letters? Did you loose your arm or what? Why the strange interlude? All I do is travel around, see the sights, write you, and all you do is sit back in that one armed barber shop holdin guys hands. If you think for a split moment Im gonna keep up this one sided correspondent youre feverish! Everybody else on the boat gets male but me. This is the last time I write if I don't here from you. You better save these letters. When we get hooked up our kids wont have to buy no geographys.

Listen Heart Beat, we're anchored about three miles outside the harbor because the Captain says there aint enough water under the ship to bathe a nat in. Right away they sent out a coupla big tenders to take us all ashore. You shoulda seen the dopey lookin tug boat they sent out to toe one of the barges. On the level it was about the size of an undernourished kidney bean. The head man that was runnin the thing looked like a toss up between Mark Anthony and Ponchas Pilot. He had a nose on him that you coulda used for a two car garage. What a horn!! He got round shouldered carrin it.

When the punkin seed had the barge half way to shore the suspenders broke what was towin it and the bunch went driftin around the Mediterranean See like Washington crossin the Delewhere. What a giggle! Yep and the ocean was kickin up good an plenty and all the passengers began gettin white around the gills and started layin onto the rail.

Well, after the passengers were nearly all in, out comes the other tug boat and pulls the barge to shore. The first thing the troop did was to make a bee line for the nearest bar to get a jolt of silly soup to quiet their nerves. Gosh the bar was as popular as a bargain counter fuller silk bloomers. The Arab behind the bar couldnt make out weather the Yankee invasion was goin to set fire to the joint or blow up the works.

Bill Le Fevre began doin a soft shoe dance while the Major began playin the sextette from Penuchi on the mouth organ. What a party! The Major by the way was takin the cruise for his health. He had been troubled with hangnails ever since he was a child. Yep, an not only that he wanted to buy a tramp steamer in Algiers so he could be out in the open. He said there was heavy dough in takin loads of dead chinamen back to China. It seems they want to be buried back in their own home town amid the tea balls an Lee Chee nuts. Can you imagine a rackit like that, transportin stiff chinks. Gosh a ship load of Bermuda Onions is bad but a cargo of stuffed laundrymen must be the berries.

WAIT till I tell you what we did here in Tunis. You know this is the Oriental spot where they make all the perfume. Well, all the toorists went thru a place called the Bazaar of the Perfumes, and they came back smellin like a flock of fifty year old chorus girls. Those hindoo salesmen put a heavy canvass on the toorists and entice em into there swell flops so theyll go against the business of buyin the perfume.

The Hindoos begin dippin in a dozen bottles of colone and touchin you with it. One drop of that raw perfume and they can smell you in Ireland. When me and the Kentucky judge left the place we smelled like adder of rose, hilyertripe, amber, oil of juniper, didjakiss, cauliflower and God knows what all. No kiddin, when we got back to the ship the sailors were givin us the sly eye like they was tryin to date us up.

Then they took us to the Bazaars of Bagdad. Wow, what beautiful things they make. Embroderies, brokades, Damnasks, inlaid with silver and solid gold thread. Wrap arounds studded with mosiacs, step-ins lined with felie of sole lace and all kinds of flossy junk that make wimin go goofy.

Boy, you should see the rugs they turn out too. Little girls from five to ten years old make em and how! I'll bet at the end of a year the boss gives em a coupla plugged cantimes for their labors. A tight Turk makes Angus

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We strive to be accurate, but cannot guarantee impossibility of omission or error in the above Index.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTY-FIVE]

MacGregor look like a spendthrift, no foolin. Oh what big hearted guys! They ride on the prairie schooner while the wife ankles on behind with a ten gallon water jug on her skull. Women sure get a sweet break in this country.

If you wanna get a laugh Marg, you should see some of the passengers goin to work on the food department in the dining room. They dont even know how to eat! On the table they have more tools than you could shake a mid iron at. Big knives, little knives, big forks, small ones. Salad hooks, asparagus tweezers and what not. The table looks like a hardware store. Gee, they oughta put numbers on em so youd know what to use. Yea, an not only that they got gold instruments for dessert. Youre supposed to attack the cheese with the little gold knife if youre hep to the Ritzy airs.

They ride on the prairie schooner while the wife ankles on behind.

Half the passengers keep their eye on the Captans table thinkin they know their egg plant.

The other night they slipped us a french dish called Gondourah. What a morsal! Boiled lobsters about an inch an a half long. They looked like those things that do leap frog on a cats back. Well, right away the tourists began tryin to eat em like a lobster.

The waitors began lafin to themselves. Come to find out youre not supposed to eat em—youre supposed to drink the gravy, thats all! On the square you might just as well begin eatin a hummin bird as one of them things. If thats a doggie dish give me a good old fashioned order of liver and onions. Thats me!

I just got a letter from your girl friend with the crockery eye. Yep. What do you think happened? Her old lady got stuck on that little runt that ran the fish market up in Mootch Chunk. You remember, that funny lookin little goof the girls used to call Mr. Wewe.

Well, theyre goin against the minister an get hooked up. Yeh and not only that, she went over to New York to a Chin Liftin Parlor and had the Capitol step taken out of her neck. Imagine it? Oh shes the bugs knuckles. She certainly knows her virtues awright.

When he wakes up an takes a good squint at that panic he'll go for six feet of cloths line. Yes and hes no treasure himself! He couldn't make first base on a bicycle. Shes the type that refreshes your drink an floors you. She'd knock the beats right outer your heart an the mashed berdadoes too. If shes the apple of his eye, hes the SAP of the family tree.

Au re-war
Your pal,
MIKE SHEA.

Just got that hot cable — will write you from Naples and HOW.

CABLEGRAM

MOOTCH CHUNK—F O B —DETROIT—2 AM
MIKE SHEA
S.S. FRANCE—
NORTH AFRICA
LISTEN CRACKPOT IF YOU THINK FOR A THIN MOMENT YOUR SHOWIN ME A GOOD TIME BY WRITIN ME ALL THAT PUNK JUNK ABOUT THAT EXCURSION OF YOURS YOURE FULLER DLIRIUM TRIMMINS, TAKE IT FROM ME STOP YOU THE HOOTCH PEDDLER SHOULD BE WORKIN IN AN INSANE PAVILLION SERVIN SOUP TO NUTS INSTEAD OF PUTIN ON THE SWELL FLASH WITH A LOTTA HIGH HATS HOW DO YOU GET THAT WAY STOP WHERE DO I GET OFF TO BE BURDENED WITH A LOAD OF APPLE GRAVY LIKE THAT WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE BERNARD SHAW OF ALL THE GOOFY LITERATURE I EVER READ YOU GOT THE JONES BILL BLOCKED LISTEN BOY FRIEND I SHOULD GET A REP WAITIN FOR YOU IM THROUGH AN FED UP THE FOUR BIT SPARKLER IS IN THE MAIL TAKE IT AND LIKE IT THE WEDDIN BELLS ARE RINGIN WET GRAB THIS COLLECT
MARG

It won't be surprising if Mike's answer to this comes along soon written on asbestos stationery.

HERE ARE THE MISTAKES ON PAGE 57

Compass points on the weather vane are incorrectly placed.

One of the wagon wheels has no hub.

A hame is missing from the horse's harness.

The wheelbarrow handles are not of equal length.

The spindle hole of the grindstone is off center.

A hinge is missing from the shed door.

Spaces between the rungs of the ladder are not uniform.

The girl is wearing one laced and one buttoned shoe.

One end of the pail handle is disconnected.

Two s's in the sign on the wagon are reversed.

The Babe Ruth WALLOP

Here's a watch that can stand it!

WHEN Babe Ruth steps up to the bat and takes a crack at the ball, he's giving a Benrus Shockproof Watch its supreme test. Babe Ruth wears the handsome watch shown below. It's a duplicate of the Benrus model *you* can buy at any Benrus jeweler's.

And it's Shockproof! It has the patented Benrus device that makes it different from every other make of watch in the world. And that's why, through the hardest tests you can give it, day after day, your Benrus watch is always a dependable, accurate timepiece.

Shockproof Benrus watches range in price from $25 to $500, depending on style of case. They are alike in accuracy.

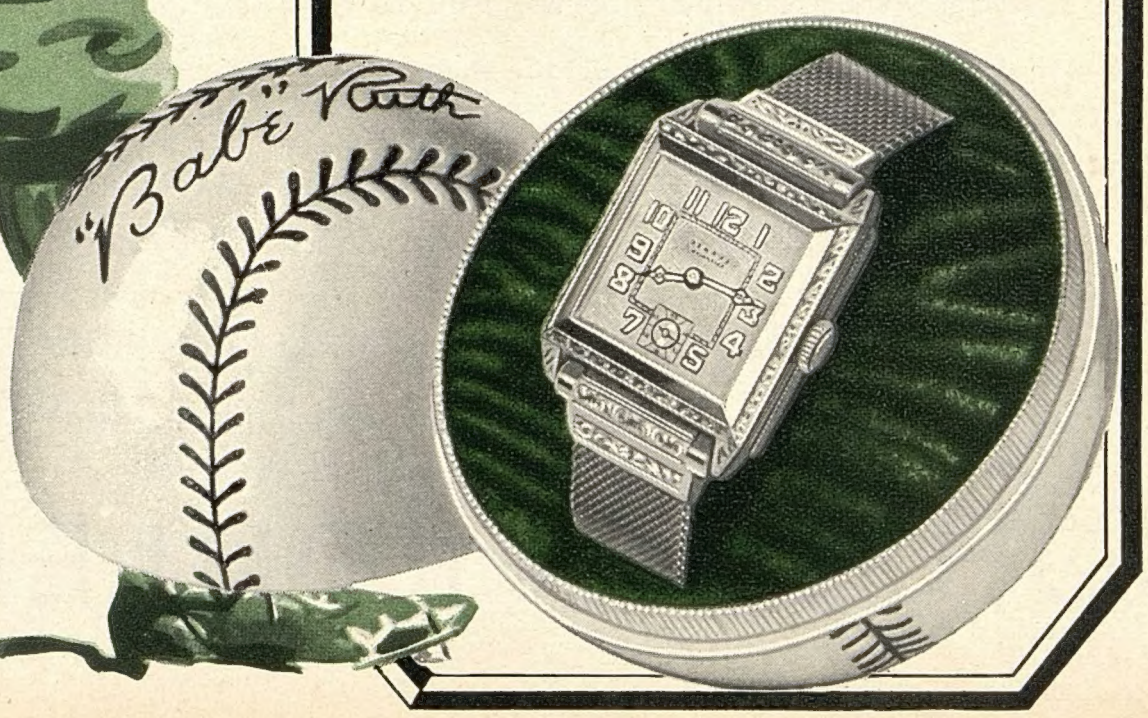
BENRUS WATCH COMPANY, New York City

BENRUS

WATCHES

The Strap Watch of Sportsmen

The Benrus "Babe Ruth" is shown below in its presentation box—an actual reproduction of an autographed baseball. With accurate Benrus 15-jewel Shockproof movement, dustproof 3-piece case, and the new flexible Benrus Sport Weave band. Complete as shown $37.50



"Only $16.40 more for that bath tub in COLOR!"

HERE is an interesting comparison. It shows you the moderate cost of Kohler Colorware—the latest touch of modern beauty in bathrooms. That handsome Kohler *Viceroy* bath in a 5½-foot "recess" pattern, costs only $16.40 more in your choice of seven appealing colors than you pay for white.

The painting gives you a glimpse of this shapely modern fixture, and of the *Belmore* lavatory, in Old Ivory enamel.

Some most attractive Kohler fixtures cost even less. There are bath tubs, for instance, for as little as $70; lavatories for $35; toilets for $65. All in color—in any of *seven* beautiful colors. All with Kohler fittings in gleaming chromium plate. Or, at even lower cost, you may have white ware of unrivaled snowy purity.

KOHLER CO., *Founded 1873*, KOHLER, Wis. · *Shipping Point*, Sheboygan, Wis.
Branches in Principal Cities

KOHLER OF KOHLER

PLUMBING FIXTURES

LOOK FOR THE KOHLER TRADE MARK ON EVERY FIXTURE

THESE fine fixtures by Kohler are noted for their grace of line and proportion. They are everywhere preferred for the quality and lustre of their glassy-hard enamel, and for the way in which the assembled fixtures for a complete bathroom harmonize in color and texture.

The proper ornament for such admirable ware is found in metal fittings of Kohler's own make—faucets, handles, and escutcheons whose mechanical perfection, artistic design, and flawless finish are illustrative of Kohler craftsmanship at its best.

It is worth knowing that all *Kohler products—enameled ware, vitreous china ware, metal fittings—are made under ideal conditions in one place, in Kohler Village, one of America's most beautiful town-planned communities. That is why one finds in an all-Kohler bathroom such uniformity, such perfect harmony, of quality and beauty.*

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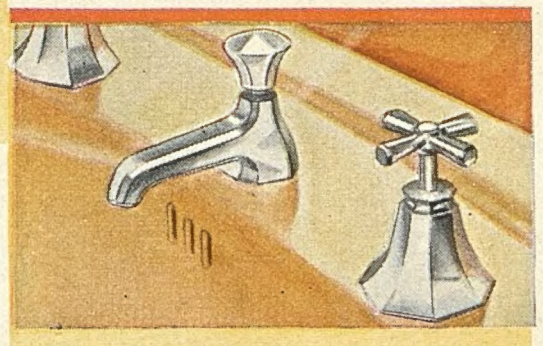

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